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“Wat ze debbil I got here ! Ze dam leetle hat whiz ze hole in ze top ; bigar ! I no like dat.”—Page 73.

COLONEL THORPE'S SCENES IN ARKANSAW.



"Stop, Chaney, I was not told to cup you on the breast, but on the *sternum*, so you'll have to turn over!" "What!" shrieked she, rising straight up in the bed, a great deal whiter in the face than she had been for many a day; "You cup me on the starn!"—Page 186.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.

COLONEL THORPE'S
SCENES IN ARKANSAW.

CONTAINING THE WHOLE OF THE

QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY; AND BOB HERRING,
THE ARKANSAS BEAR HUNTER.

AS WELL AS

Cupping on the Sternum; Playing Poker in Arkansas;

AND OTHER SKETCHES ILLUSTRATIVE OF

SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND CHARACTERS,

THROUGHOUT

"THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE NATION."

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE

DRAMA IN POKERVILLE; A NIGHT IN A SWAMP;

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY J. M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS REVEILLE.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM

ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY DARLEY.

Philadelphia:
T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS,
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

T. B. PETERSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

A

QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY,

AND

OTHER SKETCHES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

SCENES, CHARACTERS, AND INCIDENTS,

THROUGHOUT

"THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE NATION."

EDITED BY

WILLIAM T. PORTER,

EDITOR OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," "BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS, AND
OTHER TALES," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLEY.

Philadelphia:

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

COLLINS, PRINTER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great degree of favour with which a series of Sketches, similar to those embraced in the present volume, was received by the public and the press last year, has induced the publishers to add another volume of the same character and style to their "LIBRARY OF AMERICAN HUMOROUS WRITERS."

As "*The Big Bear of Arkansas*, and Other Tales," which were more especially intended to illustrate character and incident in the south and south-west, appear to have been unusually popular, the Editor trusts that the present volume, which includes a wider range of the peculiarities and characteristics of "the Universal Yankee Nation," will not be deemed less entertaining by the public generally.

The different Sketches in this volume have nearly all appeared in the columns of the New-York "Spirit

of the Times," where most of them were published originally. If they afford as much satisfaction in their present shape as when first given to the world, the Editor will enjoy the consciousness of having been the means of alleviating the dulness and *ennui* of many a weary hour, and of having added his mite in contributing to the amusement and gratification of "the million."

WM. T. PORTER.

*Office of the "Spirit of the Times,"
New York, Oct. 1846.*

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A QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY.

BY A NORTH ALABAMIAN.

The following inimitable story, perhaps the most humorous of its kind in the language, was originally published in the N. Y. "Spirit of the Times," in 1836; since that period the unceasing demand for copies of it has rendered its re-publication necessary several times. It was written by a country gentleman of North Alabama, the author of "Jones's Fight." It is a matter of infinite regret that he cannot be induced to write more frequently; his friends would be "after him with a sharp stick," were we to disclose his name, which is familiar to tens of thousands of his countrymen, if they only knew it.

Nothing would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges than is customary when there is a contest, "*the sateful old kriter*" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and any thing could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a *water-haul*. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers, and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged, with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the *grit*, and much of the chaff certainly had been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without

being in any way able to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four mile was *being done (as the prigs have it)* I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skeary nag up to the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—“Colonel, let us have some of your *byled* corn—pour me out a buck load—there—never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday,” and then wheel off to the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end, and I had some idea, in imitation of Sardanapalus, “all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat, drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a fillip,” when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority. I inquired if the hunt was up. “Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter race as ever was read of, and I will give it ’em, so you can make expenses.” I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode to the thickest of the crowd. A rough-hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tended twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plough against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run, as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon or plough, or he could beat him running one hundred miles, his weight on each, for five hundred dollars. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch,



“A rough-bewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season.”—Page 14.

to amuse the company, for one hundred dollars. Sorrel took him up, provided Bay carried his present rider, and he would get somebody; Bay agreed, provided he would not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and two of Senator Benton's abominations—\$100 United States Bank Bills—were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another \$50;—agreed to by Sorrel, who, observing Bay shell out a \$100 note, said, there was no use of making change, as his note was the same amount, and they might as well go the \$100. This was promptly agreed to, and another one hundred dollars offered, and immediately covered—there being now three hundred dollars aside. Now came a proposal to increase it three hundred dollars more; Bay said—"You oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money, I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult his banker. Dan now whispered, "*Spread yourself on the Bay.*" Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentleman ten dollars on the bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June-bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off to consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about short races I ever knew, and one who can see as far into a millstone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on the bay, coming to get a peep at the sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her he exclaimed—

"Why, Dave, you made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our *cake is all dough*—that's old Grapevine, and I told you point blank to walk round her, but you're like a

member of the Kentucky legislature, who admitted that if he had a failing it was being a *leetle* too brave."

"How could I know Grapevine," replied Dave, doggedly; "and you told me you could beat her, any how."

"Yes," said Crump, "I think I can; but I didn't come a hundred and fifty miles to run them kind of races—Old Tompkins has brought her here, and I like him for a *sucker*!"

"Well," says Dave, "maybe I can get off with the race if you think you'll be licked."

"No," said Crump, "when I go a catting, I go a catting; its mighty mixed up, and there's no telling who's constable until the election is over; it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a *leetle* ahead."

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d." He now came forward, and addressed the other party: "Boys," said he, "it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to one hundred dollars; that is enough for a little tacky race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the judges were selected: a *good* judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of

the nominees for the ermine was a hickory over anybody's persimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated jack-knife ; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire, and his face ached perpetually ; but his eyes ! his eyes ! He was said to have caught a turkey-buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived, and thinking he was looking another way ; and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could *look at his own head* ! It was objected to him that he could not keep his eyes on the score, as he did not see *straight*, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending that Nature had designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed, at the same moment, with the other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gobbler, without feathers ; and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six feet, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last, to

run to the stand. After another toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was "Hurra, my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong, lumber—go it with a looseness—root little pig, or die." And, "Oh! my Grapevine! tear the hind sights off him!—you'll lay him out cold as a wagon-tire—roll your bones—go it, you cripples!" &c., &c., &c.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a five, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkable wall-eyed horse, and some time after staked another five dollars, with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognise again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risk.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "Clear the track!" "Stand back!" "Get off the fence!" "The riders are mounted!" "They are coming!" "Now they are off!"—but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure, or false alarm, I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding-horse. You know my seventeen year old horse, that I always call the bay colt; I pro-

posed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking in his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as tenpenny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New York collectors—they ain't cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was GOING TO TRAVEL he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise if I won it to let him have it back at one hundred dollars in case he went into Georgia this fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;—Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place: I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a griddle, and fretted greatly—he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to soothe him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward-looking *striker* of old Thompson's holding her by the cheek of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, *not to let loose in any case*, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse—it now being near dark—rode slowly off a short distance, and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it care-

fully, and laid it on a stump ; his neckcloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten hat ; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his striker. Crump was anxious for a start, as his horse was worsted by delay ; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you!" and away she went with an *ungovernable*. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"That's no way ; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling ; you should say 'Yes!' if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward ; it was no use for me to let go, as it would have been no race any how until you give the word."

Old Tomkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered that he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble, (an unusual thing,) he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, and he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his colour. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up, and got off the first trial. "Ready?" "Yes!"—and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry,

"Glimmering through the gloam."

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard —“Mare’s race!”—“No! she crossed over the horse’s path!”—“The boy with the shirt rode foul!”—“The horse was ahead when he passed me!” After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties that the nag that came out on the left-hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left-hand side. The judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry, and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many ways for Sunday, after a very ominous silence, and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat any thing yet; a dozen of men were produced, who were ready to swear that gimblet-eye was a hundred yards off, drinking a stiff cock-tail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks an inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was won, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time: some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of a fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket, and those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve; the crowd clustered together like a bee-swarm. This continued until about nine o’clock, when Crump, finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the matter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race.

This was received with a yell louder, if possible, than any former one ; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment to the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess that I (for no earthly reason that I can give but the force of example) was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by a person with whom I had bet, and had staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse. " Well," said he, " shell out my five dollars that I put up with that friend of yours—as I can't find *him*." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on *soft corn* that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder, and we were seen together, and we must be acquainted, as we were both *furreigners* from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, twenty foot in the clear, without limb, knot, windshake, or woodpecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake. He very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had *done gone* three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired ; I found the stakeholder that assisted about the bar, and claimed my five dollars on the draw race ; to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and

assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stakes until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye ; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me he did not *know him from a side of sole leather*.

I left the course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash ; I discovered him drinking, and offering large bets ; he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting some time, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix. Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—" Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return to me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, stepped off, picked up a piece of cedar, and commenced whittling. " Now, stranger," says he, " I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility ; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris county, Kentucky ; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it

happened: you see, when you offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win; and if he had won, you know, of course it made no difference to you whether I had a stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary, [a whisky shop in a log pen fourteen feet square,] and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you *prehaps* never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was *pizen*, and I came out of the *leetle end* of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack; so, as you don't want the money, I'll negotiate to suit you exactly; I'll give you my *dubisary*: I don't know that I can pay it this year, unless the *crap* of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next year probably; and I'll tell you exactly my principle—if a man waits with me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready; but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving there was nothing else to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's *dubisary*, hoping at the same time that at least *enough* of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have five dollars more for a stake, but on my declining, he said, "Well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of calligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, } Due Dempsey, the just and
Jessamine county. } lawful sum of ten dollars, for
value received, payable on the
26th day of December, 1836 or 1837, or any time after
that I am able to discharge the same. As witness my
hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS.

{ SEAL }

I wish you would try Wall street with this paper, as
I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for
a quarter race again.

A SHARK STORY.

BY "J. CYPRESS, JR.," THE LATE WM. P. HAWES, ESQ.
OF NEW YORK.

No native writer of his age, probably, ever acquired so enviable a reputation at home and abroad, as was universally accorded to the late lamented WM. P. HAWES, Esq., of New York, whose sketches, under the signature of "J. CYPRESS, Jr.," were everywhere sought for, and read with the highest degree of interest. A collection of his contributions to the press was published two or three years since, under the title of "*Country Scenes and Sundry Sketches*," (edited by "FRANK FORESTER,") to which attention is invited as being one of the most humorous original works in the language. The capital story subjoined will give a very good idea of his style.

"WELL, gentlemen, I'll go ahead, if you say so. Here's the story. It is true, upon my honour, from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's island to fish for *tautaug*s, as the north-side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus (who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock point, last spring) lived there then. Tim was a right good fellow, only he drank rather too much.

"It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dog-fish had just began to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to

be any interloping about our fishing ground. So, we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some ropeyarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half-ebb tide, and took some thumping large fish: two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay was about half a mile from the island, and, perhaps, a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there, very quietly, throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed me that the sea attorneys were in waiting, down stairs; and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of our magnum hooks forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We got him alongside, and by dint of piercing, and thrusting, and banging, we accomplished a most exciting and merry murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time, the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water, and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition; first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by the way of medicine; and secondly, because the rock was a favourite spot for rod and reel, and famous for luck: so I took my *traps*, and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

“ Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine, that he would return immediately and take him off. But some how or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of the situation was so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prospect of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail-boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain and grass on the neighbouring farms were gold and green, and gracefully they bent obeisance to a gently breathing south-wester. Farther off, the high upland, and the distant coast, gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was! not a sound could be heard, except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or except now and then the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament, to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other food to scream at.

“I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out at full length upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk who chose to make my head his resting place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

“‘Where is Tim Titus?’ I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. ‘He should have been here long ere this,’ thought I, ‘and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?’

“I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high water-mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum ‘Begone, dull care,’ keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward; but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary common-places of suffocation; but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water rising, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling

sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and, with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating! It were better to die a thousand common deaths.

“This is one of the instances in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water, before the hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve foot shark. I let him run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresisting, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might; for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft, or fissure, by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster’s mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

“‘Where is Tim Titus?’—I cried aloud—‘Curse on the drunken vagabond! Will he never come?’

“My ejaculations did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident that I must prepare for

drowning, or for action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself, by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention, and that desperation will sometimes insure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort from the thought that I could wait for Tim, so long as I had a foothold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and legs for salvation. So I turned my bait-box upside down, and mounting upon that, endeavoured to comfort my spirits, and to be courageous, but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life ; but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul, pray I could not.

“ The water had not got above my ankles, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

“ When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up, and lie by, and lower the boat ; but, to my amazement, I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of heaven, to take me off ; and I promised, I know not what rewards, that were entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a captain, muttering something to the effect of ‘ that he hadn’t time to stop,’ and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull off my coat and swim ashore, put the

helm hard down, and away bore the sloop on the other tack.

“ ‘Heartless villain!’—I shrieked out, in the torture of my disappointment; ‘may God reward your inhumanity.’ The crew answered my prayer with a coarse, loud laugh; and the cook asked me through a speaking trumpet, ‘If I was not afraid of catching cold.’—The black rascal!

“ ‘It now was time to strip; for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind, dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific, by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

“ ‘Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and, as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw, with horror, that it was a shark; the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing now for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last, he made a desperate dash, and approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth; and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however,



A SHARK STORY.

"As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve, successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw."—Page 33.

was but a momentary repulse ; for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavoured to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp ; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So, down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visiter.

“ In an instant, the waves all round me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants ! The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long, strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled, like a whirlpool in Hell-gate.

“ Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh ; and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve, successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock, and from each other ; each perfectly motionless, and with his gloating, fiery eye, fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattlesnakes ! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart ! I was

the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks ! I was the unsprung, or rather *unchewed* game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs were making a dead point !

“ There was one old fellow, that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band ; or, rather, he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on, and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some one of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally, he would skulk himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back, and rejoin the troupe, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no doubt, been out into the highways and byways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper. I must confess, that horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea party, of demure old maids, sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye have I seen such appurtenances of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism and consumption.

“ My sensations began to be, now, most exquisite indeed ; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed ; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the

sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and spouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing knife, and waved it around my head with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a body could only hit upon the right text. So, I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them, as friends, and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid;—I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated, and flattered them as my comrades upon some glorious enterprise; I sung and ranted to them, now as an actor in a play-house, and now as an elder at a camp-meeting; in one moment, roaring,

‘On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,’—

and in the next, giving out to my attentive hearers for singing, a hymn of Dr. Watts so admirably appropriate to the occasion,

‘On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below.’

“What said I, what did I not say! Prose and poetry, scripture and drama, romance and ratiocination—out it came. ‘*Quamdiu, Catalina, nostra patientia abutere?*’—I sung out to the old captain, to begin with—‘My brave associates, partners of my toil,’—so ran the

strain. ‘On which side soever I turn my eyes,’—
 ‘Gentlemen of the jury,’—‘I come not here to steal
 away your hearts,’—‘You are not wood, you are not
 stones, but,’—‘Hah!’—‘Begin, ye tormentors, your
 tortures are vain,’—‘Good friends, sweet friends, let
 me not stir you up to any sudden flood,’—‘The angry
 flood that lashed her groaning sides,’—‘Ladies and
 gentlemen,’—‘My very noble and approved good mas-
 ters,’—‘Avaunt! and quit my sight; let the earth
 hide ye,’—‘Lie lightly on his head, O earth!’—‘O!
 heaven and earth! that it should come to this,’—‘The
 torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews,
 stemming it aside and oaring it with hearts of contro-
 versy,’—‘Give me some drink, Titinius,’—‘Drink,
 boys, drink, and drown dull sorrow,’—‘For liquor it
 doth roll such comfort to the soul,’—‘Romans, country-
 men and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent
 that you may hear,’—‘Fellow citizens, assembled as
 we are upon this interesting occasion, impressed with
 the truth and beauty,’—‘Isle of beauty, fare thee well,’
 —‘The quality of mercy is not strained,’—‘Magna
 veritas et prevalebit,’—‘Truth is potent, and’—‘Most
 potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,—

‘Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar’s vesture wounded,’—

Ha! ha! ha!—and I broke out in a fit of most horrible
 laughter, as I thought of the mincemeat particles of my
 lacerated jacket.

“In the mean time, the water had got well up towards
 my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating

upon my uncertain foot-hold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I struck my knife at one of his eyes, and, by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant, hope and reason came to my relief; and it occurred to me, that if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for, after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me, in despair. But it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

“Well, gentlemen, I suppose you’d think it a hard story, but its none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order, and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun, on the way; but just then, Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard and rest myself.”

LANTY OLIPHANT IN COURT.

BY MAJ. KELLY, OF LOUISIANA.

The writer of the diverting sketch annexed has taken leave of his editorial sanctum, and "gone to the wars;" in other words, to Mexico, where, we trust, he will render as good an account of himself as he has of "LANTY OLIPHANT."

LAWYERS allege that there are four classes of witnesses—those who prove too much, those who prove too little, those of a totally negative character, and those of no character at all, who will prove any thing. We have a case in point.

Far, very far away from the tall Blue mountains, at a little place called Sodom, there were upon a time three neighbours called in as arbitrators to settle a point, relative to some stolen chickens, in dispute between one Lot Corson and a "hard case" called Emanuel Allen, better known thereabout as King of the Marsh.

"Mister Constable," said one of the demi-judicials, "now call the principal witness."

"Lanty Oliphant! Lanty Olip-h-a-n-t!" bawled Dogberry. "Mosey in and be sworn."

In obedience to this summons, little Lanty, whose bottle had usurped the place in his affections commonly assigned to soap and water, waddled up, and was qualified, deprecating by a look the necessity of such a useless ceremony among gentlemen.

"Mister Oliphant, you are now sworn. Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the senior of the board.

"Doesn't I!" rejoined Lanty, with a wink at a bystander. "Four bushel of weight wheat, the old score wiped off, and lick for the hul day throw'd in."

This matter-of-fact answer met a severe frown from the man with the red ribbon round his hat.

"Well, Mister Oliphant," continued the senior, "tell all you know about this here case. Bill M——k, *shoo* your dog off that d—d old sow."

Lanty here testified. "Feelin' a sort of outish t'other day, ses I to the old woman, ses I, I'll jist walk over to Lot's and take a nipper or two this mornin', ses I. It'll take the wind off my stomach sorter, ses I. Then the old woman's feathers riz, they did, like a porkypine's bristles, and ses she, Lanty, says she, if you'd on'y ain more bread and meat, and drink less whisky, you would'nt have wind on your stomach. Suse, ses I, this is one of my resarved rights, and I goes agin home industry, ses I, sort o' laughin' out o' the wrong side o' my mouth. 'Resarved rights or desarved wrongs,' ses her, 'you'r always a drinkin' and talkin' politics when you orter be at work, and there's never nothin' to eat in the house.' Well, as I was agoin over to Lot's jist fernent where the fence *was*, ses I to myself, ses I, if there is'nt the old King's critters in my corn field, so I'll jist go and tell him on't. When I gets there, Good mornin', Lanty, ses he. Good mornin', old hoss, ses I, and when I went in, there was a pot on the fire a cookin', with a *great big speckled rooster* in it."

"Mister Oliphant!" here interposed one of the arbi-

trators. "Remember that you are on oath. How do you know that the chicken in the pot was 'a big speckled rooster?'"

"'Kase I *seed the feathers at the woodpile!*'" promptly responded Lanty, who then continued :

"Well, when I gits to Lot's, Good mornin', Lot, ses I. Good mornin', Lanty, ses he. You didn't see nothin' no where of nar' a big speckled rooster that didn't belong to nobody, did you? ses he. Didn't I? ses I. Come, Lanty, ses he, let's take a nipper, ses he; and then I up and tells him all about it."

"Had Mr. Allen no chickens of his own?" asked the senior.

"Sartin'," rejoined Lanty; "but there warn't a rooster in the crowd. They was *all layin' hens!*"

"Well," inquired another of the referees, "how many of these hens had Mr. Allen?"

This question fairly "stump'd" Lanty for a moment, but he quickly answered :

"Why, with what was there, and what wasn't there, counting little and big, spring chickens and all, *there was forty odd, EXACTLY!*"

No further questions were put to this witness!

BILL MORSE ON THE CITY TAXES.

BY "BAGGS," OF BOSTON, MASS.

The following sketch is the first of a series which have appeared in the "Spirit of the Times," from the pen of a young gentleman of Boston, from whom "great things" are expected "one of these days."

SOME time ago, long before the "Boundary Question" was settled, there lived upon the extreme frontiers of Maine a young man ycleped "BILL MORSE." He supported a primitive sort of establishment, and his whole circle of acquaintance consisted of some half a dozen half-civilized individuals, residing in the vicinity. His principal occupations were killing venison and felling trees; and reading and writing were accomplishments to which Bill laid no claim.

In the course of time, however, a rich relation—a Southern planter probably—happened to leave this world for a better, and, fortunately for Bill, left no will behind him. By a curious and intricate course of legal proceedings and without any interference on his part, Bill Morse found himself a wealthy man. The "gentleman of the green bag" who travelled down to impart this information, conducted Bill to Bangor, and then having appointed himself Bill's agent, left things to themselves. The young gentleman came out in due time in very bold colours, and having always plenty of money at his disposal, enjoyed himself without stint.

Among other rents through which his surplus cash

formed a ready passage, was a large *tax*, which in the course of the year was assessed upon him. The bill was presented, but for the life of him, Bill couldn't make out its meaning. After some minutes' attentive scrutiny of the article, he proceeded to the landlord of the hotel where he visited.

"I say, landlord," said he, "what's this?"

"That, Mr. Morse," answered the landlord, casting his eyes over the paper, "is a tax bill."

"A tax bill," murmured Bill, regarding it with an inquisitive glance—"yes, but what's that?"

"Why," answered the landlord smiling, "it's your proportion of the expenses of the city."

"My proportion!" said Bill. "What, does every one pay?"

"Certainly," replied the landlord, "every one who can afford it."

"Oh, I can *afford* it," said Bill, who was here touched upon a tender point; "I'll send and have it paid."

The bill was settled, and in proper time a second made its appearance. Bill hastened to the landlord. "Look here," said he in astonishment, "here's another of them tax bills!"

"Of course," replied the landlord; "they come once a year."

"The devil they do," cried Bill; "so the city goes into debt every year, does it?"

"Regularly," said the landlord; "it can't be helped."

"Well, then, damn me!" cried Bill in a high passion, "*if the city hasn't got any better business to do than to keep on running up debts for me to help her out because I did it once, she'll find herself extensively mistaken—I'll see her d—d before I give her another red cent!*"

ANCE VEASY'S FIGHT WITH REUB. SESSIONS.

BY "AZUL," OF MISSISSIPPI.

The writer of the "good 'un" subjoined is a new correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," with whose name and local habitation the editor is as familiar as he is with the veritable man-in-the-moon. He promises to be a valuable acquisition to the number of our native humorists.

"ARE you in favour of Biennial Sessions of the legislature?" asked a manager of an election in Alabama, of a voter.

"Who?" says the voter, whose name was ANCE VEASY, and withal, tolerably green.

"Are you in favour of Biennial Sessions of the legislature, Sir?"

"Benial Sessions! I don't know him. Is he any kin to *Reub. Sessions*? Sir; ef he is I'll bed—d ef you ketch me a votin fur him! You never hearn me tell about that fite I had long wid *Reub. Sessions*, up in *Shelby*, did you?"

"Never mind your fights, now, Mr. Veasy: answer yea or nay."

"I dosen't know what you mean by your ya and na's, but I'll be *dod rotted* ef I vote fur enny uv the Sessions family, no how you can fix it! Bah! *Benial Sessions*, indeed! jest as much fit fur *Guvnur* as h—ll is fur a ice-house!"

"Are you in favour of the removal of the State House, Mr. Veasy?"

"Well I wonder ef tha is 'gwine too move the State House agin? Why tha moved it only two or three years ago to Wetumpka. I don't see no use of thar movin it enny more—I think it's in a very good place myself, I does them, punkins!"

"You are thinking of the Penitentiary, Mr. Veasy. It's the State House they wish to move!"

"Well, it taint nothin too me whether tha move it or not, so I won't vote for it, nor Benial Sessions nuther!"

Several now pressed around Ance to get him to tell about his fight with Reub. Sessions, up in Shelby. He said he would come to these terms. They were to give him a good drink of whisky, and he was to give them the story. They agreed to it, and gave him the whisky, and he commenced.

"You see a passel uv us fellers made up a camp-hunt betwixt us, and Reub., he went with us, but he never tuck no gun, kase he was so infurnal lazy that he woodn't even take a stand and watch fur deer. He jest went along to eat wenzon and to help the fellers cook. Well, the fust evenin we were out, we killed a mitey fine tow hed deer, and we fotch him in an cooked wun quarter fur supper. Reub. ett 'bout half uv that quarter; and arter we went sleep, and 'bout midnite I got awake and razed up, and thar wuz Reub. eatin away like he was paid fur it. I never sed nuthin, but laid down and went too sleep: an 'bout daylite I waked up and begun too get reddy too go out and kill sum game, and I'll be dod durned ef Reub. wuzn't eatin away still, or ruther, pickin the bones, fur he had ett up all the hole deer an wuz



"We fit round and round about the barrels and boxes 'bout half an hour."—
Page 45.

pickin the bones. Git up, you holler-legged, pot-gutted, turkey-buzzard, sez I, and make tracks fur home jest as fast as you kin poot wun leg afore the tuther! and I tuck the feller side uv the hed with my fist and sorter turned him over; but he got up pooty soon and done sum uv the tallest kind uv walking fur home.

"About two or three weeks after the hunt that we wuz all at Simmon's grocery, on the Montevallo road, an I wuz tellin the fellars 'bout Reub.'s eatin a hole tow deer an nawin the bones besides, an the feller got rite ashy 'bout it, but I didn't mind him nor never paid no 'tention to him, till he bucked up too me an give me a feller rite under the ear, an I tell ye it made my hed kinder dizzy. When he gin me the fust lick it made me sorter mad, but I woodn't a minded ef he hadn't kept pilin on the agony 'bout my ears and smeller. When I did git my *Norf Carliner* up, the way I pitched it in too him was a caution to mules. We fit round and round about the barrels an boxes 'bout half an hour, when I got his hed under my arm an I made him squeal immediantly, but I wuzn't gwine too let him off without givin him sumthin too 'member Ance Veasy by, an I tell you fellers, I natally peeled the skin off his face an then I turned him loose. He tuck up his hat, an when I sorter turned my back too him, he picked up an ole axe helve an gin me a wipe aside the hed that laid me cole fur a while I tell you. But I picked myself up an started sorter arter him, but he wuz on his hoss an fast banishing out uv site over the hill.

"The sheriff cum an tuck me up an tried me for trying to kill, but tha found me requitted, an let me loose, coz I gin mvself up. But Reub., he run away, kase he thort

how he had killed me, an he stayed away two or three months ; but wen he heerd as how I wuzn't ded, he cum back an the sheriff nabbed him an carried him too the Cort-house, an tride him fur salt and batter an murder with intent too kill. Tha found him requitted of murder, but tha found him gilty uv salt an batter. I didn't see enny salt in the fite, but thar wuz sum batterin done, but I done all the batterin myself, except wot he done with the axe helve. I don't think the feller wot tride him done fair by him, kase tha kused him uv 'tackin me with pistols an knives, but thar wuzn't narry pistol nor knife on the ground at the time. Enny how the Judge says he,

“ ‘ Mr. Sessions, the jury has found you gilty uv salt an batter, an you must go too jail fur wun munth an pay twenty-five dollars besides.’ ”

“ ‘ I don't keer ef you make it two munths, by — !’ says Reub.

“ ‘ Fine him ten dollars, Mr. Sheriff, fur swarin in Cort.’ ”

“ ‘ I don't keer ef you make it twenty dollars, by — !’ says Reub.

“ ‘ Fine him twenty dollars and three munths imprisonment, Mr. Sheriff,’ says the Judge.

“ That made Reub. stap cussin in the Cort-House, I tell you, an the Sheriff tuck him off too jail and locked him up, an he had too stay thar four munths by himself.

“ I had a fite wunst over on the Cahawba river, with a Tennessee wagoner's dog—did you ever hear me tell 'bout it? but never mind now, fellers, I'm gitten mity dry, an I have too wate until I git a nuther horn, an I don't keer who pays fur it, I don't.”

THE FASTEST FUNERAL ON RECORD,

BY F. A. DURIVAGE, ESQ., OF BOSTON, MASS.

Under the well-known signature of "The Old 'Un," in the "Spirit of the Times," Mr. Durivage has acquired the highest reputation. His "Ghost of the Eleven Strike," and other original comic sketches, have been read with delight by thousands. He is now the editor of the Boston "Weekly Symbol"—a *very* "Odd Fellow's" paper, which he conducts with signal ability.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the dead ride fast—

Dost fear to ride with me?"—*Burger's Leonora*.

"This fellow has no feeling of his business."—*Hamlet*.

Mr. P.—I HAD just crossed the long bridge leading from Boston to Cambridgeport, and was plodding my dusty way on foot through that not very agreeable suburb, on a sultry afternoon in July, with a very creditable thunder-cloud coming up in my rear, when a stout elderly gentleman, with a mulberry face, a brown coat, and pepper-and-salt smalls, reined up his nag, and after learning that I was bound for Old Cambridge, politely invited me to take a seat beside him in the little sort of tax-cart he was driving. Nothing loath, I consented, and we were soon *en route*. The mare he drove was a very peculiar animal. She had few good points to the eye, being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin in the shoulders, bald-faced, and

rejoicing in a little stump of a tail which was almost entirely innocent of hair. But there were "lots of muscle," as Major Longbow says, in her hind quarters.

"She aint no Wenus, Sir," said my new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny—"but handsome is as handsome does. Them's my sentiments. She's a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, *Sir!* That there mare, sir, has made good time—I may say, *very* good time before the hearse."

"Before the hearse?"

"Before the hearse! S'pose you never heard of *burying a man on time!* I'm a sexton, sir, and undertaker—JACK CROSSBONES, at your service—"Daddy Crossbones" they call me at PORTER'S."

"Ah! I understand. Your mare ran away with the hearse."

"Ran away! A child could hold her. Oh! yes, of course she ran away," added the old gentleman, looking full in my face with a very quizzical expression, and putting the fore finger of his right hand on the right side of his party-coloured proboscis.

"My dear Sir," said I, "you have excited my curiosity amazingly, and I should esteem it as a particular favour if you would be a little less oracular and a little more explicit."

"I don't know as I'd ought to tell you," said my new acquaintance very slowly and tantalizingly. "If you was one of these here writing chaps, you might poke it in the 'Spirit of the Times,' and then it would

be all day with me. But I don't care if I do make a clean breast of it. Honour bright, you know."

"Of course."

"Well, then, I live a piece up beyond Old Cambridge—you can see our steeple off on a hill to the right, when we get a little further. Well, one day, I had a customer—(he was carried off by the typhus)—which had to be toted into town—cause why? he had a vault there. So I rubbed down the old mare and put her in the fills. Ah! Sir! that critter knows as much as an Injun, and more than a Nigger. She's as sober 'as be d—d' when she get's the shop—that's what I call the hearse—behind her. You would not think she was a three-minute nag, to look at her. Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort of providential inspiration, the day before, I'd took off the old wooden springs and set the body on elliptics. For I thought it a hard case that a gentleman who'd been riding easy all his life, should go to his grave on wooden springs. Ah! I deal well by my customers. I thought of patent boxes to the wheels, but I couldn't afford it, and the parish are desperate stingy.

"Well, I got him in, and led off the string—fourteen hacks, and a dearbourn wagon at the tail of the funeral. We made a fine show. As luck would have it, just as we came abreast of Porter's, out slides that eternal torment, BILL SIKES, in his new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he bought for a fast crab, and is mighty good for a rush, but hain't got nigh so much bottom as the mare. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's a mere feather. Well, sir, Bill came up alongside, and walked his horse a bit. He looked at the mare and

then at me, and then he winked. Then he looked at his nag and put his tongue in his cheek, and winked. I looked straight ahead, and only said to myself, 'Cuss you, Bill Sikes.' By and by, he let his horse slide. He travelled about a hundred yards, and then held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It was d—d aggravatin'. Says I to myself, says I—'that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub—but you doesn't do that 'ere again.' The third time he bantered me, I let him have it. It was only saying 'Scat you brute,' and she was off—that mare. He had all the odds, you know, for I was toting a two hundred pounder, and he ought to have beat me like breaking sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at the first brush, for I told you the brown horse was a mighty fast one for a little ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no whip, and he could use his string—but he had his hands full. Side by side, away we went. Rattle-te-bang! crack! abuz! thump! And I afraid of losing my customer on the road. But I was more afraid of losing the race. The reputation of the old mare was at a stake, and I swore she should have a fair chance. We went so fast that the posts and rails by the road side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. The hackmen did not know what the — was to pay, and, afraid of not being in at the death, they put the string onto their teams, and came clattering on behind as if Satan had kicked 'em on eend. Some of the mourners was sporting characters, and they craned out of the carriage windows and waved their handkerchiefs. The President of Harvard

College himself, inspired by the scene, took off his square tile as I passed his house, and waving it three times round his head, cried, 'Go it, Boots!' It is a fact. And I beat him, sir! I beat him, in three miles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, in despair."

"His horse was off his feed for a week, and when he took to corn again he wasn't worth a straw. It was acknowledged on all hands to be the fastest funeral on record, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm an undertaker, sir, and I never yet was overtaken."

On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where the sporting sexton left me, I found that his story was strictly true in all the main particulars. A terrible rumpus was kicked up about the race, but Crossbones swore lustily that the mare had run away—that he had sawed away two inches of her lip in trying to hold her up, and that he could not have done otherwise, unless he had run her into a fence and spilled his "customer" into the ditch. If any one expects to die anywhere near the sexton's *diggings*, I can assure them that the jolly old boy is still alive and kicking, the very "Ace of Hearts" and "Jack of Spades," and that now both patent boxes and elliptic springs render his professional conveyance the easiest running thing on the road.

GOING TO BED BEFORE A YOUNG LADY.

BY JUDGE DOUGLASS, OF ILLINOIS.

Next to judge "Horse Allen," of Missouri, Judge Douglass, of Illinois, is decidedly the most original and amusing member of the western bar—or *we* are no judge.

As I was saying, ten years ago, Judge Douglass, of Illinois, was a beardless youth of twenty years of age, freshly come amongst the people of the "Sucker State," with an air about him suspiciously redolent of Yankee-land. A mere youthful adventurer amongst those "quare" Suckers—one would deem the position embarrassing. Not so with the judge; he had come on business. A political fortune was to be made, and no time lost. He was about launching on the sea of popular favour, and he commenced a general coast survey the day he arrived. He soon made himself District Attorney, member of the Legislature, Register of the U. S. Land Office, Secretary of State, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

"How do you adapt yourself," said I, "Judge, to the people? How did you 'naturalize' yourself, as it were?"

"Oh, nothing easier; you see I like it. It's democratic. But it did come awkward at first. You know I am, or rather was, bashful to rather a painful degree. Well, now, nine-tenths of my constituents despise luxu-

ries, and have no such thing as a second room in their houses. In beating up for votes, I live with my constituents, eat with my constituents, drink with them, lodge with them, pray with them, laugh, hunt, dance and work with them; I eat their corn dodgers and fried bacon, and sleep two in a bed with them. Among my first acquaintances were the L——s, down under the Bluffs. Fine fellows, the L——s,—by the way, I am sure of five votes there. Well, you perceive, I had to live there: and I did live there. But, sir, I was frightened the first night I slept there. I own it; yes, sir, I acknowledge the corn. An ice in August is something: but I was done to an icicle; had periodical chills for ten days. Did you ever see a Venus in linsey-woolsey?"

"No!"

"Then you shall see Serena L——s. They call her the 'White Plover:' seventeen:—plump as a pigeon, and smooth as a persimmon. How the devil, said I to myself, soliloquizing the first night I slept there, am I to go to bed before this young lady? I do believe my heart was topsyturvied, for the idea of pulling off my boots before the girl was death. And as to doffing my other fixtures, I would sooner have my leg taken off with a wood-saw. The crisis was tremendous. It was nearly midnight, and the family had been hours in bed. Miss Serena alone remained. Bright as the sun, the merry minx talked on. It was portentously obvious to me at last, that she had determined to outsit me. By repeated spasmodic efforts, my coat, waistcoat, cravat, boots and socks were brought off. During the process, my beautiful neighbour talked to me with unaverted eyes, and

with that peculiar kind of placidity employed by painters to embody their idea of the virgin. I dumped myself down in a chair, in a cold perspiration. A distressing thought occurred to me. Does not the damsel stand on a point of local etiquette? It may be the fashion of these people to see strangers in bed before retiring themselves? May I not have kept those beautiful eyes open, from ignorance of what these people deem good breeding? Neither the lady's eyes nor tongue had indeed betrayed fatigue. Those large jet eyes seemed to dilate and grow brighter as the blaze of the wood fire died away; but doubtless this was from kind consideration for the strange wakefulness of her guest. The thing was clear. I determined to retire, and without delay. I arose with firmness, unloosed my suspenders, and in a voice not altogether steady, said:

“ ‘Miss Serena, I think I will retire.’ ”

“ ‘Certainly, sir,’ she quietly observed, ‘you will lodge there, sir;’ inclining her beautiful head towards a bed standing a few yards from where she was sitting. I proceeded to uncase; entrenching myself behind a chair the while, fondly imagining the position offered some security. It is simply plain to a man in his senses, that a chair of the fashion of the one I had thrown between myself and ‘the enemy,’ as a military man would say, offered almost no security at all. No more, in fact, than standing up behind a ladder—nothing in the way of the artillery of bright eyes, as a poet would say, sweeping one down by platoons. Then I had a dead open space of ten feet between me and the bed; a sort of Bridge of Lodi passage which I was forced to

make, exposed to a cruel raking fire fore and aft. Although I say it, who should not say it, an emergency never arose for which I had not a resource. I had one for this. The plan was the work of a moment, I de——”

“Ah! I see, you stormed the battery and s——”

“Bah! don’t interrupt me. No; I determined, by a bold ruse de guerre, to throw her attention out of the window, clear the perilous passage, and fortify myself under the counterpane before she recovered her surprise. The plan failed. You see I am a small man, physically speaking. Body, limbs, and head, setting up business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds, all told, of flesh, blood, and bones, cannot, individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy until she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations; for when I arose from a stooping posture finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment.

“‘Mr. Douglass,’ she observed, ‘you have got a mighty small chance of legs there.’

“Men seldom have any notice of their own powers,

I never made any pretensions to skill in ground and lofty tumbling; but it is strictly true, I cleared, at one bound, the open space, planted myself on the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling."

"I congratulate you, my boy," said I, poising a cube of the crimson core of the melon on the point of my knife; "a lucky escape truly! But was the young lady modest?"

"Modest, sir!—there is not in Illinois a more modest, or more sensible girl. It's habit—all habit. I think nothing of it now. Why, it's only last week I was at a fine wedding party, and a large and fine assembly of both sexes lodged in the same room, with only three feet or so of neutral territory between them."

"You astonish me, Mr. Douglass."

"Fact, sir, upon my honour. You see these people are the very soul of hospitality, and never allow a fine social party to turn out at twelve o'clock at night to go long distances home. All that is more cleverly managed here. An Illinois bed has a power of elongation or expansion perfectly enigmatical to strangers. One bed four feet wide, will, on occasion, flank one whole side of the house, and is called a field-bed, and large parties will range themselves on opposite sides of the house as economically as candles in a box."

"But, my dear fellow, this is drouthy prose, introduce yourself to that little fellow in the corner, and pass him over; and now tell me all about old Canandaigua."

THIS story of Judge Douglass has suggested to FIELD, of the St. Louis "Reveille," the following adventure of a Missouri politician :—

The "gentleman of Illinois" is not the only gentleman whose *legs* have led him into embarrassment. A political friend of ours, equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, among the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the State, last summer, for Congress, in even a *more* peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois judge.

There is a spot in the south-western part of this State, known as *The Fiery Fork of Honey Run!*—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the *run* of "honey" is of course accompanied by a corresponding flow of "milk," and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and "peach," is the evidence of sublunary contentment, every place where they have preaching!

"Honey Run," further Christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family whose mansion, comprising *one apartment*—neither more nor less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveller, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder, its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing, that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and "niggers," and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the *Fiery Forkers*, the old lady having

pointed out his bed, felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in," though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to *bar* them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door-step; the "niggers" stuck their feet in the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed-looking pillow, and the sons, cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, "gals," and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, seating himself upon "the downy," and pulling off his coat. Well, he *pulled* off his coat—and he folded his coat—and then he yawned—and then he whistled—and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact, that it would *never* do to sleep in his muddy trousers—and then he *undid* his vest—and then he whistled again—and then, suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried—

"*Gals*, jest turn your backs round 'till the *stranger* gits into bed."

The backs were turned, and the stranger *did* get into bed in "less than no time," when the hostess again spoke.

"Reckon, stranger, as you aint used to us, you'd better *kiver up* till the *gals* undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and though he did "kiver up," as desired, somehow or other, the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding

his blushes, and favouring his sly glances. The nymphs were soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unhitch nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him.

“You can *unkiver* now, stranger; I’m *married folks*, and you aint afeared o’ *me*, I reckon!”

The stranger happened to be “*married folks*,” himself; he *unkivered*, and turned his back with true connubial indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned, but, with regard to the “*gals*,” he declares that his half-raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of *mermaids* that ever he experienced.

A MILLERITE MIRACLE.

BY C. A. P., OF KENTUCKY.

In the following sketch is displayed in bold relief the mummeries practised by Miller, Himes, and others, who have followed in the footsteps of Matthias "the prophet," and numbugs of like stamp. It is from the pen of a new correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times."

IN a little village in the state of Hoosierana, in the year 1844, there was "all sorts" of excitement concerning the doctrines and prophecies of that arch-deceiver, Miller. For months the Midnight Cry, followed by the Morning Howl, and the Noonday Yell, had circulated through the village and surrounding counties, to an extent not even equalled by Dr. D.'s celebrated speech. Men disposed of their property for little or nothing. The women were pale and ghastly from watching and praying, and in fact, the whole population, or at least those who believed in the coming ascension, looked as if they were about half-over a second attack of the chills and fever. There were, however, some "choice spirits," (not choice in theirs, however,) who, notwithstanding the popularity of the delusion, would not enlist under the banners of the ascensionists, and among these was a wild, harumscarum blade from "Down East," by the name of Cabe Newham. Now Cabe was as hard "a case" as you would meet on a fourth of July in Texas, always alive for fun and sport

of any and every description, and a strong disbeliever in Millerism.

The night of the third of April was the time agreed upon out west here, for the grand exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling," and about ten o'clock of the said night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the outskirts of the town, on a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand. In the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a free negro by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, woolly, and rough a descendant of Ham as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of hames; in fact, put Sam on a horse, his legs clasped round its neck, his head towards the tail, and his arms clasped round the animal's hams, and at ten paces off you would swear he was an *old set of patent gearing*.

The leader of the Millerites, owing to an "ancient grudge he bore him," hated Sam "like smoke," and had done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the "elect," but all to no purpose; Sam would creep in at every meeting, and to-night here he was again, dressed in a white robe of cheap cotton, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now on the morning of the third, Cabe had, with a deal of perseverance, and more trouble, managed to throw a half-inch hemp cord over the branch of an oak, which stretched its long arm directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble; one end he had secured to the body of the tree, and the other to a stump some

distance off. About ten o'clock, when the excitement was getting about "eighty pounds to the inch," Cabe, wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd, and proceeded to fasten, in as secure a manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt which confined Sam's robe, and having succeeded, "sloped" to join some of his companions who had the other end. The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene, and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard, exclaiming "Gor Almighty! I'se a goin' up! Who-o-oh!" and sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the "ethereal blue;" this was, however, checked when he had cleared "terra firma" a few feet. "Glory!" cried one, "Hallelujah!" another, and shrieks and yells made night hideous; some fainted, others prayed, and not a few dropped their robes and "slid." Now, whether it was owing to the lightness of his head, or the length and weight of his heels, or both, Sam's position was not a pleasant one; the belt to which Cabe's cord was attached was bound exactly round his centre of gravity, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heels up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a pendulum; which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands and vigorous kicking. At length he became alarmed, he *wouldn't* go up, and he couldn't come down! "Lor a massy," cried he, "jist take up poor nigger to um bosom, or lef him down again, *easy, easy*. Lef him down again, please um Lor, and dis nigger will go straight to um bed! Ugh-h-h," and Sam's teeth chattered with affright, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing

his head directly downward and his heels up, when a woman shrieking out, "Oh! Brother Sam, take me with you," sprung at his head as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up "all standing." "Gosh! Sister," cried Sam, "lef go um poor nigger's *har*." Cabe gave another pull at the rope, but the additional weight was too much, the belt gave way and down came Sam, his bullet head taking the leader of the saints a "feeler" just between the eyes. "Gosh, is I down agin?" cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up. "I is, bress de Lor! but I was nearly dar, I seed de gate!" The leader wiped his overflowing proboscis, took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, and giving him a kick, said, "Leave, you cussed baboon! you are so ugly *I know'd they wouldn't let you in.*"

OLD SINGLETIRE,

THE MAN THAT WAS NOT ANNEXED.

BY THE LATE ROBERT PATTERSON, ESQ., OF LOUISIANA.

The writer of the following incident was a long time associated with the author of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter"—T. B. Thorpe, Esq.—in editing the "Concordia Intelligencer." He was a remarkably clever man, and his early death last season has deprived his contemporaries of a most entertaining, and worthy member of the "press gang."

A GOOD story is told of this bold frontiersman, who had made himself notorious, and given his character the *bend sinister*, by frequent depredations on both sides the boundary line between Texas and the United States. The old fellow had migrated thither from parts unknown, years since, knew every foot of country for fifty miles on either side in his vicinity, and had communication by runners with many "*birds of the same feather*," then common in the region.

The old fellow saw, with sorrow and regret, the rapid influx of population within the last ten years, and was compelled gradually to narrow his sphere of *usefulness*, for, said he, "People's a gittin too thick about me—tha and their varmints and critters is fillin up the woods and spilin the huntin—and then tha aint no chance for a fellar to *speculate* upon travellers as tha used to be when tha wan't any body to watch a fellar :—why, tha is get-

en to be so *civilized* that a fellar can't drink a barrel of double-rectified 'thout havin' em all abusin' him about it—and then ef he doas happen jist by accident to drap half an ounce of lead into a feller, why tha is all up in arms about it. Now t'other day when I wanted to mark Joe Sliteses' ears like tha marks their hogs, 'case he called me a vill-*yan*, they wanted to *jewdicate* me afore the court. But cuse 'em for a set of blasted fools they aint a gwoin to fool 'Old Singletire' ef he is a gitten old and ain't as quick on the trigger as he used to was.

“Blast their skins, I don't care ef tha *does* annexate Texas! I'll show 'em somethin—tho' tha thinks tha is got me slick when tha git the two countries wedged up into one—but I'll fix em, I'll quit and go to ARKANSAW—whar a decent white man kin live 'thout bein' pestered, and bused and *jewdicated*!”

“Old Single” as he was called, *for short*, had several years previous to the late discussion of the annexation question, with singular 'cuteness ascertained the precise line dividing the two territories, and built his cabin thereon in such a position that when lying down—*he slept, one half in the United States, and the other half in Texas*, for he lay at right angles with the line.

The authorities of both sides had frequently found him in that position, but as their separate claims lay severally on the *entire* individual, they were not content to arrest *one half of him* at a time. A great deal of courtesy was at times exhibited by the officers, each pressing the other to break the forms of international law by pulling Old Single bodily over either side the line. Each was up to trap, and feared the other wished to trick him, and de-

clined the effort which might cause a rupture between Texas and the Union.

On one occasion they were exceedingly pressing on the subject, at first politely so, then teasing each other, and then daring by taunt, and jeer, and jibe, until they worked themselves into such furious excitement that "Old Single," their pretended victim, had to command and preserve the peace—"Gentle-men," said he, "you may fun, and fret, and quarrel jist as much as you please in my house—but when tha is any lickin to be done 'bout these diggins, why 'Old Single' is *thar sure!*—so look out boys, ef you strikes you *dies*:—show your sense, make friends, and let's *liker*. You," nodding to one, "hand me a gourd of water; and, You," to another, "pass that bottle and I'll drink to your better 'quaintance."

The day passed, "Old Single" crosses the line, and one of the *beauties* on each side his cot, all going it like forty at twenty-deck poker—a sociable game as Sol. Smith says—and as remarked our informant, "the old man was a perfect *Cumanche horse* at any game whar tha was *curds*."

For the last three months "Old Single" had been mightily distressed—"mighty oneasy bout annexation"—for he knew he would be compelled to travel—well the news of the action of Texas on this great question was received in "Old Single's" vicinity on 29th of June—the day it reached Fort Jessup.

Next morning "the boys" from Boston and De Kalb, a couple of border villages—after a glory gathering about annexation, determined to storm "Old Single" and "rout" him. They accordingly, *en masse a-la-*

regulator, started off for his cabin, and on arriving near it, a consultation was held, and it was determined that bloodshed was useless—as it was certain to occur if violence was resorted to—and that a flag of truce should be sent into the fortress, offering terms.

The old man was found in a gloomy mood, with a pack strapped to his back, in woodsman style. “Old *Centresplit*, his friend of thirty years’ standing, his rifle, his favourite—his all—was laid across his knees, and he in deep thought, his eyes resting on vacancy. As the delegation entered, he looked up, “Well, boys, the time is *cum*, and Texas and you is annexated, *but I aint*, and *I aint a gwoin to be nuther!*—so take care how you raise my dander; *I can shoot sum yet!*”

The party explained, and it was agreed the old fellow should take up the march *upon the line* for the nearest point on Red River, the party escorting him at twenty paces distant on either side—that the last mile should be run—that if he struck the water’s edge first, he should go free—if otherwise, he was to be taken and rendered up a victim to the offended dignity of the laws. “*Agreed*,” said Old Single, “it’s a bargain. Boys, tha is a *gallon* in that barrel, let’s finish it in a friendly way, and then travel.” The thing was done, the travel accomplished, and the race, fast and furious, was being done. The old fellow led the crowd, hallooing at his topmost voice as he gained the river—“HOOPEE!—HURRAH!—*I aint annexated!*—*I’m off—I aint no whar—nuther in the States nor Texas, BUT IN ARKANSAW!!!*” swam to the opposite shore, fired a volley, gave three cheers, and retired victorious.

“RUNNING A SAW” ON A FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

BY “GINSANGANDSON,” OF PHILADELPHIA.

One of the most amusing correspondents of the “Spirit of the Times” is “the gentleman with the hard name,” whose *nomme de plume* is quoted above. In more respects than we care to state, he is, emphatically, “a host in himself,” as every Philadelphian, and the travelling community generally, will bear willing testimony.

A FRENCHMAN who had been residing some years in London, and appeared to be very vain of his knowledge of mankind, was detailing to some of his compatriots in this country a little adventure which happened to him in The Great Metropolis. I give you the story in his own words as much as possible, his manner you must conceive.

“When I was in Londres, I go vun day into wat ze Anglais call ze café, an I give ze order to ros me von docke; ze Anglais ros ze docke ver well; ven de docke was place before me I find him von ver fine docke, and ver well ros; he was ver brown, ver full of ze stuff aux ognons, an ze flaveur was ver fine. I put ze fork into ze docke and I commence to cut ze docke, mais when I have begin to cut ze docke I hear some person make loud strong noise comme ça—Oh——! as if ze heart was break. I put down ze knife on ze plate,

an I look roun to see who make ze noise comme ça—Oh——! Ven I look roun I see right opposite to me von gentlman, who was ver well dress; he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, and ver good boot, but he have dam leetle hat wiz a hole in ze top; *I no like dat*, mais he was a gentlman; ze noise could not be made by him, an I proceed to cut ze docke, mais, ven I ave proceed to cut ze docke ze second time, I hear une autre fois ze same noise, comme ça—Oh——! plus forte, grate deal loudaire zan ze first time. I look roun, mais I see nobody but ze gentlman; I look at ze gentlman, an ze gentlman look at me. He *was* gentlman, for he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, and ver good boot, mais he ave dam leetle hat on ze head wiz a hole in ze top, an ze hair come out; *I no like dat*, mais he *was* gentlman. Eh bien! I ave say to ze gentlman—‘Monsieur, pour quoi you make comme ça—Oh——!?’ and ze gentlman ave make me answer an say, ‘Sare, I ave eat nosing for tree day, an I am ver hungry.’ Mon dieu, I say to myself, ze gentlman ave reason, he ave eat nosing for tree day. Sacre-bleu he must ave ver grate hungaire, an ven I ave say dis to myself I look at ze docke, he was ver fine docke, an ver well ros. Zen I say to myself ze seconde time, I shall give ze half of ze docke to ze gentlman, an zen I give ze invitation to ze gentlman, to partage ze docke wiz me. Ven ze gentlman ave receive ze invitation he rite way place himself vis a vis to me, an ma fois! ausi quick as ze lightnin he ave eat *ze hole of my docke*, *Bigod*, quel faim! Ze gentlman ave speak ze truf, he was ver hungry! En verité, I should like to eat piece of my docke, mais ven I zink

ze gentlman ave eat nosing for tree day, an as for me I ave dejuner tres forte, I ring ze bell an I give ze order for a noser docke; in ze mean time, however, ze gentlman ave drink ze hole of my wine. Eh bien, I I deman ze oder bouteille, an zen ze oder docke come; ver fine docke, mais not so good as ze last,—n'importe, ze docke was ver good, mais dis time I ave cut ze docke for me, an ze gentlman ave got ze oser piece, he was so hungry, quel dammage, so mooch a gentlman, so well he dress. He ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ver good boot, mais ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top; *I no like dat*, but he was gentlman. Eh bien, apres ça ze gentlman was satisfy he ave eat nearly ze two docke, an I was satisfy, an ven I ave settle ze conte ze lanlor was satisfy aussi; an zen I ave say to ze gentlman, 'Monsieur, I sall ave ze plaisir to see you some oser time, demain chez vous, at your house,' and ze gentlman he make grate noise, un autre fois for ze zurd time, comme ça—Oh——! an he say to me, 'Sare, I ave no house.' Eh bien! I reply to him, vare do you slip? an he say to me, 'Sare, I slip in ze street.' Bigod, I say to myself, wat grate pitie such hansome gentlman slip in ze street; an zen I look at him again, an I know he is gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, such ver good pantalon, an such ver good boot, but zen I see ze *dam* leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top, *I no like dat!* but he was gentlman. Nevare min, I shall take ze gentlman chez moi to my house! bigod he shall not slip in ze street! So I give him ze invitation to go to my house, which he ave accept with great plaisir. Ven I ave take him chez moi I make in ze corner what ze Anglais call

ze shake-down,—shake-up! an ze gentlman commence already to take off ze close. Pour la premiere he ave put ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top on ze chair, *I no like!*, so when he ave turn his back, I give it von leetle kick under ze bed and nevare say nosing; ze gentlman zen take off ze cote, ver good cote—ver good cote indeed! an he take off ze pantalon, ver fine pantalo. ver good pantalon—oui, ver good! an zen he take off ze boot, ah ma fois, zey were good boot, ver fine boot indeed, an ze gentlman he go to slip. Eh bien, c'est fine, I ave nosing else to do, I go to slip aussi, an I nevaire hear nosing at all tout la nuit, I mus have slip ver well. In ze morning, ver early, à la bonne heur, I rub my eyes an fine myself wake up; I put ze head out of ze bed an I look for my compagnon, mais ze gentlman I no see him, no doute he slip ver mooch hard, he have grand fatigue he slip all ze time in ze street, I ave grate compassion for him; so I turn on ze oser side an I make ze second time wat ze Anglais call ze leetle nappe, not ze ‘nappe Francaise,’ mais ze ‘nappe Anglaise;’ chose tres difference je vous assuré. Eh bien, ven I ave rub ze eye ze second time, I fin it was ten o'clock of ze watch, an I say to ze gentleman who have slip in ze corner all ze nite, ‘Monsieur, levez vous! it is time to get up,’ an ze gentlman ave make no response, an zin I get up myself an I look in ze corner, mais I fin nosing, ze gentlman was gone. Ah ha! I say to myself, ze gentlman was tres reconnaissant, he ave ver mooch gratitude, he mus ave wake up an he fin me slip ver good, he no like to make ze noise to disturb me; I ave no dout he will come back ven he zink I ave wake up, an he will make me

grate zank for my kindness to him zat he did not slip in ze street. Oh he is such gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, such fine pantalon, and such ver good boot. Ven I say zis to myself I zink make my toilette, an I put on my boot, ver good boot,—mais, wat it is—*zey are not my boot!* ver good boot indeed—*ver good boot!* mais zey are *not my* boot. Ah nevaire min, it is mistake, ze gentlman ave made mistake, he get up so early in ze morning an ave make ze mistake in ze dark. Eh bien, he will soon return and make ze grand apologie, for he is so mooch gentlman—oh oui, he is gentlman, he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ze boot are ver good aussi—not so good as mine, mais ze are ver good. In ze mean time I zink comme ça to myself, an I look roun for my pantalon; oh zey are zere. I put on ze pantalon, mais—que diable! I feel in ze poches, oui, bigar zey are not *my pantalon—ver fine!* oui, ver fine pantalon, mais zey are not my pantalon. Ah tis ver plain, ze gentlman ave make anoser mistake, an ave take my pantalon, an zink zey are his pantalon; nevaire min! nevaire min! he will fine out ze mistake bomby when he fine ze monnaie in ze poche, he will be ver sorry, for he is gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ver good boot; oh oui, he is gentlman, j’en suis sure. Vile I zink so to myself I look at ze watch, an I fine him leven o’clock of ze mornin; I tink it is time to break ze faste, I am ver hungry, so I put on my—ze debil! what I have here?—ver fine coat, mais, ouis, it is not my cote—no it is *not my cote!* Bigod ze gentlman ave make un autre fois, a noser gran mistake, he ave take my cote an lef me his cote, it was ver good cote—ver good cote indeed! mais it was not my cote.

J'en suis faché ven ze gentlman ave fine it out he will be mooch mortify zat he ave take my cote. Ah mon Dieu! I ave grate pitie for him, he was such gentlman, I am sure he was gentlman, he ave such *ver* good cote, such fine pantalon, and such *ver* good boot! Oh certainement he was gentlmen, I nevaire make ze mistake, I know ze gentlman an he was gentlman, I know he will come back; an zen I wait for him von hour by ze clock, an I zink to myself, bigar I ave ze gran rumble in ze stomach, an I feel *ver* hungere as if I ave eat nosing for tree day like ze gentlman, who I ave no doubt ave wait all zis time at ze café for me. Ah quel shepide! I nevaire zink of zat before, an I look for my hat. It is not on ze table,—no! it is not on ze——restez! q'avons nous ici? Who put my hat under ze bed? my new hat! I ave jus buy him, an ave jus pay von guinea for him: Venez! I go on ze knee. Ah ha! I ave got him by ze ear. *Venez ici donc, rodeur!—Bigod! wat ze debil I got here! Hein? Sacre-bleu! mille tonnerres! ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top, bigar! I no like dat, ze gentlman ave make von dam gran mistake dis time. an I no like dat.* Mais he *was* gentlman, he ave such *ver* good cote, such *ver* fine pantalon, and such good boot, mais I no like ze dam leetle hat *wiz ze hole in ze top.*—No! Bigod!! Mais he was gentlman.”

BREAKING A BANK.

BY SOL. SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP AND ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS.'

We cannot allow a second collection of stories from the "Spirit of the Times" to go before the public without containing one of Sol. Smith's sketches, he having been one of our earliest correspondents. Besides which, it is not contained in the Appendix to his own admirable collection of stories, recently published in Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN Summons is a very clever fellow—and the "Dr. Franklin" *was* a very superb boat, albeit inclined to rock about a good deal, and nearly turn over on her side when visited by a breath of air in the least resembling a gale. Capt. Summons is a clever fellow. All steamboat captains are clever fellows—or *nearly* all; but what I mean to say is, Captain Summons is a *particularly* clever fellow!—a clever fellow in the widest sense of the term—a fellow that is clever in every way—anxious that his passengers shall be comfortably bestowed, well fed and well attended to—and *determined* that they shall amuse themselves "just as they d—n please," as the saying is. If he happens to have preachers on board, he puts on a serious countenance of a Sunday morning—consents that there shall be preaching—orders the chairs to be set out, and provides Bibles and hymn-books for the occasion—himself and

officers, whose watch is below, taking front seats and listening attentively to the discourse. Likely as not, at the close of the service, he will ask the reverend gentleman who has been officiating, with his back in close proximity to a hot fire in a Franklin furnace, to accompany him to the bar and join him in some refreshments! If there are passengers on board who prefer to pass the time away in playing poker, ucre, brag, or whist, tables and chairs are ready for *them*, too—poker, brag, ucre and whist be it! All sorts of passengers are accommodated on the Dr. Franklin—the rights of none are suffered to be infringed;—all are free to follow such employments as shall please themselves. A *dance* in the evening is a very common occurrence on this boat, and when cotillions are *on the carpet*, the captain is sure to be *thar*.

It sometimes happens that, at the commencement of a voyage, it is found somewhat difficult to reconcile *all* the passengers to the system of Capt. Summons, which is founded on the broad principle of equal rights to all. On the occasion of my voyage in the “Doctor,” in December, 1844, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of passengers who were *entire strangers* to me—a very rare occurrence to one who travels so often on the western rivers as I do. I wished my absence from New Orleans to be as brief as possible, and the “Doctor” was the fastest boat in port at the time of my leaving the Crescent City; so I resolved to secure a berth in her, and trust in luck to find a St. Louis boat at the Mouth.

I don’t know how it is, or *why* it is, but by strangers I am almost always taken for a PREACHER. It was so on this voyage. There were three Methodist *circuit* riders

on board ; and it happened that we got acquainted, and were a good deal together—from which circumstance I was supposed to be *one of them* ; which supposition was the means of bringing me into an acquaintance with the lady passengers, who, for the most part, were very pious, religiously inclined souls. We had preaching every day, and sometimes at night ; and I must say, in justice to brothers Twitchel and Switchell, that their sermons were highly edifying and instructive.

In the mean time, a portion of the passengers “ at the other end of the hall ” continued to play sundry games with cards, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the worthy followers of Wesley, who frequently requested the captain to interfere and break up such unholy doings. The captain had but one answer—it was something like this : “ Gentlemen, amuse yourselves as you like ; preach and pray to your hearts’ content—none shall interfere with your pious purposes ; some like that sort of thing—I have no objection to it. These men prefer to amuse themselves with cards ; let them—they pay their passage as well as you, gentlemen, and have as much right to *their amusements* as you have to *yours*, and they shall not be disturbed. Preach, play cards, dance cotillions—do what you like, I am agreeable ; only understand that *all games* (preaching among the rest) *must cease at ten o’clock.* ” So *we* preachers got very little comfort from Captain Summons.

Up—up, up—up we went. Christmas day arrived. All the *other* preachers had holden forth on divers occasions, and it being ascertained that it was my intention to leave the boat on her arrival at Cairo, a formal request was preferred, that *I should preach the Christmas*

sermon! The LADIES (God bless them all!) were *very* urgent in their applications to me. "Oh *do*, brother Smith! we *want* to hear *you* preach! All the others have contributed their share to our spiritual comfort—you *must* oblige us—indeed you must." I endeavoured to excuse myself the best way I could, alleging the necessity of my leaving the boat in less than an hour—my baggage was not ready—I had a terrible cold, and many other good and substantial reasons were given; but all in vain—preach I must. "Well," thinks I, "if I must, I must." At this crisis, casting my eyes down towards the Social Hall, and seeing an unusual crowd assembled around a table, I asked one of the brethren what might be going on down there? The fattest of the preaching gentlemen replied—"The poor miserable sinners have filled the measure of their iniquity by opening a FARO BANK!" "Horrible!" exclaimed I, holding up my hands—and "horrible!" echoed the ladies and missionaries in full chorus. "Cannot such doings be put a stop to?" asked an elderly lady, addressing the pious travellers. "I fear not," groaned my Methodist contemporary, (the fat one.) "We have been trying to convince the captain that some dreadful accident will inevitably befall the boat, if such proceedings are permitted—and what do you think he answered?" "What?" we all asked, of course. "Why, he just said, that, inasmuch as he permitted *us* to preach and pray, he should let other passengers dance and play, if they chose to do so; and that if I didn't like the 'proceedings' I complained of *I might leave the boat!* Yes—he did; and, moreover, he mentioned that it was eleven o'clock, and asked me if I wouldn't 'liquor!' " This announcement

of the captain's stubbornness and impiety was met with a general groan of pity and sorrow, and we resumed the conversation respecting the unhallowed faro bank. "It is much to be regretted," remarked the elderly lady who had spoken before, "that *something* can't be done—Brother Smith," she continued, appealing directly to me, and laying her forefinger impressively upon my arm, "cannot *you* break up that bank?" "Dear Madam," I answered, "you know not the difficulty of the task you impose upon me—FARO BANKS ARE NOT SO EASILY BROKEN UP as you may imagine; however, as you all appear so anxious about it, if you'll excuse me from the sermon, I'll see what can be done." "Ah! that's a dear soul!"—"I knew he would try"—"He'll be sure to succeed!"—"Our prayers shall not be wanting!" Such were the exclamations that greeted me, as I moved off towards the faro bank. Elbowing my way into the crowd, I got near the table in front of the dealer, and was for a time completely concealed from the view of my pious friends near the door of the ladies' cabin. I found the bank was a small affair. The betters were risking trifling sums, ranging from six to twenty-five cents.

"Mr. Dealer," I remarked, "I have come to break up this bank." "The deuse you have!" replied the banker—"let's see you do it." "What amount have you in bank?" I inquired. "Eleven dollars," was his answer. "What is your limit?" asked I. "A dollar," he replied. "Very well," said I, placing a ragged Indiana dollar behind the queen—"turn on." He turned, and the king won for me. I took the two dollars up and let him make another turn, when I replaced the bet,

and the queen came up in my favour; I had now four dollars, which I placed in the square, taking in the 5, 6, 7, and 8—and it won again! Here were seven dollars of the banker's money. I pocketed three of them, and bet four dollars behind the queen again; the Jack won, and the BANK WAS BROKEN! The crowd dispersed in all directions, laughing at the breaking up of the petty bank, and I made my way towards the ladies' cabin, where my new friends were anxiously awaiting the result of my bold attempt. "Well, well, well," they all exclaimed—"What success?—have you done it? Do let us hear all about it!" I wiped the perspiration from my brow, and putting on a very serious face, I said solemnly: "I HAVE BROKEN THAT BANK!" "You have?" they all exclaimed.—"Yes, I'll be d—d if he hasn't!" muttered the disappointed gamester, the keeper of the late bank, who was just going into his state-room. In the midst of the congratulations which were showered upon me, I received a *summons* from the captain to come forward with my baggage—we were at Cairo.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

SOME rich scenes occur in taking the Census under the late law of the State of New York for that purpose. The following, from an eye witness, is one :

“Is the head of the family at home?” asks the inquiring marshal.

“Here’s the devil with his book again for the *d’rectry*,” shouts a junior of the family to the maternal head above stairs, who presently appears. “Is it the heads of the family ye want sure ; but last week ye wanted our name for ye *d’rectry* an’ now ye want our *heads* ? A free Country this, sure, when one’s head is not safe. Be off, and bad luck to ye and all like ye.” After some explanations, the questions in order are asked.

“Who is the head of the family?”

“Ann Phelim, yer honor, the same in ‘ould Ireland for ever.”

“How many Males in this family?”

“Three *males* a day with prateys for dinner an’—

“But how many Men and Boys?”

“Och, why there’s the ould man an’ the boy and three children who died five years ago, heaven rest their dear souls, the swatest jewils that iver”—

“But how many are now living?”

“Meself, and me daughter Judy, ye see them, and a jewil of a girl she is indeed.”

“But have you no males in your family?”

“Sorra the one ; the ould man works hard by the day,

and Patrick is not at home at all, but to his males and his bed."

"How many are subject to Military duty?"

"Niver a one; Patrick and the ould man belong to the *Immits*, and sure finer looking soldiers were niver born: did ye not see him when the old Ginerall was buried? 'twould have made your heart beat to see two such fine lookin' gintale well-behaved boys."

"How many are entitled to vote?"

"Why the ould man and meself and Judy, and warn't it we that bate the Natives an' the Whigs an' all, an' elicted ould General Jackson over 'im all. Sorra the day when he died and disappointed us all, for a fine man he was."

"How many coloured persons in your family?"

"Nagers, did you name Nagers? Out man, an' don't be insultin' me. Out wid ye, and niver ask for me *senses* agin—don't ask about me *senses*—whither I have nagers in the family? Yer out of yer senses, yer-self, begone and don't bother me."

DICK HARLAN'S TENNESSEE FROLIC.

BY "S ————L," OF TENNESSEE.

We wish we were at liberty to disclose the name and habitation of the writer of the incident annexed, for then we are assured his friends would insist upon his becoming a more regular correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," in the columns of which he made his *debut*.

You may talk of your bar hunts, Mister Porter, and your deer hunts, and knottin tigers' tails thru the bung-holes of barrels, an cock fitin, and all that, but if a regular bilt frolick in the Nobs of "Old Knox," don't beat 'em all blind for fun, then I'm no judge of fun, that's all! I said *fun*, and I say it agin, from a *kiss* that cracks like a wagin-whip up to a *fite* that rouses up all out-doors—and as to laffin, why they *invented* laffin, and the *last* laff will be hearn at a Nob dance about three in the morning! I'm jest gettin so I can ride arter the motions I made at one at Jo Spraggins's a few days ago.

I'll *try* and tell you who Jo Spraggins is. He's a squire, a school comishoner, overlooker of a mile of Nob road *that leads towards Roody's still-house*—a fiddler, a judge of a hoss, and a hoss himself! He can belt six shillins worth of corn-juice at still-house rates and travel—can out-shute and out-lie any feller from the Smoky Mounting to Noxville, and, if they'll bar one feller in Nox, I'll say to the old Kaintuck Line! (I'm sorter feared of him, for they say that he lied a jackass to death in two

hours!)—can make more spinin-wheels, kiss more spinners, thrash more wheat an more men than any one-eyed man I know on. He hates a circuit rider, a nigger, and a shot gun—loves a woman, old sledge, and sin in eny shape. He lives in a log hous about ten yards squar : it has two rooms, one at the bottom an one at the top of the ladder—has all out ove doors fur a yard, and all the South fur its occupants at times. He gives a frolick onst in three weeks in plowin time, and one every Saturday-nite the balance of the year, and only axes a “fip” for a reel, and two “bits” fur what corn-juice you suck ; he throws the galls in, and a bed too in the hay, if you git too hot to locomote. The supper is made up by the fellers ; every one fetches sumthin ; sum a lick of meal, sum a middlin of bacon, sum a hen, sum a possum, sum a punkin, sum a grab of taters, or a pocket full of peas, or dried apples, an sum only fetches a good appetite and a skin chock full of particular devilry, and if thars been a shutin match for beef the day before, why a *leg* finds its way to Jo’s sure, without eny help from the balance of the critter. He gives Jim Smith (the store-keeper over Bay’s Mounting) *warnin* to fetch a skane of silk fur fiddle strings, and sum “Orleans” for sweetnin, or not to fetch himself ; the silk and sugar has never failed to be thar yet. Jo then mounts Punkinslinger bar backed, about three hours afore sun down, and gives all the galls *item*. He does this a liddle of the slickest—jist rides past in a peart rack, singin,

“ Oh, I met a frog, with a fiddle on his back,

A axin his way to the fro-l-i-c-k ?

Wha-a-he ! wha he ! wha he ! wha ke he-ke-he !”

That’s enuf ! The galls nows *that* aint a jackass, so

by sun-down they come pourin out of the woods like pissants out of an old log when tother end's afire, jest "as fine as silk" and full of fun, fixed out in all sorts of fancy doins, from the broad-striped homespun to the sunflower calico, with the thunder-and-lightnin ground. As for silk, if one had a silk gown she'd be too smart to wear it to Jo Spraggins's, fur if she did she'd go home in hir petticote-tale *sartin*, for the homespun wud tare it off of hir quicker nor winkin, and if the sunflowers didnt help the homespuns, they woudn't do the silk eny good, so you see that silk is never ratlin about your ears at a Nob dance.

The sun had about sot afore I got the things fed an had Barkmill saddled, (you'll larn directly why I call my poney Barkmill,) but an owl couldent have cotch a rat afore I was in site of Jo's with my gall, Jule Sawyers, up behind me. She hugged me mity tite she was "*so feerd of fallin off* that drated poney." She said she didn't mind a fall, but it mought break hir leg an then good bye frolicks—she'd be fit fur nuthin but to nuss brats ollers arterwards. I now hearn the fiddle ting-tong-ding-domb. The yard was full of fellers, and two tall fine-lookin galls was standin in the door, face to face, holdin up the door posts with their backs, laffin, an castin sly looks into the house, an now an then kickin each other with their knees, an then the one kicked wud bow so perlite, and quick at that, and then they'd laff agin an turn red. Jo was a standin in the hous helpin the galls to hold the facins up, an when they'd kick each other he'd wink at the fellers in the yard an grin. Jule, she bounced off just like a bag of wool-rolls, and I hitched my bark-machine up to a saplin that warn't skinned, so

ne'd git a craw-full of good fresh bark afore mornin. I giv Jule a kiss to sorter molify my natur an put her in heart like, and in we walked. "Hey! hurray!" said the boys; "My gracious!" said the galls, "if here aint Dick an Jule!" jist like we hadent been *rite thar* only last Saturday nite. "Well, I know we'll have reel now!" "Hurraw!—Go it while you'r young!" "Hurraw for the brimstone kiln—every man praise his country!" "Clar the ring!" "Misses Spraggins, drive out these dratted tow-headed brats of your'n—give room!" "Who-oo-whoop! whar's the crock of bald-face, and that gourd of honey? Jim Smith, hand over that spoon, an quit a lickin it like "sank in a bean-pot." "You, Jake Snyder, don't holler so!" says the old 'oman—"why you are worse nor a painter." "Holler! why I was jist *whispering* to that gall on the bed—*who-a-whoopee!* now I'm beginning to *holler!* Did you hear *that*, Misses Spraggins, and be darned to your bar legs? You'd make a nice hemp-brake, you would." "Come here, Suse Thompson, and let me pin your dress behind? Your back looks adzactly like a blaze on a white oak!" "My *back* ain't nuffin to you, Mister Smarty!" "Bill Jones, quit a smashin that ar cat's tail!" "Well let hir keep hir tail clar of my ant killers!" "Het Goins, stop tumblin that bed an tie your *sock!*" "Thankee, marm, its a longer stockin than you've got—*look at it!*" "Jim Clark has gone to the woods for fat pine, and Peggy Willet is along to take a lite for him—they've been gone a coon's age. Oh, here comes the lost 'babes in the wood,' and *no lite!*" "Whar's that lite! whar's that torch! I say, Peggy, whar is that bundle of lite wood?" "Why, I fell over a log an lost it, and we hunted clar to the

foot of the holler for it, and never found it. It's no account, no how—nuthin but a little pine—who cares?" "Hello, thar, gin us 'Forked Deer,' old fiddle-teazer, or I'll give you forked litnin! *Ar* you a goin to tum-tum all nite on that pot-gutted old pine box of a fiddle, *say*?" "Give him a soak at the crock and a lick at the patent bee-hive—it'll *ile* his elbows." "Misses Spraggins, you're a hoss! cook on, don't mind me—I didnt aim to slap *you*; it was Suze Winters I *wanted* to hit; but you stooped so fair—" "Yes, and it's well for your good looks that you didn't hit to hurt me, old feller!" "Turn over them rashes of bacon, they're a burnin!" "Mind your own business, Bob Proffit, I've cooked for frolicks afore you shed your petticoates—so jist hush an talk to Marth Giffin! See! she is beckonin to you!" "That's a lie, marm! If he comes a near me I'll unjint his dratted neck! No sech fool that when a gall puts hir arm round his neck will break and run, shall look at *me*, that's flat! Go an try Bet Holden!" "Thankee, marm, I don't take your leavins," says Bet, hir face lookin like a full cross between a gridiron and a steel-trap.

"Whoop! hurraw! Gether your galls for a break down! Give us 'Forked Deer!'" "No, give us 'Natchez-under-the-hill!'" "Oh, Shucks! give us 'Rocky Mounting,' or 'Misses McCloud!'" "'Misses McCloud' be darned, and 'Rocky Mounting' too! jist give us

"She woudent, and she coudent, and she didnt come at all!"

"Thar! that's it! Now make a brake! *Tang*! Thar is a brake—a string's gone!" "Thar'll be a head broke afore long!" "Giv him goss—no giv him a horn and every time he stops repeat the dose, and nar another string

'ill brake to nite. Tink-tong! all rite! Now go it!" and if I know what *goin it* is, we *did* go it.

About midnite, Misses Spraggins sung out "stop that ar dancin and come and get your supper!" It was sot in the yard on a table made of forks stuck in the ground and plank of the stable loft, with sheets for table cloths. We had danced, kissed, and drank ourselves into a perfect thrashin-machine apetite, and the vittals *hid* themselves in a way quite alarmin to tavern-keepers. Jo sung out "Nives is scase, so give what thar is to the galls an let the balance use thar paws—they was invented afore nives, eney how. Now, Gents, jist walk into the fat of this land. I'm sorter feerd the honey wont last till day break, but the liquor will, *I think*, so you men when you drink your'n, run an kiss the galls fur sweetnin—let them have the honey—it belongs to them, naturally!"—"Hurraw, my Jo! You know how to do things rite!" "Well, I rayther think I do; I never was rong but onst in my life an then I mistook a camp meetin for a political speechifyin, so I rid up an axed the speaker 'how much Tarrif there was on rot-gut?' and he said 'about here, there *appeared* to be none!' That rayther sot me, as I was right smartly smoked, myself, jist at that time. I had enough liquor plump in me to swim a skunk, so I come agin at him. I axed him 'Who was the biggest fool the Bible told of?' an he said 'Noah for he'd get *tite*?' *I thought*, mind, I only thought he might be a pokin his dead cat at somebody what lives in this holler; I felt my bristles a raisin my jacket-back up like a tent cloth, so I axed him if he'd '*ever seed the Elephant*?' He said no, but he had seen *a grocery walk*, and he expected to see one *rot down* from its totterin looks, purty soon!' Thinks I,

Jo, you're beat at your own game ; I sorter felt mean, so I spurr'd and sot old Punkinslinger to cavortin like he was skeered, an I wheeled and twisted out of *that* crowd, an when I *did* git out of site the way I did sail was a caution to turtles and all the other slow varmint's."

Well, we danced, and hurrawed without eny thing of *very* perticular interest to happen, till about three o'clock, when the darndest muss was kicked up you ever did see. Jim Smith sot down on the bed alongside of Bet Holden (the steel-trap gall,) and jist fell to huggin of *hir* bar fashion. She tuck it very kind till she seed Sam Henry a looking on from behind about a dozen galls, *then* she fell to kickin *an* a hollerin, *an* a screetchin like all rath. Sam he come up an told Jim to let Bet go ! Jim told him to go to a far off countrie whar they give away brimstone and throw in the fire to burn it. Sam hit him strate a-tween the eyes, an after a few licks the fitin *started*. Oh hush ! It makes my mouth water now to think what a beautiful row we had. One feller from Cady's Cove, knocked a hole in the bottom of a fryin-pan over Dan Turner's head, and left it a hangin round his neck, the handle flyin about like a long que, ane thar it hung till Jabe Thurman cut it off with a cold chissel next day ! That was *his share*, fur that nite, sure. Another feller got knocked into a meal-barrel : he was as mealy as an Irish tater and as *hot* as hoss-radish ; when he bursted the hoops and cum out he rared a few. Two fellers fit out of the door, down the hill, and into the creek, and thar ended it, in a quiet way, all alone. A perfect mule from Stock Creek hit *me* a wipe with a pair of windin blades : he made kindlin-wood of them, an I lit on him. We had it head-and-tails fur a very long time, all over the house,

but the truth must come and shame my kin, he warped me *nice*, so, jist to save his time *I hollered!* The lickin he give me made me sorter oneasy and hostile like; it wakened my wolf wide awake, so I begin to look about for a man I *could* lick and *no mistake!* The little fiddler come a scrougin past, holdin his fiddle up over his head to keep it *in tune*, for the fitin was gettin tolerable brisk. You're the one, thinks I, and I jist grabbed the dough-tray and split it plumb open over his head! *He* rotted down, right thar, and I paddled his 'tother end with one of the pieces!—while I was a molifyin my feelings in that way his gall slip'd up behind me and fetcht'd me a rake with the pot-hooks. Jule Sawyer was *thar*, and jist *anexed to her* rite off, and a mity nice fite it was. Jule carried enuf har from hir hed to make a sifter, and striped and checked her face nice, like a partridge-net hung on a white fence. She hollered fur hir fiddleer, but oh, shaw! he coudent do hir a bit of good; he was too buisy a rubbin first his broken head and then his blistered extremities, so when I thought Jule had given her a plenty I pulled hir off and put hir in a good humour by given hir about as many kisses as would cover a barn door.

Well, I thought at last, if I had a drink I'd be *about done*, so I started for the creek; *and* the first thing I saw was more stars with my eyes shut than I ever did with them open. I looked round, and it was the little fiddler's *big brother!* *I knowed what it meant*, so we locked horns without a word, thar all alone, and I do think we fit an hour. At last some fellers hearn the jolts at the house, and they cum and *dug us out*, for we had fit into a hole whar a big pine stump had burnt out, and thar we was,

up to our girths a peggin away, face to face, and *no dodgin!*

Well, it is now sixteen days since that fite, and last nite Jule picked gravels out of my knees as big as squirell shot. Luck rayther run agin me that nite, fur I didnt lick eny body but the fiddler, and had three fites—but Jule licked her gall, that's some comfort, and I suppose a feller cant *always* win! Arter my fite in the ground we made friends all round, (except the fiddler—he's hot yet,) and danced and liquored at the tail of every Reel till sun up, when them that was sober enuff went home, and them that was *wounded* staid whar they fell. *I* was in the list of wounded, but could have got away if my bark-mill hadn't *ground* off the saplin and gone home without a parting word; so Dick and Jule had to ride "Shanks' mar," and a rite peart *four-legged* nag she is. She was *weak* in *two* of hir legs, but 'tother two—oh, my stars and possum dogs! they make a man swaller to-backer jist to look at 'em, and feel sorter like a June bug was crawlin up his trowses and the waistband too tite for it to git out. I'm agoin to marry Jule, I swar I am, and *sich* a cross! Think of a locomotive and a cotton gin! Who! whoopee!

"FALLING OFF A LOG," IN A GAME OF "SEVEN-UP."

BY A VIRGINIAN IN MISSISSIPPI.

"The Turkey Runner" is the signature of a gentleman who has written some of the most graphic and amusing original stories ever published in the "Spirit of the Times." His "Swim for a Deer," "Chunky's Fight with the Panthers," etc., are among the best sporting sketches in the language. We wish he could be induced to write more frequently.

"Hoss and hoss!"

"Yes; 'hoss and hoss,' and my deal!"

"I'll double the bet, and have the whole bottle or none."

"Let me cut, and I'll stand it."

"'Spose we both take a *little* drink first," said Chunky.

"No: darned if I do! thar aint enough for us both—if I win I'll drink it, and you must wait till a boat comes, if you die! If you win, I'll wait, if I die!"

Such was the conversation between Jim and Chunky, as they were sitting across a log on the banks of the Yazoo River, surrounded by a cloud of mosquitoes, playing "*seven-up*" for a remaining bottle of whisky, which was not enough for the two, and "wouldn't set one forward" *much*. They were just returning from Bear Creek, in Township 17, Range 1, where they had

some hands deadening timber, preparatory to opening a plantation in the Fall. They had sent the negroes to the river to take a steamboat, whilst they, with their furniture, and the remains of a forty-two gallon "red-head," came down Deer Creek in a day out into False Lake, through False Lake into Wasp Lake, and down that to where it empties into the Yazoo, and here on the banks of that river our scene opens.

"Go ahead, then," said Chunkey, "shuffle, deal, and win, if you can, but take out that Jack what's torn!"

I took the Jack out, shuffled, dealt, and at it we went. Chunkey looked mighty scared; his eye was sorter oneasy, and dartin about, and he seemed to be choked, as he kept tryin to swaller somethin—the long beard on his face looked powerful black, or else his face looked powerful white, one or the 'yether. We both played mighty slow and careful. The first hand I made "high, low," and Chunkey "game;" the second hand I made "low, Jack," and Chunkey "high, game."

"Four to three," says I.

"Yes, and my deal," said Chunkey.

He gin 'em the Sunflower "shuffle," and I the Big Greasy "cut," and pushed 'em back. Chunkey dealt em mighty slow, and kept tryin to see my cards, but I laid my hand on 'em as fast as they fell on the log, to prevent him from seein the marks. He turned up the Ace of Clubs. When I looked at my hand, *thar* was the King, Jack, Nine, and Deuce,—I led my King—

"High!" says I.

"Low!" said Chunkey, poppin down the Tray.

"Not edzactly," said I, hawlin in the trick, and

leadin the Deuce, and jist as I done so, I seed Chunkey starin over my shoulder, lookin wilder nor a dyin bar. I never seed a man look so awful in my life. I thought he were gwine to have a fit.

"Ya, ya!" said he, "fallin off the log," cryin "*Snake! snake! !*"

I never took time to look, but made a big he-spring about twenty feet in the cane, the har on my head standin stiff as bristles and ratlin like a raftsmen's bones, with the Sky Lake ager, and the bad feelins runnin down to my toes. I reckon you never seed a man so afraid of snakes as I is, and I've been so all my life; I'd rather fight the biggest bar in the swamp with his own weapons, teeth and claws, takin it rough and tumble, dependin on my mind and knowledge of a bar's character, than come in contact with a big rusty highland moccasin or rattlesnake, and that's the reason I never hunts in the summer time. When I lived up on Deer Creek, thar was a perfect cord of all sorts, and I used to wear all summer the thickest kind of cow-hide boots, reachin up to my hips, and I *never* went into the field, 'ceptin on a mule, with a double-barreled gun at that. This, Chunkey knowed; and whenever he seed one he gin me warnin. Chunkey aint afraid of snakes; he'd jist as soon eat of a gourd with a snake, as not, if the snake would help himself and not meddle with his licker.

Well, arter lookin about a spell I couldn't see no snake sign, and I then hollered to Chunkey, but darned a word did he say. It then flashed across my mind that as Chunkey fell on the side of the log whar the licker lay, he *might* sorter taste it, as he were dry enough to

be able to swaller a little at a time ; so I struck a lick back to the log and looked over, and *thar* he lay, jist curled up like a coon in the sunshine, *and the bottle jist glued to his lips*, and the licker runnin down his throat like a storm ! darn him, I hadden't no time to think afore I bounced at him ! I struck across his snout, and he nailed my thumb in his jaws, and rostled up a handful of dirt and throwed it in my eyes, and that sot me to gwine, and I throwed the licks into him right and left, and I made the fur fly, *I tell you* ; but Chunkey stood it like a man ! Darned the word did he say ; he wouldn't holler, he was *perfectly game* !

"No, that's a fact ! I didn't holler ; I didn't have time ; while you were working away on that gum knot, I were standin up agin a little dog-wood finishin the licker !"

"How comes it that you never wrung in that part of the story about the knot before ?"

"'Cause, I'd done got the licker, and I was satisfied ; you thought you'd gin me some mighty big licks, and you was satisfied ; and it would have been mean in me to crow over you then : you was out of licker, tobacco, and had your fist all skinned and beat as soft as a bar's foot ! Oh no, Jim, I'm reasonable, *I is*."

"Well, *go along* ; if I don't set you to gnawin somethin harder than that knot afore long, then my name aint nothin to me, and I don't car for nobody, that's all."

"All sot," says Chunkey, "let's licker. You wanted to know what '*fallin off a log*,' meant, and I thought I'd show you ; but, my honey, I'll jist let you know if you'd a hit *me* any of them licks what you

struck 'right and left' into that knot, I'd a gin you a touch of panter fisticuffs—a sort of cross of the scratch on the bite—and a powerful strong game it is, in a close fight. Come, gents, let's licker, and then I can beat any man that wars har, for a mighty nice chunk of a poney, at any game of short cards—

Oh, the wagoner was a mighty man, a mighty man was he:
He'd pop his whip, and stretch his chains, and holler 'wo, gee!'

THE "WERRY FAST CRAB."

BY A MEMBER OF THE "DIGBY CLUB," BOSTON.

Whether "Acorn" or "The Old 'Un"—the editor of the "Morning Post," (who gave these lines "a first rate notice," by the bye,) or "The Young 'Un," was the writer of the following epic—in the style of "Pickle Emmons"—this deponent saith not; he simply commends them to those lovers of horse flesh who are in the habit of sporting their "bits of blood" on the road—a numerous class in which "the b'hoys" greatly predominate.

I.

THEY may talk of their "Fashion,"
And "Bonnets of Blue,"
Of "Blue Dick" and "Ripton,"
And "Confidence" too;
Their owners were lucky,
But I made a grab;
When I bought for a trifle
That "werry fast Crab."

II.

"Chest foundered" and hairless,
And "sprung" though she be,
She's an eye-sore to others,
A good 'un to me;

No market cart, clam cart,
Or sand cart, or cab,
Can show such a nag
As my "werry fast Crab."

III.

Braced back in my phaeton,
A "six" in my jaw,
I touches her up
On an elegant "raw—"
That I keeps for myself—
When I gives it a "dab ;"
Off flies, like a tortoise,
My "werry fast Crab."

IV.

Talk of ten miles an hour !
It causes a smile ;
My "werry fast Crab"
Goes ten hours the mile ;
With springs on her fore-knees,
As slick as a slab,
She stands in her splices,
My "werry fast Crab."

V.

She's a nice easy keeper,
I tell you the truth ;
And this is the reason,
She's narry a tooth ;
Of the ages of females,
One ought not to blab,

So I shan't say no more
Of the age of my "Crab."

VI.

At the next Cambridge races
Look out for a "splore"—
You'll own you ne'er saw
Such a critter before :
I'll make at the purse
A most desperate grab,
If it cost a new "maw"
On my "werry fast Crab."

“FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.”

BY “STRAWS,” [JOSEPH M. FIELD, ESQ.]

Another “tip-top thing” by the editor of the St. Louis “Reveille,” whose sketches of domestic life are among the cleverest of the many which he is in the habit of “throwing off at a heat.”

My dear, if that ain’t the convenientest book—that French one, with the yaller cover—as ever was ; and only to cost twenty-five cents, too ! There’s Bill and Sally does nothin’ else but keep a-askin each other questions in it, and such a jabberin’ all round the house, I *never* did see ! They can say a good deal more French already than them stuck-up Wilkins’ children opposite, that’s bin a payin’ masters Heaven only knows how long—and here comes the blessed darlin’s now, and make ’em go through it before they gets a bit of dinner, you’ll say so, too, you will.”

The delighted mother goes on “a settin’ of the table,” the expectant father puts down his hat, with the air of one suddenly called upon to preside over an inquiry which will necessarily call forth all his resources, and the hopeful “Bill” having kicked the door open, is met by the emulous “Sally,” book in hand.

“William, your mother says you’re a good boy, and ’tend to your French. Sally, my dear, what’s a kiss in French.

“A *baiser*, pa.”

"A *baiser* ! Let me see—' *baiser*, to kiss.' So it is. Well, then, *baiser* your brother, and both come here together."

"You, Bill, keep your fingers out of the pickles or I'll *baiser* your back for you. Kiss your sister, and go on as your pa tells you."

Bill drops the cucumber, minus one end, salutes his sister in the neighbourhood of the ear, cracks a pecan nut which he has taken from his pocket, and, with the nonchalance of a professor of languages, looks at the paternal examiner as he would say, "I guess I know more than *you* about it."

"That's right, William, always observe what your mother says to you. What is your mother in French, William?"

"She's a *mare*."

"No, brother William—a mere. M-e-r-e, mere."

"Well, I know it's m-e-r-e; but isn't the e sounded *wide*, like *a*? There's the wide accents and the sharp ones, ain't there? A great deal *you* know about it. You'd better say your father ain't a *pear*!"

"Eh?"

"Yes; I'm a *man*, you know. A man, in French?"

"Oh, yes, I know; you're a *hum*."

"No he ain't, neither; he's a *hommy*. H-o-m hom, m-e me, hommy—ain't it? And a woman's a *femmy*, and a lady a *dammy*, just the same! I'm always a tellin her about the rules."

"Well, well, she's younger than you are, you know, William. What is sister in French, can you tell?"

"Yes—she's a *sewer*."

"No, Bill, I ain't. S-o-e-u-r, *sour*!"

"Well, ain't the o a *diphthorp*? and don't you drop it, say?"

"No, Bill, the e is the *diphthorp*, and that makes it *sour*."

"Massy on the children, husband, if that ain't the way they keep a disputin' from mornin' till night. There, come along, you Bill and Sally; your father can ask you all about the table things in French, you know. Come, Hubby, sit down."

"D'ye hear your mother, my dear; come to the table. Leave off your nuts, Billy; they make such a noise."

"Noise is *brute*, and nuts is *knoyx*, and table is *table*," screams the erudite Bill, as he draws up his chair and spoils the other end of the cucumber.

"Now, then, my dears, in the first place, *takey voo some pain*, and fill your glasses with *awe*, and your mother will help you to *hack*. *Pain* is bread, my love, and *awe* is water, and *hack* is hash. You see, wify, I know something about it myself. Ha, Ha!"

"Well, what the world's coming to, I don't know! What with Morse's paragraph and steam chickens and learnin' one's self, I don't belong to this creation—I don't!"

"Now, William, what's that in your hand—not the pickle, the knife?"

It's a *cut-o*."

"So it is, Billy, 'cause the *diphthorp* is all sounded together at the end; and daddy was wrong about the water."—(*aside*.)

"Oh, he don't know nothin'."—(*aside, also*.)

"The *diphthorp*, you know, Billy, is only separate when it's got a *diarhear* on top."—(*aside*.)

"Well, I know that; shut up."

"Now, husband, just let *me* ask 'em a little. Sally, what's this I'm eating now?"

"*Jaw-bane* and *choaks*, ma."

"Ba-a-ur! no it aint. She only spells—*she* can't pronounce. You're a eating *shan-bung* and *shoe*! Don't know what ham and cabbage is! Ba-a-ur!"

"Sally, my love, spelling's a great deal; but you *must* mind the pronunciation. Words don't sound at all as they look, as William shows you."

"Yes; she went and said, yesterday, that the table-cloth was a *toil* when it's *towell*, and began a crying 'cause I said a glass wasn't a *very*—Halloo! *Shovel* run away—*shovel* run away! Oh, look there, daddy—there's the *hommy* off and he's smashed his *taty* 'gainst the *pavy*! The *roo* is full of *puples*—only look—

And rushing out of the house, dragging after him the table-cloth or *towell*, as he called it, the student of French "without a master" disappeared; while his anxious parents, running to the window, beheld a horse with his head against a curb-stone, a gathering crowd, and the hopeful Billy busiest of all!

A ROLICKING DRAGOON OFFICER.

BY "THE MAN IN THE SWAMP."

The "Spirit of the Times" has a rare correspondent in Mississippi, who signs himself the Editor's "Friend in the Swamp." He is an extraordinary genius, and has some friends who are no less "characters" in their way. Of one of them—an officer in the U. S. Dragoons—he relates the following:—

IN the summer of 1834, the Dragoons went to the Pawnee Villages. In the fall, three companies under the command of Col. Kearney, came to the Des Moines Rapids, on the Mississippi, and wintered there in some log huts. There was a Captain B., a very tall man, six feet seven inches, (just three inches over me, and I think I am "some,") with very large black whiskers, a fine looking man—I wonder what has become of him? I heard that he had resigned, and settled somewhere in Iowa; he must be in Congress before this time. The captain used to boast that he could pack a gallon without its setting him back any. Sometime during the winter of '34 or '35, Col. Kearney ordered Capt. B. to repair to Rushville, Illinois, distant some sixty miles, on recruiting service. The river was closed with ice, but had the appearance of breaking up every day. There was no ferry for conveying horses

at Des Moines, but there was one ten miles above, where a man by the name of Knapp kept a small store for the sale of dry goods and whisky. The captain repaired to Knapp's, and waited two or three days for the river either to freeze harder or break up; on the third morning there was no change in the river—the captain commenced early, and by nine o'clock was packing about a gallon. He ordered his horse, put his pistols in the holsters, buckled on his sword, mounted his horse, (which was a very fine one, and devilish fast for a mile,) braced himself in the stirrups, turned his horse's head for the river, and took a long look at it. Without saying a word to anybody, he gave his horse the spurs, dashed down the bank, on the ice, and crossed the river at a "quarter lick" speed. Knapp stood thunderstruck looking after him—he said he expected to see B. and the horse disappear at every jump, but they arrived safe at the other bank.

"Good Lord!" said Knapp, "I could have taken a pole and punched holes in the ice anywhere!"

"Did he look back"—I inquired—"when he reached the other side?"

"No," said Knapp, "he went up the opposite bank at the same lick, and disappeared!"

The captain arrived safe at Rushville, where he remained for several weeks, and returned without a man. He told me of some of his adventures at Rushville. He went into his favourite grocery or drinking-house, one very cold morning, and found a crowd sitting round the fire; so close were they wedged in that there was no room for another chair, if there had



“He walked to the fire and threw it in—remarking, ‘Eternally *DARLEY* my soul!
 (his favorite oath), gentlemen, if I don’t think we have lived
 long enough!’”—Page 105.

been one in the room. No one moved—no one offered the captain a seat. The fact is, the captain had a way of making himself unpopular with such crowds: he had an unpleasant way of using his fists when he got about a gallon on board. An old lady who lived near Des Moines, requested me to look at her husband; he was in bed, where he had been for three weeks; he was a justice of the peace, and the captain called him Chief Justice T. He said he and the captain were drinking together, and after they had become very sociable, he called him B. *without* the captain, and the next moment he was knocked into the middle of the next three weeks!

The captain had been pursuing something of the same practice at Rushville, consequently no one offered him a seat.

The captain had been a great deal about this grocery, and knew what was in every barrel, box, and keg in it. He took a good look at the crowd, and finding he was not to have a seat, he walked behind the counter, and picked up a keg marked "Dupont." He walked to the fire and threw it in, remarking—"Eternally — my soul," [his favourite oath,] "gentlemen, if I don't think we have lived long enough!"

"Did they run?" I inquired.

"Run!" said he—"I never saw 'ground and lofty tumbling' before! They just threw themselves over backwards, and all left the house on their all-fours, some back end first, and they went in that way clear across the street!"

Hearing no explosion, they after a while ventured

back, and peeped in ; there sat B., with a glass of something enjoying himself, the keg standing in one corner by him—(the keg contained madder instead of powder.) Long as the captain remained in Rushville, he had the grocery all to himself.

I wonder what has become of him ? If he has not fatigued himself to death, packing a gallon at a time, he's in Congress sure.

THE GEORGIA MAJOR IN COURT.

BY A TENNESSEE EDITOR. .

We are indebted to the Pulaski "Courier" for the incident sub-joined in relation to that rival of "Billy Patterson," the celebrated "Georgia Major," whose exploits during the last five years have quite thrown in the shade the "deeds of high emprise" for which the far-famed "Col. Pluck" was so renowned.

His honour, the mayor, was in the discharge of his official functions on last Saturday evening—the business before him consisting of two several charges of assault and battery ; to both of which our friend, the ubiquitous "Georgia major," was the respondent.

"Do you plead guilty to the charge of assaulting the Rev. Mr. Williams?" asked the mayor of the defendant.

"I do ; that is to say—"

"Then I fine you ten dollars," said the mayor.

"That is to say," continued the major, "I plead guilty ; but if there's any way to get off from the fine, I should like very much to do it."

"Doubtless," observed his honour.

"I will make a statement—or, as you may say, a defence—um—a-a-few remarks."

The court nodded permission.

"You see, Williams came up to me, and spoke something to me, and, said I, You d—d rascal, *pull off your hat* when you speak to me :'" said the major, throwing

himself into a military attitude. "That's enough—ten dollars and costs," said his honour. The major bowed gracefully.

Proceeding now to the second charge, his honour asked the defendant if he would plead guilty again. Not he! He would make a statement though, in relation, or in respect to, or regarding, the manner of the second fight.

"I was in the person's store who fought me, searching for one of the silver eyes which had dropped out of my walking cane in the previous fight, when that person ordered me out. Sir, said I, you must talk softly—*dem'd* softly when you address me, sir. Upon this, that person struck me with a skillet, sir—an *iron* skillet, sir—in the face." Here the major pointed to his face, the nasal feature of which bore some purplish streaks that beautifully varied its usual rich ruby. "And then, sir, I fell—staggered and fell, as I returned the blow with my cane. Immediately a crowd jumped upon me, and beat me 'til they were pulled off—they didn't whip me, though; *that ca-n't* be done!" Here he stopped and looked round—(by the by we thought we heard the major "holler.")

A witness being called and examined, corroborated the major's statement, except as to the crowd's having jumped upon him. No one interfered with the combatants. The witness stated, in addition, that the major had contrived to hide his head under the side of a hog's-head, so as to protect it very effectually.

The major cross-examined.

"You say nobody touched me but that man?" pointing to his antagonist.

"Nobody."

"Wasn't the crowd all against me?" again asked the hero.

"The crowd thought you deserved a whipping, for striking an inoffensive man—a minister of the gospel," replied the witness very quietly.

"Didn't they all tell that man to whip me well?"

"Yes."

"And didn't he—that is—"

"Didn't he *do it*, you mean to ask? Yes he did, *nicely*."

The major now "pulled up." He had been deceived; his imagination had led him into error; completely carried him off; had transformed an individual not over the weight of a hundred and fifty pounds, into a large crowd; or at least had furnished him with Briarean facilities for a "rough and tumble scrummage."

"Well, well," said the mayor, "as I have already fined you ten dollars, and as it seems in this case you got a pretty good whipping, I reckon I must discharge you as to this."

"Whipping?" ejaculated the major, becoming positively tragic in his air; "whipping! is that a part of your sentence—that I got *whipped*? Sir, I'd rather be fined five hundred dollars than have *that* entered on the record; it *wasn't* done! I, sir, have *never* been whipped—*Angels* couldn't whip me!" And the major loomed majestically about the room.

"If it *ain't* been done, it *kin* be done," said somebody in the crowd—whereupon our friend collapsed into his original dimensions, in the folding of a peacock's tail; and wiping the perspiration from his brow, quietly retired.

UNCLE BILLY BROWN—"GLORIOUS!"

BY "RAMBLER," OF THE N. O. "PICAYUNE."

Whether "Rambler" is the veritable "Ex Santa Fé Prisoner" himself, or the senior of the editorial brotherhood who stand sponsors for the New Orleans "Picayune"—a sort of "child of thirty-six fathers"—we cannot undertake to decide; but the story of "Uncle Billy Brown" is "glorious," and worthy of either of them. Both Lumsden and Kendall have left their editorial sanctum for "the halls of the Montezumas," where each, we are glad to learn, has greatly distinguished himself.

"Oh, what has caused this great commotion!"

Political Song of '40.

TAKE a large stick—a fence-rail for instance—and rake it violently down a Venetian window-blind, or the side of a weather-boarded house, and you are very apt to make *some* noise, especially of a still evening.

A correspondent of ours, "Rambler," as he signs himself, says that he had just risen from the supper table of the tavern in the little village of G——, in the interior of Mississippi, one hot evening last summer, and was passing out to the front gallery to rest himself after a long day's ride, when suddenly he heard a tremendous racket as of some one raking a fence-rail

down the side of a weather-boarded house, each rake followed by a shout of "glorious! glorious!" from a pair of lungs of ten trombone power. Something extra was "going on," that was certain, and tired as he was, our friend at once hobbled off towards the point whence the unwonted sounds proceeded.

He soon arrived at a door over which a light hung, and round which a score of little and big "niggers" were assembled. "What's the fun here?" was a question answered by an individual standing in the door, who said it was "a theatre." While paying for his ticket, another rake from the interior, and another "glorious!" came upon our friend's ear, accompanied this time by a loud shout as of a large political multitude assembled. He was soon inside the room, a large and long one, two-thirds of which was occupied by the audience and the remainder by the stage, leaving a small space between. It was crowded too—the benches and chairs all full—while upon the floor was seated, his arms locked around his knees and his chin nestled closely on his wrists, Uncle Billy Brown, two-thirds inebriated and the other third fast asleep.

On one side of the room, and near the row of candles which served for foot-lights, sat "the band," consisting of a large black fellow and no more, in a very high chair, a violin in his hands and a brass drum between his legs. After repeated calls for "music," he finally struck up "Hey, Jim along," playing his fiddle in the ordinary way, and with the true corn-field *abandon*, and at the same time beating a rumbling accompaniment with his knees upon the drum. This over, the bell—borrowed from the tavern after it rung the boarders in to supper—now gave

signal for the curtain to rise. "Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla," got up by a Thespian corps of the town, was to be the first performance. The Peruvian appeared, and the applause was so violent that the young amateur who personated the character bowed. The applause continued, and he bowed lower. Another round, and he bowed so low that his tights gave way. A perfect earthquake of applause followed close upon the heel of this disaster, accompanied by a rake from the man with the fence-rail—it was a man with a sure-enough fence-rail—and Rolla backed out and hauled off to repair damages while the curtain was falling.

The affair so tickled the individual with the fence-rail that nothing could stop him. He raked the sides of the house, and then shouted "glorious!" and kept it up till his friends gathered round and begged him to desist. But his steam was up, and the only way he could keep from bursting was to rail and shout with all his might. A compromise was finally made with him, he agreeing if they would allow him to "make a short exhort" at the door, and "sing a hymn," he would not use his rail again unless something extra turned up.

Silence having been restored, the play was progressing towards a termination, when another interruption occurred. In one of the most affecting scenes, and while the audience sat motionless, speechless, and apparently breathless, a very large gentleman from the country rose in his seat, leaned himself forward, and fixed his gaze intently on one of the performers. Suddenly he threw out his arms, exclaiming "Gooou God! aint that McDonald?" Away the audience went in perfect convulsions of laughter, down came the fence-



"Uncle Billy Brown 'Glorious' at a country theatre in Mississippi."—Page 113.



rail against the blinds with a rake that made all rattle again, and high above the din arose the shout of "*glorious!*" The fat man from the country heeded not the noise and commotion around him, but kept his eye fixed on the half-stupified performer. "Down in front!" came from those on the back seats, but the fat man heard not the summons. He raised his open hand over his eyes to obtain a closer sight, and bent himself still farther forward. "Why, no it aint," ejaculated he, half in doubt—"why, yes it is"—and then straightening himself, and slapping his right hand violently in his open left, he finished with "D—n me if it *isn't* McDonald sure enough." If there had been a din before, there was a perfect earthquake of noise now. The old fence-rail came down on the weather-boarding with a rake that started the nails, the shout of "*glorious!*" appeared louder from its very hoarseness, every pair of feet was stamping—every pair of hands was clapping, every throat was open and yelling, while outside the theatre the horses tied to the fences broke their bridles, and were stampeding and cavorting about amid shouts of "Stop him!" "Whoa!" "Hold my critter, there!" and similar ejaculations. Never had there been such an uproar in the little village of G—.

Order was finally restored, but only until sheer exhaustion left the audience unable to make further noisy demonstrations; and now the part enacted by the fat gentleman from the country was explained, it seemed that the Thespian's name who had attracted his attention was really McDonald. Some four months previous he had been reported dead to the fat gentleman, and as the report had never been contradicted, his bewilder-

ment at seeing his quondam acquaintance, for he had finally made him out through all his paint, feathers, and stage trappings, led him to depart a shade from the ordinary etiquette established among theatrical audiences. He sat down, and once more the play commenced. All was hushed—a perfect quiet reigned—when suddenly it struck the fat man that he had made himself supremely ridiculous by the part he had played a few moments before. No sooner had this fancy fairly taken foothold in his mind than, in the very midst of a silence which would have become a graveyard at midnight, he laid himself back in his seat, raised both his hands above his head, and broke out with a “Ha! ha! ha!” that might have been heard a mile. Again the audience was thrown into convulsions, again the fence-rail came rattling down the sides of the house, again the shout of “*glorious!*” rose above the din, and as if this was not enough, the actors forgot Sheridan’s poetry and fairly screamed in chorus—the moody and relentless Pizarro even taking a part, and laughing until the perspiration wore furrows through the red and black ferocity which rouge and burnt cork had given his countenance. It was not until exhaustion had once more got the mastery that order was restored, and the performance now went on with little interruption until “Pizarro” ended with the “Death of Rolla.”

All this while, notwithstanding the din, Uncle Billy Brown had continued to snooze upon the floor; nor did the bustle attendant upon the fall of the curtain serve to raise him. The afterpiece of the “Mock Doctor” commenced, yet Uncle Billy was perfectly unconscious of what was going on around him. He was well

known as the captain of a "land packet"—in plain terms, the driver of an ox-team which plied between G—— and the river towns—and but that he occasionally muttered "Gee," "Whoa," and the like, as in his dreams he imagined himself along with his team, no sounds escaped him. As the farce advanced, he gave a species of groan—a forerunner of returning consciousness—yet still he did not raise his head. The sham doctor was now proceeding to administer one of his nostrums to a patient, but the latter being backward he endeavoured to persuade him. Uncle Billy groaned again, and partially raised his head. The doctor continued his endeavours to force his drugs down his patient's throat: Uncle Billy gave still another groan, and opened his eyes. He had half-recognised the voice of the doctor, who was an old enemy of his, and entirely forgetting where he was, and imagining the Thespian endeavouring to force the vile mixture down *his* throat, he broke out with, "No—you—don't! To —— with your pills; take 'em yourself, d—n you, I don't like you, no how!"

Here was fresh and most abundant cause of uproar, and a new episode in the performance was introduced. The manager came forward and ordered that Uncle Billy be turned out—Uncle Billy drew a bowie and intimated a desire to see the chap willing to undertake the job. An assistant about the theatre grappled him, and they were soon upon the floor engaged in a regular rough-and-tumble fight. Two-thirds of the foot-lights were at once kicked over, while shouts of "Fair play," "Turn 'em out," "Give him goss," "No gouging," were heard on all sides. The ladies scrambled and

scampered out, the actors mingled with the audience, the fat gentleman laughed louder than ever, Uncle Billy tusseled and swore, but high above the laughing, cursing, and swearing, arose the efforts of the rail-man. He had started off the boards on one side of the room, but having found a fresh spot he was raking away with all his might to the accompaniment of "*glorious! glorious!*"

Thus ended a theatrical performance in Mississippi. Our correspondent says that he dug his way out of the house and made the best speed he could to the tavern and to bed; but the scenes of the evening haunted him in his dreams, and several times he awoke with his hands clasped to his ears to shut out the dreadful raking of the "glorious" fellow with the fence-rail.

OLD TUTTLE'S LAST QUARTER RACE.

BY "BUCKEYE," OF OHIO.

The story annexed is the first attempt at authorship of a new Ohio correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times." He will be heard of again. We should premise that the circumstances described actually occurred in June last.

A FEW weeks since, Sol. Lauflin matched his bay four year old colt by Bacchus *vs.* Hugh's bay mare by Bacchus, also four years old, to run a quarter, in the lane near this place, for a C speck. As the colt was known to be a sharp one, and his owner "one of the b'hoys" for a quarter race, and that he also had the assistance of "Old Tuttle," (who will figure presently,) he had the call in the betting at six to four, until the day before the race, when the mare made her appearance, looking every inch a Bacchus, and fine as a star; and the owners of the old horse making a demonstration in her favour, the odds fell off, and numerous small sums were laid out at evens, up to the time of the race.

On the mounting of the riders, it appeared that the colt had the advantage in training or management, as the mare was very restive, and finally broke from her starter, and run like a scared dog, going quite through before her rider could take her up. Here the friends of the colt again rallied, and some money was laid out at five to four, p. p., but when it was known that the mare was not hurt and would start again, the odds fell off, and even was again the order of the day.

The mare was soon at her post again, and this time they got off, the mare a little in the van, which she maintains throughout, and is declared a winner by five feet! Well, there! if you ever heard a small crowd shout, you know what was done then—and if knowing ones were ever struck *speechless, them's they!*

Prior to the main race, or, as the play-bills have it, "previous to which," was acted the farce of "Dog eat Dog," or "The boys" *vs.* "Old Tuttle." In order to get the cream of this, you must *know* Old Tuttle—and as I am utterly unable to do him justice in a description, I'll squat, and let Hooker do it.

Look at the picture of "Simon Suggs," and you'll see Old T. physically; in the *trial* scene you find him intellectually, and in the camp-meeting scene, morally. Were it not that Old T. never "*samples*" too much when on business, and fights the "*hoss b'hoys*" instead of the "Tiger," I should say they were one and the same person. As a matter of course, a quarter race never goes off without his being *thar*—and *he* never attends without doing some *business!* So on Thursday he makes his appearance on the track, on a bay gelding, (with white hind feet,) which he calls "Indian Dick," and "allows he's as good a scrub as there'll be on the ground!" As Old T. is *known*, and Dick has been heard of, the boys are rather shy—but one of them thinks he's got a scrub that's "some pumpkins!" and would like to know, without too much cost, how far Dick can beat him; he therefore proposes to run them three hundred yards, for "sucks all round." Old T. understands the game, and says, "No, I don't want yer to treat this crowd, but I'll run with yer, just to show you

yer hoss can't run!" This was what H. wanted, as he thought *he* could tell the speed of a horse, even though Old T. *did* ride him; so back they go to the score, and are off—with (as might be expected) H. ahead, and Old T. in the rear, whipping and spurring like mad, and letting his horse go just fast enough to put H.'s at about the top of his speed—but he can't *quite* come it—"H.'s horse is too smart, and can beat him every inch of the road." So says H., and most of the crowd are of the same opinion.

Old T. says he believes he can beat H. *Saturday*, as "Dick's shoes are loose, and heavy, and he can't run in 'em."

There was nothing more said about it till old Tut. made his appearance next morning, when the boys were all after him with "sharp sticks" and "hot bricks"—one wanted to bet him a horse on H.'s colt *vs.* his Indian Dick—another a V., another an X., and so on.

"Hold yer hosses, b'hoys! Don't all be after the old man at wunst. Wait a while and he'll commerdate yer! He's an old man, and b'lieves he knows mor'n all on yer;—but he don't want all your money at wunst. He wants to be *onabel* with yer, so he can cum agin."

This of course didn't set them back any, as they thought the old man was *scary*, and they were after him the faster. Some of the more wary cautioned them to look out, but they *didn't want no caution—they knew what they was about!* They could beat Old Tuttle! and they were going to "do the State some service" by skinning him. They'd make the "old cuss" poor afore they left him!

He took it all very coolly, advised some of them to

save their money for next time. He was an old man, and b'lieved he knew more'n all on 'em. *His father didn't work for nothin' sixty-five years ago!* But the boys said that was all gas, to scare them off; but 'twouldn't work! The old cuss had got to be skinned or back out.

The result was, they got up a horse and fifty dollars in money a side, to run on Saturday at two o'clock, each one to start and ride his own horse, judge tops and bottoms—the winning horse take the cakes—and no back out! Either party refusing to run forfeits the whole stakes.

Things went on smooth that day—some thinking Old T. was playing some *game* on the boys, but what the d—l it was, no one could tell. However, before night it was known there was *a secret* among the boys. They *knew* the *speed* of Dick, and *knew* they could slay him; but there mustn't any thing be said about it, as when they got the old man on the track and *right*, they were going into him the whole amount of his fixings. They'd caught the old man napping *once*. They'd got a ——— sight faster horse than he thought for—and now they were going to pay off old scores.

Two o'clock came, and found Old T. on the spot, leading Dick round, and telling the boys they'd be surprised when they see Dick run his best—at the same time “doing what *business* offered”—but somehow the boys appeared a little *scary*. Old T. was “on hand” for every offer, and no mistake, and 'twas known he never bet *liberally*, unless he “had a sure thing,” so that the betting soon began to lag, and the old man had the call, but no takers. Finally the old man said, “I've got a

little more money, b'hoys, and I wouldn't mind giving you a chance at two to one for it." But this set them *clar back*—no one dare *bite*. There not appearing any more chance for investment, the old man stripped off his hat, coat, vest and boots, tied a red cotton bandanna around his head, (as an old man only can tie it,) then pulls off the clothes and saddle from Dick, and mounts, *bare back*, declaring himself ready.

H. mounted, and the word was given to "clear the track!" Then Old T. says, "Are yer ready?" "Yes." "Go long, then!" And over the score they go, H. a length ahead. But, oh! Jeminy! *see Dick run!* Before you could turn round twice, the ends of Old T.'s bandanna were pointing out the road for H., and at the outcome Dick was *one*, H. nowhere!

Anybody that has seen a "quarter-horse" run by a "dunghill" *knows* how this was—no one else can appreciate it. The thing was out. Old T. really knew more than all of them, sure enough—but what was the *secret*, and *how in* — could those in the secret be so stuck? That's the idea.

The secret was, "THE BOYS" STOLE OLD TUTTLE'S HORSE on Thursday night, and run him with H.'s horse, and *beat him easy!* And the way they were stuck was this: the old man, *supposing* they would steal his horse that night, and run him, had put Dick's clothes on another horse of the same colour and marks, and about the same size, and put him in Dick's stall, starting a shoe, so that if they run him they would lose it, and he should know they had *taken the bait good*. In the morning the shoe was gone!

BILL DEAN, THE TEXAN RANGER.

BY GEO. W. KENDALL, ESQ. OF THE N. O. PICAYUNE.

In a late letter from the "seat of war" in Mexico, Kendall furnishes some capital sketches of the jokers in the army, from which we quote the following:—

RARE wags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy-go-lucky chap named Bill Dean, one of Chevallier's spy company, and said to be one of the best "seven-up" players in all Texas. While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out on the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk and accosting us. His speech, or harangue, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavour to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible.

"Oh, yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye: "oh, yes; all going down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times *you'll* have, over the left. I've been there myself, and done what a great many of you won't do—I come back: but if I didn't see nateral h—ll,—in August at that,—I *am* a teapot. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three black-

berries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route to save us from starvation. The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse give out and broke down, plumb out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a nateral death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods; but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and sot it on fire; but it flashed up like powder, and went out as quick. But—"

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse-meat after that?"

"How?"

"Yes, how?"

"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streakin' across the prairie. I followed up the fire, holding my chunk of meat directly over the blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to any thing short of locomotive doin's. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lap her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again, nip and chuck. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag just in season to give him a little breath: "but did you cook your meat in the end?"

"Not bad I did'nt. I chased that d——d fire a

mile and a half, the almightyest hardest race you ever heer'd tell on, and never give it up until I run her right plump into a wet marsh: there the fire and chunk of horse-meat came out even—a dead heat, especially the meat.”

“But wasn’t it cooked?” put in another one of the listeners.

“Cooked!—no!—just crusted over a little. You don’t cook broken-down horse-flesh very easy, no how; but when it comes to chasing up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don’t know which is the toughest, the meat or the job. You’d have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times and then to see me brushin’ up on her agin, humpin’ and movin’ myself as though I was runnin agin’ some of those big ten mile an hour Gildersleeves in the old States. But I’m a goin over to Jack Haynes’s to get a cocktail and some breakfast—I’ll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande.”

THE STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN WHO WAS AVERSE TO RACING.

BY "THE YOUNG 'UN," OF PHILADELPHIA.

One of the most popular correspondents of the "Spirit of the Times" is "The Young 'Un"—the *nomme de plume* of a young gentleman who has lately become a resident of Philadelphia. We are not at liberty to disclose his name, but he may be seen in Chestnut street any fine day.

EARLY in the spring of the present year, a magnificent new steamer was launched upon the Ohio river, and shortly afterward made her appearance at the Levee, opposite the flourishing city of Cincinnati. Gilt-edged covers, enveloping the captain's "respects," accompanied with invitations to "see her through," upon her first trip down the river, were forwarded to the editorial corps in that vicinity; the chalked hats were "numerous" on the occasion. It was a grand affair, this *debut* of a floating palace, which has since maintained her repute untarnished as the "crack boat," *par excellence*, upon the Western waters. Your humble servant was among the "invited guests"—and a nice time he had of it!

I found myself on board this beautiful craft in "close communion" with a score of unquestionable "beauties." The company proved to be a heterogeneous conglomeration of character—made up of editors, lawyers, auc-

tioners, indescribables, and "fancies"—with a sprinkling of "none-such's." There was a stray parson, too, in the crowd—but as his leisure time "between meals" was spent in trading horses, we dispensed with his "grace before meals."

We left our moorings an hour before sunset, upon a clear cold afternoon, and passed rapidly down stream for a considerable distance, without experiencing any out-of-the-way occurrence. The "sons of temperance," and the parson aforesaid, amused themselves over a smoking whisky toddy—the "boys" were relieving each other of their superfluous dimes and quarters at *euchre*, when a tall gentleman, who was "some," (when he was sober,) stepped suddenly into the cabin, and imparted the information that a well-known "fast boat" had just hove in sight, at the mouth of the Kentucky river. The cards were "dropt" instantler—the punches disappeared—and the "mourners" were soon distributed in knots upon the promenade deck, to watch the progress of events.

Our "bully" boat sped away like a bird, however, and the craft behind gave us early evidence that she should offer no child's play. The "fat was in the fire" at once—a huge column of black smoke curled up in the clear atmosphere—an *extra turn or two* was visible upon our own boat, and away we went! A good deal of excitement existed among the party, as the rival steamer was clearly gaining upon us. A craft like ours, with such a company, and such a captain, musn't be *beaten*.

As the boat behind us fell in under our stern, and we could "count her passengers," a sort of impression

came over us, that, by some mistake, we had got upon the wrong boat! At least, such was the expressed opinion of the parson, as he threatened to "go down stairs" and take another drink. Our captain was a noble fellow—he paced the deck quietly, with a constant eye to wind'ard; but he said nothing. A bevy of the mourners stepped up to him, with——

"What speed, cap'n?"

"Fair, gentlemen; I may say *very* fair."

"Smart craft, that, behind," ventured one.

"Very," responded the captain, calmly, as he placed his hand upon a small brass knob at the back of the pilot house. This movement was responded to by the faint jingling of a bell below, followed immediately by a rush of cinders from the smoke-pipes, and an improved action of the paddles.

"Now we move again."

"Some," was the response, and a momentary tremor pervaded the boat as she "slid along" right smartly.

But the craft in our rear moved like our shadow on the calm waters, and as we shot down the river, it seemed as if we had her "in tow," so calmly and uniformly did she follow in our wake. The excitement of the congregation upon deck had by this time become intense, and it was pretty plain that the boats must shortly part company, or "split something!" The rascal behind us took advantage of a turn in the channel, and "helm a-starboard!" was clearly heard from the look-out of our rival, as she "hove off," and suddenly fell alongside us! The parson went below at once, to put his threat into execution, as we came up into the current again, "neck and neck;" and when he returned

we were running a twenty-five-knot lick, the steam smack on to 49°!

"She's going—goin' go——," muttered an auctioneer to himself.

"A perfect nonsuit," remarked a lawyer.

"Beaten, but not vanquished," added a politician; and away we scudded side by side for half a mile.

"Wouldn't she bear a *leetle* more?" meekly asked the parson.

"She's doing very well," replied the captain. "Don't get excited, gentlemen; my boat is a new one—her reputation and mine is at stake. We musn't rush her—*racing always injures a boat*, and I am averse to it;" saying which he applied his thumb and finger to the brass knob again—the bell tinkled in the distance—and our rival pilot shortly had an opportunity to examine the architecture of our rudder-post!

I was acquainted with the engineer. I stepped below, (believing we should be beaten at our present speed,) and entering the engine-room—

"Tim," said I, "we'll be licked—give her another turn, eh?"

"I rayther think she moves *some* as it is," said Tim.

"Yes: but the C—— is hard on us—give her a little, my boy—just for——"

"Step in here a moment," remarked Tim; "it's all 'mum,' you know—nothin to be said, eh? Quiet—there!—don't she tremble some?"

I noticed, for the first time, that our boat did labour prodigiously!

"But come round *here*," continued Tim: "*look there!*—*mum's* the word you know."

I stepped out of that engine-room (Tim said afterwards, that I "sprang out at one bound;" but he lied!) in a hurry. *The solder upon the connection-pipe had melted and run down over the seams in a dozen places, from the excessive heat—a crow-bar was braced athwart the safety-valve, with a "fifty-six" upon one end—and we were shooting down the Ohio, under a head of steam "chock up" to 54 40!!*

My "sleeping apartment" was well aft. I entered the state-room—got over upon the *back* side of my berth—and, stuffing the corners of the pillow into my ears, endeavoured to compose myself in sleep. It was out of the question. In attempting to "right myself," I discovered that *my hair stuck out so straight, it was impossible for me to get my head within six inches of the pillow!*

I tossed about till daylight, in momentary expectation of being landed in Kentucky, (or somewhere else!) but we got on finely. We led our rival half an hour into Louisville; and I immediately swore upon my nightcap that I would never accept another invitation, for a pleasure trip, from *a steamboat captain who was averse to racing!*

BOB HERRING, THE ARKANSAS BEAR HUNTER.

BY T. B. THORPE, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS.

As the author of "The Mysteries of the Backwoods," and a series of sporting sketches in the "Spirit of the Times," of which "The Big Bear of Arkansas," and "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter," are perhaps best known, Mr. Thorpe has acquired the most enviable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not so generally known that he is, by profession, a painter; and his abilities as an artist are cheerfully acknowledged by his contemporaries. Since the breaking out of the war with Mexico, Thorpe has visited its theatre, and the result has been a very interesting volume, containing many illustrations from drawings by himself, made on the spot. It is called "Our Army of Occupation;" the publishers were Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia; and the work may be obtained at any book-store for half-a-dollar, though worth five times that amount.

It is not expected that a faithful description of the Devil's Summer Retreat, in Arkansas, will turn the current of fashion of two worlds, from Brighton and Bath, or from Ballston or Saratoga, although the residents in the neighbourhood of that delightful place profess to have ocular demonstration, as well as popular opinion, that his Satanic Majesty, in warm weather, regularly retires to the "retreat," and "there reclines in the cool." The solemn grandeur that surrounds this

distinguished resort is worthy of the hero, as represented by Milton ; its characteristics are darkness, gloom, and mystery ; it is composed of the unrivalled vegetation and forest of the Mississippi Valley. View it when you will, whether decked out in all the luxuriance of a southern summer, or stripped of its foliage by the winter's blasts ; it matters not, its grandeur is always sombre. The huge trees seem immortal, their roots look as if they struck to the centre of the earth, while the gnarled limbs reached out to the clouds. Here and there may be seen one of these lordly specimens of vegetation furrowed by the lightning ; from its top to the base you can trace the subtle fluid in its descent, and see where it shattered off the limb, larger than your body, or turned aside from some slight inequality in the bark. These stricken trees, no longer able to repel the numerous parasites that surround them, soon become festooned with wreaths and flowers, while the damp airs engender on living tree and dead, like funeral drapery, the pendant moss, that waves in every breeze, and seems to cover the whole scene with the gloom of the grave. Rising out of this forest for ten square miles, is the dense cane-brake that bears the name of the "Devil's Summer Retreat ;" it is formed by a space of ground, on which, seemingly from its superiority of soil, more delicate vegetation than surrounds it has usurped its empire. Here the reed, that the disciple of Izaak Walton plays over the northern streams like a wand ; grows into a delicate mast, springing from the rich alluvium that gives it sustenance with the prodigality of grass, and tapering from its roots to the height of twenty or thirty feet, there mingling, in com

pact and luxuriant confusion, its long leaves. A portion of this brake is interwoven with vines of all descriptions, which makes it so thick that it seems to be impenetrable as a mountain. Here, in this solitude, where the noon-day sun never penetrates, ten thousand birds, with the instinct of safety, roost at night, and at the dawn of day, for a while, darken the air as they seek their haunts, their manure deadening, for acres round, the vegetation, like a fire, so long have they possessed the solitude. Around this mass of cane and vine, the black bears retire for winter quarters, where they pass the season, if not disturbed, in the insensibility of sleep, and yet come out in the spring as fat as when they commenced their long nap. The forest, the waste, and the dangers of the cane brake, add to the excitement of the Arkansas hunter; he conquers them all, and makes them subservient to his pursuits. Associated with these scenes, they to him possess no sentiment; he builds his log cabin in a clearing made by his own hands, amid the surrounding grandeur, and it looks like a gipsy hut among the ruins of a Gothic cathedral. The noblest trees are only valuable for fence-rails, and the cane-brake is "an infernal dark hole," where you can "see sights," "catch bears," and "get a fish-pole, ranging in size from a penny whistle to that of a young stove-pipe."

The undoubted hero of the Devil's Summer Retreat, is old Bob Herring; he has a character that would puzzle three hundred metaphysicians consecutively. He is as bold as a lion, and as superstitious as an Indian. The exact place of his birth he cannot tell, as he says his parents "travelled" as long as he can re-

member them. He "squatted" on the Mississippi, at its nearest point to the Retreat, and there erecting a rude cabin commenced hunting for a living, having no prospect ahead but selling out his "pre-emption right" and improvements, and again squatting somewhere else. Unfortunately the extent of Arkansas, and the swamp that surrounded Bob's location, kept it out of market, until, to use his own language, he "became the ancientest inhabitant in the hull of Arkansaw." And having, in spite of himself, gradually formed acquaintances with the few residents in this vicinity, and grown into importance from his knowledge of the country and his hunting exploits, he has established himself for life, at what he calls the "Wasp's diggings," made a potato patch, which he has never had time to fence in, talked largely of a corn-field, and hung his cabin round with rifle pouches, gourds, red-peppers, and flaming advertisements with rampant horses and pedigrees; these latter ornaments he looks upon as rather sentimental, but he excuses himself on the ground that they look "hoss," and he considers such an expression as considerably resembling himself. We have stated that Bob's mind would puzzle three hundred metaphysicians consecutively, and we as boldly assert that an equal number of physiologists would be brought to a stand by his personal appearance. The left side of his face is good looking, but the right side seems to be under the influence of an invisible air-pump; it looks sucked out of shape; his perpendicular height is six feet one inch, but that gives the same idea of his length, that the diameter gives of the circumference; how long Bob Herring would be if he was drawn out, is impossible

to tell. Bob himself says, that he was made on too tall a scale for this world, and that he was shoved in, like the joints of a telescope. Poor in flesh, his enormous bones and joints rattle when he moves, and they would no doubt have long since fallen apart, but for the enormous tendons that bind them together as visibly as a good-sized hawser would. Such is Bob Herring, who on a bear hunt will do more hard work, crack more jokes, and be more active than any man living, sustaining the whole with unflinching good humour, never getting angry except when he breaks his whisky bottle, or has a favourite dog open on the wrong trail.

My first visit to the Devil's Summer Retreat was propitious, my companions were all choice spirits, the weather was fine, and Bob Herring inimitable. The bustling scene that prefaced the "striking the camp" for night lodgings, was picturesque and animated; a long ride brought us to our halting place, and there was great relief in again stepping on the ground. Having hobbled our horses, we next proceeded to build a fire, which was facilitated by taking advantage of a dead tree for a back-log; our saddles, guns, and other necessities were brought within the circle of its light, and lolling upon the ground we partook of a frugal supper, the better to be prepared for our morrow's exertions, and our anticipated breakfast. Beds were next made up, and few can be better than a good supply of cane tops, covered with a blanket, with a saddle for a pillow; upon such a rude couch, the hunter sleeps more soundly than the effeminate citizen on his down. The rescent moon, with her attendant stars, studded the

canopy under which we slept, and the blazing fire completely destroyed the chilliness of a southern December night.

The old adage of "early to bed and early to rise," was intended to be acted upon, that we might salute the tardy sun with the heat of our sport, and probably we would have carried out our intentions had not Bob Herring very coolly asked if any of us snored "unkimmonly loud," for he said his old shooting iron would go off at a good imitation of a bear's breathing! This sally from Bob brought us all upright, and then there commenced a series of jibes, jokes, and stories, that no one can hear, or witness, except on an Arkansas hunt with "old coons." Bob, like the immortal Jack, was witty himself, and the cause of wit in others, but he sustained himself against all competition, and gave in his notions and experience with an unrivalled humour and simplicity. He found in me an attentive listener, and went into details, until he talked every one but myself asleep. From general remarks, he changed to addressing me personally, and as I had every thing to learn, he went from the elementary to the most complex experience. "You are green in bar hunting," said he to me, in a commiserating tone, and with a toss of the head that would have done honour to Mr. Brummel in his glory; "green as a jinson weed—but don't get short-winded 'bout it, case it's a thing like readin', to be larnt;—a man don't come it perfectly at once, like a dog does; and as for that, they larn a heap in time;—thar is a greater difference 'tween a pup and an old dog on a bar hunt than thar is 'tween a malitia man and a riglar. I remember when I couldn't

bar hunt, though the thing seems onpossible now ; it only requires time, a true eye, and steady hand, though I did know a fellow that called himself a doctor, that said that couldn't do it if you was narvious. I asked him if he meant by that agee and fever? He said it was the agee without the fever. Thar may be such a thing as narvious, stranger, but nothin' but a yarthquake, or the agee, can shake me ; and still bar hunting ain't as easy as scearing a wild turkey, by a long shot. The varmint aint a hog, to run with a w—h—e—w ; just corner one—cotch its cub, or cripple it, and if you don't have to fight, or get out of the way, then thar ain't no cat-fish in the Mississip. I larnt that, nigh twenty year ago, and perhaps you would like to know about it." Signifying my assent, Bob Herring got up in his bed, for as it was the bare ground he could not well get off of it, and approaching the fire, he threw about a cord of wood on it, in the form of a few huge logs ; as they struck the blazing heap the sparks flew upwards in the clear cold air, like a jet of stars ; then fixing himself comfortably, he detailed what follows :—

"I had a knowing old sow at that time that would have made a better hunter than any dog ever heerd on ; she had such a nose,—talk 'bout a dog following a cold trail, she'd track a bar through running water. Well, you see, afor' I know'd her vartu', she came rushing into my cabin, bristles up, and fell on the floor, from what I now believe to have been regular sceare. I thought she'd seen a bar, for nothing else could make her run ; and taking down my rifle, I went out a sort a carelessly, with only two dogs at my heels. Hadn't

gone far afore I saw a bar, sure enough, very quietly standing beside a small branch—it was an old *he*, and no mistake. I crawled up to him on my hands and knees, and raised my rifle, but if I had fired I must have hit him so far in front, that the ball would have ranged back, and not cut his mortals. I waited, and he turned tail towards me, and started across the branch; afeerd I'd lose him, I blazed away, and sort a cut him slantindicularly through his hams, and brought him down; thar he sat, looking like a sick nigger with the dropsy, or a black bale of cotton turned up on eend. 'Twas not a judgmatical shot, and Smith thar" (pointing at one of the sleeping hunters) "would say so." Hereupon Bob Herring, without ceremony, seized a long stick, and thrust it into Smith's short ribs, who, thus suddenly awakened from a sound sleep, seized his knife, and looking about him, asked, rather confusedly, what was the matter? "Would you," inquired Bob, very leisurely, "would you, under any circumstances, shoot an old *he* in the hams?" Smith very peremptorily told his questioner to go where the occupier of the Retreat in Summer is supposed to reside through the winter months, and went instantly to sleep again. Bob continued,—“Stranger, the bar, as I have said, was on his hams, and thar he sot, waiting to whip somebody and not knowing whar to begin, when the two dogs that followed me came up, and pitched into him like a caving bank. I knowed the result afore the fight began; Brusher had his whole scalp, ears and all, hanging over his nose in a minute, and Tig was laying some distance from the bar, on his back, breathing like a horse with the thumps; he wiped them both out with

one stroke of his left paw, and thar he sot, knowing as well as I did, that he was not obliged to the dogs for the hole in his carcass, and thar I stood, like a fool, rifle in hand, watching him, instead of giving him another ball. All of a sudden he caught a glimpse of my hunting shirt, and the way he walked at me with his two fore legs was a caution to slow dogs. I instantly fired, and stepped round behind the trunk of a large tree; my second shot confused the bar, and he was hunting about for me, when, just as I was patching my ball, he again saw me, and, with his ears nailed back to his head, he gave the d——t w—h—e—w I ever heerd, and made straight at me; I leaped up a bank near by, and as I gained the top my foot touched the eend of his nose. If I ever had the ‘narvious’ that was the time, for the skin on my face seemed an inch thick, and my eyes had more rings in them than a mad wild-cat’s. At this moment several of my dogs, that war out on an expedition of their own, came up, and immediately made battle with the bar, who shook off the dogs in a flash, and made at me agin; the thing was done so quick, that, as I raised my rifle, I stepped back and fell over, and thinking my time was come, wished I had been born to be hung, and not chaw’d up; but the bar didn’t cotch me: his hind quarters, as he came at me, fell into a hole about a root, and caught. I was on my feet, and out of his reach in a wink, but as quick as I did this he had cut through a green root the size of my leg: he did it in about two snaps, but weakened by the exertion, the dogs got hold of him, and held on while I blowed his heart out. Ever since that time I have been wide

awake with a wounded bar—*sartinly*, or *stand off*, being my motto. I shall dream of that bar to-night,' concluded Bob, fixing his blanket over him; and a few moments only elapsed before he was in danger of his life, if his rifle would go off at a good imitation of a bear's breathing.

Fortunately for me, the sun on the following morn was fairly above the horizon before our little party was ready for the start. While breakfast was being prepared, the rifles were minutely examined; some were taken apart, and every precaution used to ensure a quick and certain fire. A rude breakfast having been despatched, lots were drawn, who should go into the *drive* with the dogs, as this task in the Devil's Summer Retreat is any thing but a pleasant one, being obliged at one time to walk on the bending cane—it is so thick for hundreds of yards that you cannot touch or see the ground—then crawling on your hands and knees, between its roots, sometimes brought to a complete halt, and obliged to cut your way through with your knife. While this is going on, the hunters are at *the stands*, places their judgments dictate as most likely to be passed by the bear, when roused by the dogs. Two miles might on this occasion have been passed over by those in the drive, in the course of three hours, and yet, although "signs were plenty as leaves," not a bear was started. Hard swearing was heard, and as the vines encircled the feet, or caught one under the nose, it was increased. In the midst of this ill humour, a solitary bark was heard; some one exclaimed, that was Bose! another shrill yelp that sounded like Music's; breathing was almost suspended in the excitement of the moment;

presently another, and another bark, was heard in quick succession, in a minute more, *the whole pack of thirty-five staunch dogs opened!* The change from silence to so much noise made it almost deafening. No idea but personal demonstration can be had of the effect upon the mind, of such a pack baying a bear in a cane-break. Before me were old hunters; they had been moving along, as if destitute of energy or feeling, but now their eyes flashed, their lips were compressed, and their cheeks flushed; they seemed incapable of fatigue. As for myself, my feelings almost overcame me, I felt a cold sweat stealing down my back, my breath was thick and hot, and as I suspended it, to hear more distinctly the fight, for by this time the dogs had evidently come up with the bear, I could hear the pulsation of my heart. One minute more to listen, to learn which direction the war was raging, and then our party unanimously sent forth a yell that would have frightened a nation of Indians. The bear was in his bed when the dogs first came up with him, and he did not leave it until the pack surrounded him; then finding things rather too warm, he broke off with a "whew" that was awful to hear. His course was towards us on the left, and as he went by, the cane cracked and smashed as if rode over by an insane locomotive. Bob Herring gave the dogs a salute as they passed, close at the bear's heels, and the noise increased, until he said "it sounded as if all h—I was pounding bark." The bear was commented on as he rushed by; one said he was "a buster." "A regular built eight years old," said another. "Fat as a candle," shouted a third. "He's the beauty of the Devil's Summer Retreat, with a band of angels after him," sang out

Bob Herring. On the bear plunged, so swiftly that our greatest exertions scarcely enabled us to keep within hearing distance ; his course carried him towards those at the stands, but getting wind of them, he turned and exactly retraced his course, but not with the same speed ; want of breath had already brought him several times to a stand, and a fight with the dogs. He passed us the second time within two hundred yards, and coming against a fallen tree, backed up against it, and showed a determination, if necessary, there to die. We made our way towards the spot, as fast as the obstacles in our way would let us, the hunters anxious to despatch him, that as few dogs as possible might be sacrificed. The few minutes to accomplish this seemed months, the fight all the time sounding terrible, for every now and then the bear evidently made a rush at the dogs, as they narrowed their circle, or came individually too near his person. Crawling through and over the cane-brake was a new thing to me, and in the prevailing excitement, my feet seemed tied together, and there *was always a vine directly under my chin*, to cripple my exertions. While thus struggling, I heard a suspicious cracking in my rear, and looking round, I saw Bob Herring, a foot taller than common, stalking over the cane, like a colossus ; he very much facilitated my progress, by a shove in the rear. "Come along, stranger," he shouted, his voice as clear as a bell, "Come along, the bar and the dogs are going it, like a high pressure nigger camp-meeting, and I must be thar to put a word in sartin." Fortunately for my wind, I was nearer the contest than I imagined, for Bob Herring stopped just ahead of me, examined his rifle with two or three other

hunters, just arrived from the stands, and by peeping through the under-growth, we discovered, within thirty yards of us, the fierce raging fight. Nothing distinctly, however, was seen ; a confused mass of legs, heads, and backs of dogs, flying about as if attached to a ball, was all we could make out. A still nearer approach, and the confusion would clear off for a moment, and the head of the bear could be seen, with his tongue covered with dust, and hanging a foot from his mouth ; his jaws were covered with foam and blood, his eyes almost protruding from their sockets, while his ears were so closely pressed to the back of his head, that he seemed destitute of those appendages ; the whole indicative of unbounded rage and terror.

These glimpses of the bear were only momentary ; his persecutors rested but for a breath, and then closed in, regardless of their own lives, for you could discover, mingled with the sharp bark of defiance, the yell that told of death. It was only while the bear was crushing some luckless dog, that they could cover his back, and lacerate it with their teeth. One of the hunters, in spite of the danger, headed by Bob Herring, crept upon his knees, so near that it seemed as if another foot advanced would bring them within the circle of the fight. Bob Herring was first within safe shooting distance to save the dogs, and waving his hand to those behind him, he raised his rifle and sighted, but his favourite dog, impatient for the report, anticipated it by jumping on the bear, who throwing up his head at the same instant, the bear received the ball in his nose. At the crack of the rifle, the well-trained dogs, thinking less caution than otherwise necessary, jumped pell-mell

on the bear's back, and the hardest fight ever witnessed in the Devil's Summer Retreat ensued; the hunter, with Bob, placed his gun almost against the bear's side, and the cap snapped; no one else was near enough to fire without hitting the dogs.—“Give him the knife!” cried those at a distance. Bob Herring's long blade was already flashing in his hand, but sticking a living bear is not child's play; he was standing undecided, when he saw the hind legs of Bose upwards; thrusting aside one or two of the dogs with his hand, he made a pass at the bear's throat, but the animal was so quick, that he struck the knife with his fore paw, and sent it whirling into the distant cane; another was instantly handed him, which he thrust at the bear, but the point was so blunt that it would not penetrate the skin. Foiled a third time, with a tremendous oath on himself and the owner of the knife “that wouldn't stick a cabbage,” he threw it indignantly from him, and seizing, unceremoniously, a rifle, just then brought up by one of the party, heretofore in the rear, he, regardless of his own legs, thrust it against the side of the bear with considerable force, and blowed him through; the bear struggled but for a moment, and fell dead, “I saw snakes last night in my dreams,” said Bob, handing back the rifle to its owner, “and I never had any good luck the next day, arter sich a sarcumstance; I call this hull hunt about as mean an affair as damp powder; that bar thar,” pointing to the carcass, “that thar, ought to have been killed, afor he maimed a dog.” Then, speaking energetically, he said, “Boys, never shoot at a bar's head, even if your iron is in his ear, it's unsartin; look how I missed the brain, and only

tore the smellers; with fewer dogs, and sich a shot, a fellow would be ripped open in a powder flash; and I say, cuss caps, and head shooting; they would have cost two lives to-day, but for them ar dogs, God bless 'em."

With such remarks, Bob Herring beguiled away the time, while he, with others, skinned the bear. His huge carcass, when dressed, though not over fat, looking like a young steer's. The dogs, as they recovered breath, partook of the refuse with relish; the nearest possible rout out of the Devil's Retreat was selected, and two horse loads took the meat into the open woods, where it was divided out in such a manner that it could be taken home. Bob Herring, while the dressing of the bear was going on, took the skin, and on its inside surface, which glistened like satin, he carefully deposited the caul fat, that looked like drifted snow, and beside it the liver; the choice parts of the bear, according to the gourmand notions of the frontier, were in Bob's possession; and many years' experience had made him so expert in cooking it, that he was locally famed for this matter above all competitors. It would be as impossible to give the recipe for this dish, so that it might be followed by the gastronomes of cities, as it would to have the articles composing it exposed for sale in the markets. Bob Herring managed as follows: he took a long wooden skewer, and having thrust its point through a small piece of bear fat, he then followed it by a small piece of the liver, then the fat, then the liver, and so on, until his most important material was consumed; when this was done, he opened the "bear's handkerchief," or caul, and wrapped it

round the whole, and thus roasted it before the fire. Like all the secrets in cookery, this dish depends for its flavour and richness upon exactly giving the proper quantities, as a superabundance of one or the other would completely spoil the dish. "I was always unlucky, boys," said Bob, throwing the bear skin and its contents over his shoulder, "but I've had my fill often of caul fat and liver; many a man, who thinks he's *lucky*, lives and dies ignorant of its virtue, as a 'possum is of corn cake. If I ever look dead don't bury me until you see I don't open my eyes when its ready for eating; if I don't move when you show me it, then I am a done goner, sure." Night closed in before we reached our homes, the excitement of the morning wore upon our spirits and energy, but the evening's meal of caul fat and liver, and other similar "fixins," or Bob Herring's philosophical remarks, restored me to perfect health, and I shall recollect that supper, and its master of ceremonies, as harmonious with, and as extraordinary as is, the Devil's Summer Retreat.

McALPIN'S TRIP TO CHARLESTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD."

The writer of the following "good 'un" is an eminent member of the North Carolina bar. He has lately furnished the "Spirit of the Times" with a number of original stories, from which the one annexed is selected as a specimen of his style:—

IN the county of Robison, in the state of North Carolina, there lived in times past a man by the name of Brooks, who kept a grocery for a number of years, and so had acquired most of the land round him. This was mostly pine barrens, of small value, but nevertheless Brooks was looked up to as a great landholder and big man in the neighbourhood. There was one tract, however, belonging to one Colonel Lamar, who lived in Charleston, that—"jammed in upon him so strong," and being withal better in quality than the average of his own domain, that Brooks had long wished to add it to his other broad acres. Accordingly he looked around him and employed, as he expressed it, "the smartest man in the neighbourhood," to wit, one Angus McAlpin, to go to Charleston and negotiate with Colonel Lamar for the purchase of this also. Being provided pretty well with bread, meat, and a bottle of *pale-face*, which were stowed away in a pair of leather saddle-bags, and, like all other great *Plenipotentiaries*, being provided with suitable instructions, Mac mounted a piney-wood-tacky

(named Rosum) and hied him off to Charleston. The road was rather longer than Brooks had supposed, or his agent was less expeditious, or some bad luck had happened to him, or something was the matter that Angus did not get back until long after the day had transpired which was fixed on for his return. Brooks in the mean time had got himself into a very fury of impatience. He kept his eyes fixed on the Charleston road—he was crusty towards his customers—harsh towards his wife and children, and scarcely eat or slept for several days and nights, for he had set his whole soul upon buying the Lamar land. One day, however, Angus was descried slowly and sadly wending his way up the long stretch of sandy road that made up to the grocery. Brooks went out to meet him, and, without further ceremony, he accosted him.

“Well, Mac, have you got the land?”

The agent, in whose face was any thing but sunshine, replied somewhat gruffly that “he might let a body get down from his horse before he put at him with questions of business.”

But Brooks was in a fever of anxiety and repeated the question—

“Did you get it?”

“Shaw, now, Brooks, don’t press upon a body in this uncivil way. It is a long story and I must have time.”

Brooks still urged, and Mac still parried the question till they got into the house.

“Now, surely,” thought Brooks, “he will tell me.” But Mac was not quite ready.

“Brooks,” says he, “have you any thing to drink?”

“To be sure I have,” said the other, and immediately

had some of his best forth-coming. Having moistened his clay, Mac took a seat and his employer another. Mac gave a preliminary hem! He then turned suddenly around to Brooks, looked him straight in the eyes, and slapped him on the thigh—

“Brooks,” says he, “was you ever in Charleston?”

“Why, you know I never was,” replied the other.

“Well, then, Brooks,” says the agent, “you ought to go there. The greatest place upon the face of the earth! They’ve got houses there on both sides of the road for five miles at a stretch, and d——n the horse-track the whole way through! Brooks, I think I met five thousand people in a minute, and not a chap would look at me. They have got houses there on wheels. Brooks! I saw one with six horses hitched to it, and a big driver with a long whip going it like a whirlwind. I followed it down the road for a mile and a half, and when it stopt I looked, and what do you think there was? nothing in it but one little woman sitting up in one corner. Well, Brooks, I turned back up the road, and as I was riding along I sees a fancy looking chap with long curly hair hanging down his back, and his boots as shiney as the face of an up-country nigger! I called him into the middle of the road and asked him a civil question; and a civil question, you know, Brooks, calls for a civil answer all over the world. I says, says I, ‘Stranger, can you tell me where Colonel Lamar lives?’ and what do you think was his answer—‘*Go to h——l, you fool!*’

“Well, Brooks, I knocks along up and down and about, until at last I finds out where Colonel Lamar lived. I gets down and bangs away at the door.

Presently the door was opened by as pretty, fine-spoken, well-dressed a woman as ever you seed in your born days, Brooks. *Silk!* Silks *thar* every day, Brooks! Says I, 'Mrs. Lamar, I presume, madam,' says I. 'I am Mrs. Lamar, sir.' 'Well, madam,' says I, 'I have come all the way from North Carolina to see Colonel Lamar—to see about buying a tract of land from him that's up in our parts?' 'Then,' she says, 'Colonel Lamar has rode out in the country, but will be back shortly. Come in, sir, and wait a while. I've no doubt the colonel will soon return,' and she had a smile upon that pretty face of her's that reminded a body of a Spring morning. Well, Brooks, I hitched my horse to a brass thing on the door, and walked in. Well, when I got in I sees the floor all covered over with the nicest looking thing! nicer than any patched-worked bed-quilt you ever seed in your life, Brooks. I was trying to edge along round it, but presently I sees a big nigger come stepping right over it. Thinks I, if that nigger can go it, I can go it, too! So right over it I goes and takes my seat right before a picture, which at first I thought was a little man looking in at the window. Well, Brooks, there I sot waiting and waiting for Colonel Lamar, and *at last*—he didn't come, but they began to bring in dinner. Thinks I to myself, here's a scrape. But I made up my mind to tell her, if she axed me to eat—to tell her with a genteel bow that I *had no occasion to eat*. But, Brooks, she didn't ax me to eat—she axed me if I'd be so good as to carve that turkey for her, and she did it with one of them lovely smiles that makes the cold streaks run down the small of a feller's back. 'Certainly, madam,' says I, and I walks up to

the table—there was on one side of the turkey a great big knife as big as a bowie knife, and a fork with a trigger to it on the other side. Well, I falls to work, and in the first *e*-fort I slashed the gravy about two yards over the whitest table-cloth you ever seed in your life, Brooks! Well! I felt the hot steam begin to gather about my cheeks and eyes. But I'm not a man to back out for trifles, so I makes another *e*-fort, and the darned thing took a flight and lit right in Mrs. Lamar's lap! Well, you see, Brooks, then I was taken with a blindness, and the next thing I remember I was upon the *hath* a-kicking. Well, by this time I began to think of navigating. So I goes out and mounts Rosum, and cuts for North Carolina! Now, Brooks, you don't blame me! Do you?"

INDIA RUBBER PILLS.

BY "CHEVAL," OF PHILADELPHIA.

The following anecdote of a "Down-East" quack doctor was furnished by a young gentleman who has just made his *debut* as a correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times." He promises to be "one of 'em."

IN the manufacturing city of L——, there lives a certain Dr. D——. Not that he has a legitimate title to write M. D. behind his name; but all who know him are conscious that he deserves something more than plain Mister, and as he is a chemist and druggist by profession, common consent has established the "Doctor."

Were I to attempt to describe the doctor as he merits, you would be compelled to issue an extra, but I cannot resist the opportunity of giving him a "passing notice." In the first place, he is a "universal genius." He does every thing he undertakes better than any one else can. Nothing comes amiss to him, from a pill to a porcelain tooth—from a lotion to a landscape—from a draught to a drawing. A—— W——, Esq., has among his collection of pictures a couple of landscapes painted by the doctor, which would do credit to the cabinet of any gentleman in the country. In short,

were he a Yankee, he knows enough to revolutionize half the world.

Some years ago, about the time we began to discover that India rubber could be put to other uses besides making over-shoes and erasing pencil-marks, our doctor prepared a compound of the article, which could be applied to either leather or cloth, making it "as impervious to water as a drunkard's throat." Accommodating himself to the universal taste for *humbug*, he hung, on the outside of his shop, large placards headed—

"BEWARE OF COLDS, COUGHS, AND CONSUMPTION." Underneath was a long description of the evils and ills consequent upon getting *wet feet*; all of which were to be avoided by using Dr. D——'s "celebrated compound."

The mixture was put up in small boxes, neatly labelled, and much resembling many "patent medicines."

One "sloppy day" in March, a tall, lanky, factory girl, just fresh from "Varmount," came splashing along through the snow and water, coughing at every step as though she were on her way to make a bargain with the sexton. The placards caught her eye, and she read one through with open-mouthed attention. When finished, she stepped into the shop, and bought a box of the mixture, being served by the doctor in person.

A few days after, the doctor was standing behind his counter, outside of which were two or three of his friends. In came the same girl, coughing, if possible, more than before, and the following dialogue ensued. I must here remark that our friend the doctor is rather "gruff" in look, and oftentimes rough in manner and speech, although a better-hearted being never breathed.

"See here," said the girl, as well as she could for coughing, "I warnt you to take back this stuff of yourn, 'taint good for nothin'."

"'Taint good for nothin'," replied the doctor, imitating her, for he was touched on a tender point. "What does the girl mean? Let me see the box."

The box was produced and opened, when there appeared to have been a small portion scooped out, something as it might have been done by one's thumb nail.

"Why," said the doctor, "how can you tell that '*the stuff aint good for nothin'*,' when you have not used one quarter the proper quantity?"

"I took as much as I darst tu," answered the girl, "and as much as the rest of the gals said would be enuff."

"*Took!*" almost shouted the doctor—"Took! What do you mean by *taking*? How did you *take* it?"

"Why, sir," said the girl, "I didn't know what to do with it myself, so I asked the other gals, and they said I must make it into pills. I took four when I went tu bed, and the next mornin' I coughed worser than ever."

"Humph!" growled the doctor, at the same time handing the girl back her money. "*Took it*, did ye, in the shape of pills? Well, if you aren't *water-tight* for the balance of your life, I'm blowed!"

The poor girl sloped just in time to prevent the doctor's friends from expiring.

A MURDER CASE IN MISSISSIPPI.

BY AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE N. O. "DELTA."

One of the best diurnals published south of "Mason & Dixon's Line," is the New Orleans "Daily Delta," of Messrs. Davis, Corcoran, & Hayes. To which of them we are indebted for the following "good thing," deponent saith not; we confess judgment, however, that we "owe him one."

WHILE sojourning for a few days, about the period of the solstice last summer, in one of the marine villages of the state of Mississippi, that skirt the Mexican Gulf, an event transpired which, for a time—a brief time only—started the hamlet from its propriety. We shall proceed to give a hurried sketch of the occurrence, with the view of giving it typical notoriety.

The sun, on the morning of the day to which we are about to refer, rose from the Gulf with a rosy glow, and ere long flung forth its rays, polishing its surface, as though it were a "monster" mirror. Bilious-looking, liver-affected gentlemen, in broad-brimmed Panama and Leghorn hats, and morning gowns; young ladies in sun bonnets and "Nora creena" dresses; and older ladies in no particular style of dress, might be seen wending their way up to the hotel, having taken their matin ablution. The birds in the neighbouring pine-trees had given their first concert for the morning; the sun was fast beginning to absorb the little, crystallized,

globular dew drops, which, a short time before, surmounted the grass blades, making the lawn in front of the hotel look like an enamelled carpet, ornamented with spangles. Dissipated-looking gentlemen might also be observed, hurriedly preparing their toilet for breakfast, and little else was to be heard than a call for "boots" from No. 5—a call for soap from No. 9, or a call for a napkin from No. 13, except the hissing of the fish, as, half covered in butter, they fried in the kitchen.

While things were in a state such as we have represented them, a tall, thin man, with the nether ends of his trousers thrust into the legs of his horse-skin boots, without any coat, unshaven, and wearing an old cone-crowned, gray, woollen hat, walked hurriedly and agitatedly up to where a group of boarders was standing at the hotel door, and inquired for the attorney of the district, who happened to be standing at the hotel at the time. The latter functionary having heard his name mentioned, walked out from his room and asked "Jones"—the man in the horse-skin boots—"What the d——l are you after so early?—Court don't sit till ten."

Now Jones, knowing that to answer this very familiar, though not very polite interrogatory, he would have to open his mouth, and knowing that in opening his mouth he could not retain the quantity of tobacco juice with which it was filled, took the preliminary precaution to expectorate it, before replying to the learned district attorney; which done, he told him in a half-mysterious, half-astonished tone, that "it was done at last."

"Jones," says the district attorney, "you're a living note of admiration!"—and Jones, by the way, did not look unlike a standing one. "You're like the dwarf with the two heads, who is so old that nobody can tell his age—you're a perpetual wonder—what is it that's done now, that seems to excite your alarm so?"

"Why, Granger has killed his wife at last," said Jones—who turned out himself to be a limb of the law—being constable, crier of the court, and subpœna-server on delinquent tax-payers.

"O, he has, has he?" said the district attorney—"let me have your tobacco, Jones."

Jones handed the legal representative of the state, or of that certain district of it, his honey-dew, and the D. A. having cut a chunk off it and deposited it in his jaw, coolly remarked—"You have summoned an inquest, and secured Granger, of course."

Jones.—"I have secured Granger, and an almighty tough job I had of it; but I reckon the body must be found first, 'fore there's an inquest. I don't know no law, if the Magistrate's Manual don't say, in an article on dead bodies, page 106, that there can't be no inquest where there aint no body found."

District Attorney.—Contemptuously.—"O, Jones, I admit you're a most profound lawyer; but notice the judge; tell him I will be in court at ten o'clock—let him be there to hear this case; and I will be there to investigate it, in the name and on behalf of the sovereign state of Mississippi; but," descending from his dignity, "Jones, let us liquor before you go."

"Squire," said Jones, "you ought to be chancellor,

you ought. It's the first time I shook the dew off my boots this morning."

They liquored, and Jones went to obey the orders of him who had succeeded in ascending a few rounds above him on the legal ladder. Granger's murder of the wife of his bosom was the sole talk at the breakfast-table, and, indeed, of the whole village. No one exactly knew how the bloody and inhuman deed was perpetrated—nor where the body was: but all agreed that it was a most diabolical murder. They knew it would come to that, they said; they were always quarrelling, was Granger and his wife, and often drunk; it could not be otherwise. Blood was found on the floor, and on a knife that was found under the cupboard. But what could have been done with the body? One saw Granger sink a large box in the lake before day; another saw two young Saw-bones, from New Orleans, put off in a skiff a little after day, in which there was something in a sack; and a third noticed the earth freshly dug in the woods, at the rear of Granger's house.

Ten o'clock came, and the dingy log-cabin which formed the court-house was crowded. The judge sat on the bench, behind a huge pair of iron-cased spectacles; the district attorney was poring over a "dog-eared" edition of "Starkie on Evidence." Jones was sitting with his horseskin boots stuck upon the table before him and before the judge, his feet, of course, being in them; and Granger, the most unconcerned-looking man in court, was whittling a stick where he sat, to the right but in the rear of the bench.

"Are you prepared to proceed with this case, Mr. District Attorney?" said the judge.

"I am prepared, your honour," said the district attorney.

"Are *you* ready to proceed to preliminary trial, William Granger?" said the judge, with all the assumed solemn dignity of a marshal; "or, if you are not now, when will you?" he added.

"Just whenever you please," said Granger, in a maudlin tone of indifference; "but if Sal had taken my advice, this would never have happened. She _____"

"Silence, sir," said the judge; "in the first place you must learn to respect the court, and in the next place, you are not bound to tell any thing that will criminate yourself. Mr. District Attorney, proceed."

Granger muttered, "Criminate the d——l."

Jones called silence. The district attorney then took from between his teeth some masticated tobacco, and proceeded: "May it please this court, I am about to lay before you the skeleton—I say the skeleton—for the great body of facts are not yet fully developed. I am about to lay before you, I say, the skeleton of as foul a murder—as inhuman a murder—as unnatural a murder as was ever recorded in the annals of crime. [*Aside*—Jones, give me your tobaccer.] Yes, sir, a murder, which, considering the relations that existed between the murderer and his victim, would, as Shakspeare says, curl up a nigger's blood, and, what is harder still, make his hair stand on end, like the tail of a frightened gobbler! But, sir, although the manner in which this foul deed was perpetrated is at present shrouded in mystery—of the fact of the murder there is no doubt; the prisoner and his wife were heard quarrelling last evening; she

has not been since seen. The traces of blood are visible on the floor, and a knife with clotted gore on it was discovered under the cupboard!"

Granger attempted to say something about the blood on the floor and on the knife being that of a chicken Sall killed the previous evening, but Jones called silence! and would permit him to make no explanation. The district attorney proceeded:—"I was saying, your honour, that up to this time, the body of the murdered wife has not been discovered. But, as 'murder speaks with most miraculous organ,' it will, no doubt, soon be seen."

And so, in truth, it was, for the district attorney had not well finished his quotation, when Mrs. Granger, all alive, protruding her head into the court, called out—"Consarn you, Bill Granger, is it there you be, instead of hoein' the taters! but when I was goin' to that ere quiltin' frolic of Mrs. Sharp's last evenin', I said you wouldn't do nothin' till I came back, and I knew you wouldn't—consarn your picter!"

It is unnecessary to say, that the appearance of Mrs. Granger, in proper person—in substance, not in shade—in court created no little consternation. The fear, which what was believed her apparition first occasioned, was succeeded on the part of the crowd by a unanimous burst of humour, but, on the part of the judge and the district attorney, by a consciousness that they had made themselves rather ridiculous. "I think we have proceeded far enough in this case," said the judge.

"I call for a conviction," said Jones. "I ain't a goin

to be chizzelled out of my fees for making the arrest, that way."

"Why the woman that you charged Granger with killing—his wife—stands before you!" said the judge, surprised at the absurdity of Jones's request.

"O, you can't come it, judge," said Jones. "I suppose you don't think I never read law; just hold on a while"—and he snatched up "Phillips on Evidence," turning to page 64, triumphantly read:—

"As a party on record is not a competent witness—neither is the husband or wife of the party competent to give evidence either for or against the party;" and throwing down the book, he exclaimed—"there, I believe that settles the pint; I believe, 'cording to law, Mrs. Granger ain't a competent witness to prove in favour of her husband in this case. I reckon not."

The court was dismissed. Granger and his wife went home, arguing, as usual, by the way; the spectators were convulsed with laughter at the termination of the awful murder case; the judge and the district attorney attributed the mistakes of the morning to that "fool, Jones," and Jones swore he would never make another arrest as long as he'd live.

KICKING A YANKEE.

BY JOS. M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS "REVEILLE."

Few men of his age have written so much and so well as Mr.

Field, whose contributions to the press, under the signatures of "Straws," "Everpoint," etc., etc., would make a large and most amusing series of pen and ink sketches. His facility of composition is not less surprising than his industry, for he has been for years either engaged in the laborious profession of the stage, or writing for a daily newspaper.

A VERY handsome friend of ours, who a few weeks ago was *poked* out of a comfortable office up the river, has betaken himself to Bangor, for a time, to recover from the wound inflicted upon his feelings by our "unprincipled and immolating administration."

Change of air must have had an instantaneous effect upon his spirits, for, from Galena, he writes us an amusing letter, which, among other things, tells us of a desperate quarrel that took place on board of the boat between a real live dandy tourist, and a real live Yankee settler. The latter trod on the toes of the former; whereupon the former threatened to "Kick out of the cabin" the latter.

"You'll kick me out of this cabing?"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick you out of this cabin!"

"You'll kick *me*, Mr. *Hitchcock*, out of this cabing?"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick *you*, Mr. *Hitchcock*!"

"Wal, I guess," said the Yankee, very coolly, after being perfectly satisfied that it was himself who stood in such imminent peril of assault—"I guess, since you talk of kicking, you've never heard me tell about old Bradley and my mare, there, to hum?"

"No, sir, nor do I wish——"

"Wal, guess it won't set you back much, any how, as kicking's generally best to be considered on. You see old Bradley is one of these sanctimonious, long-faced hypocrites, who put on a religious suit every Sabbath morning, and with a good deal of screwing, manage to keep it on till after sermon in the afternoon; and as I was a Universalist, he allers picked me out as a 'subject for religious conversation—and the darned hypocrite would talk about heaven, hell, and the devil—the crucifixion and prayer, without ever winking. Wal, he had an old roan mare that would jump over any fourteen-rail fence in Illinois, and open any door in my barn that hadn't a padlock on it. Tu or three times I found her in my stable, and I told Bradley about it, and he was 'very sorry'—'an unruly animal'—'would watch her,' and a hull lot of such things, all said in a very serious manner, with a face twice as long as old Deacon Farrar's on Sacrament day. I knew all the time he was lying, and so I watched him and his old roan tu; and for three nights regular, old roan came to my stable about bedtime, and just at daylight Bradley would come, bridle her, and ride off. I then just took my old mare down to a blacksmith's shop, and had some shoes made with 'corks' about four inches long, and had 'em nailed on to her hind feet. Your heels, mister, aint nuthing tu 'em. I took her home, give her about ten feet

halter, and tied her right in the centre of the stable, fed her well with oats about nine o'clock, and after taking a good smoke, went to bed, knowing that my old mare was a truth-telling animal, and that she'd give a good report of herself in the morning. I hadn't got fairly to sleep before the old 'oman hunched me and wanted to know what on airth was the matter out at the stable. Says I, 'Go tu sleep, Peggy, it is nothing but Kate—she is kicking off flies, I guess!' Purty soon she hunched me agin, and says she, 'Mr. Hitchcock, du git up and see what in the world is the matter with Kate, for she is kicking most powerfully.' 'Lay still, Peggy, Kate will take care of herself, I guess.' Wal, the next morning, about daylight, Bradley, with bridle in hand, cum to the stable, as true as the book of Genesis; when he saw the old roan's sides, starn, and head, he cursed and swore worse than you did, mister, when I came down on your toes. Arter breakfast that morning Joe Davis cum to my house, and says he, 'Bradley's old roan is nearly dead—she's cut all to pieces and can scarcely move.' 'I want to know,' says I, 'how on airth did it happen?' Now Joe Davis was a member of the same church with Bradley, and whilst we were talking, up cum that everlastin' hypocrite, and says he, 'Mr. Hitchcock, my old roan is ruined!' 'Du tell,' says I. 'She is cut all to pieces,' says he; 'do you know whether she was in your stable, Mr. Hitchcock, last night?' Wal, mister, with this I let out: 'Do I *know* it?'—(the Yankee here, in illustration, made a sudden advance upon the dandy, who made way for him unconsciously, as it were)—'Do I know it, you no-souled, shad-bellied, squash-headed, old night-cwl

you!—you hay-hookin', corn-cribbin', fodder-fudgin', cent-shavin', whitlin'-of-nuthin' you!—Kate kicks like a mere dumb beast, but I've reduced the thing to a *science*!" The Yankee had not ceased to advance, or the dandy, in his astonishment, to retreat; and now, the motion of the latter being accelerated by an apparent demonstration on the part of the former to "suit the action to the word," he found himself in the "social hall," tumbling backwards over a pile of baggage, and tearing the knees of his pants as he scrambled up, a perfect scream of laughter stunning him from all sides. The defeat was total:—a few moments afterwards he was seen dragging his own trunk ashore, while Mr. *Hitchcock* finished his story on the boiler deck.



Darley Del

"The Yankee had not ceased to advance, or the dandy, in his astonishment, to retreat."—Page 164.

The first of these is the fact that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same age. This is a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The second fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same species, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The third fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same age, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The fourth fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same species, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The fifth fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same age, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The sixth fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same species, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The seventh fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same age, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The eighth fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same species, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The ninth fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same age, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest. The tenth fact is that the majority of the specimens are of the same species, and that the majority of the specimens are of the same sex. This is also a very unusual occurrence, and it is therefore of great interest.

A "DOWN EAST" ORIGINAL.

BY "DE NOGBY," OF BOSTON.

"De Nogby" is an illustrious member of the renowned "Digby Club" of the "Modern Athens," as also of that time-honoured sodality, the "Mammoth Cod Association," which last recently celebrated its 267th anniversary! Since our promotion to the responsible situation of chairman of the "Committee on *Bimbo*," it is understood that "De Nogby" is prosecuting his studies at the Swimming School with the utmost assiduity, in the hope of an appointment to the "Committee on Drowning."

I WAS rash enough on the first of the month to go into the country to live, seduced by Ralph Waldo Emerson's laudation of Spring, and am heartily sick of it, for the wind has been on a blow ever since, and, like a big baby, made a child's rattle of every thing it could lay its hands to, from a "huckleberry" bush up to an orthodox meeting-house. But there is one consolation: my hen's nest is so arranged that the eggs fall directly from the fowl into my skillet of hot water; consequently I eat them fresher, perhaps, than they do at some boarding-houses, where the landladies appear to believe that they are not fit to cook until they have attained the *haut gout*. Or, perhaps, they keep them until they are *cheap* enough to eat, on the same principle that "Johnny L——" (of whom so many queer stories are told) kept his fish: "Johnny" was seen carrying home a piece

of fresh salmon at a time when it was a dollar a pound ; he was asked why he didn't wait until it was cheaper ? "Aha!" replied Johnny, "I know what *I'm* about. I shall put it in my ice-chest, and when it gets down to twenty-five cents a pound, I shall eat it!"

Johnny is the same "stick" who set a light that the rats might see to go into his trap, and when asked by the painter what letter he would have put on the panel of his carriage, preferred W, because he thought it the best looking in the whole alphabet. He once marked up the prices of his goods in a dull season, and when he had finished the job went home and told his wife he had made a thousand dollars by the operation—forgetting that the merchandise yet remained to be sold. Told, once, that his store was on fire, he said it couldn't be, for he had the key in his pocket ; and he is said to have ordered a huge thermometer to regulate the weather, and locked his door to keep the heat out. When he had killed his pig, he sagely remarked that "it didn't weigh as much as he expected, and he never thought it would." He sold half of his porker to a neighbour, but it was a question how it should be divided, after cutting it across in the middle. The neighbour proposed that L—— should put his hand unseen by him on one extremity or the other, and he'd say, without knowing what it was, whether he would have it or not. Johnny consented, and slightly cutting off the pig's curly termination, when his friend's back was turned, stuck it on the nose, and demanded, "Who shall have the part with the tail on?" "I!" exclaimed the other triumphantly. "Then you have got the fore-quarters!" said Johnny. On another occasion, some waggish butchers in the market per-

suaded him that it would improve the looks of his favourite dog to cut his tail shorter. Johnny assented, but fearing to trust the operation to any of the wags, he got them to hold the animal while he acted as surgeon, for he said he wanted only a very little amputated "to begin with." After calculating very nicely where to strike, Johnny raised the cleaver; at the same moment the butchers shoved the dog along, so that when the knife had fallen, the poor man found that he had severed his cur in twain, whereupon he protested, in perfect dismay, that "it was a little too short, by a d—d sight!"

"SOMEBODY IN MY BED!"

BY W. J. JONES, ESQ., OF HARRISBURG, PA.

We are not quite sure we have given Mr. J's. address correctly, but never mind, he *may* be a relative of that Hamilton C. Jones, Esq., of North Carolina, whose story of "Cousin Sally Dilliard" has for the twentieth time gone the rounds of the press. At any rate he sent the sketch below to the "Spirit of the Times" from Harrisburg, with a promise to become an occasional contributor—a promise which he has incontinently forgotten, to the great regret and mortification of the editor thereof and some tens of thousands of its readers.

A WEEK or two ago, during my peregrinations through northern Pennsylvania, spreading knowledge among the denizens thereof, (I sell books!) I "just dropt in" at a comfortable-looking inn, where I concluded to remain for a day or two. After a good substantial supper, I lit a "York County Principe," (the like of which sell in these regions at the rate of *four* for a penny,) and seated myself in the ring formed around the bar-room stove. There was the brawny butcher, the effeminate tailor, a Yankee fidler, two horse dealers, a speculator, a blackleg, the village Esculapius, and "the Captain," who, in consequence of being able to live on his means, was a person of no small importance, and therefore allowed to sit before the fire-stove with the poker to stir the fire—a mark of respect granted *only* to persons of standing.

Yarn after yarn had been spun and the hour for retiring had arrived—the landlord was dosing behind his bar,—and the spirit of the conversation was beginning to flag, when the doctor whispered to me that if I would pay attention, he would "top off" with a good one.

"I believe, captain," said the doctor, "I never told you about my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lecture."

"No, let's have it," replied the individual addressed, who was a short, flabby, fat man of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded at a house in which there were no females, but the landlady and an old coloured cook——"

(Here the doctor made a slight pause, and the captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said "Well.")

"I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labours of deep study, and dispel the *ennui* to which I was subject——"

"Well," said the captain.

"But as I feared that forming acquaintances among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all——"

"Well."

"One evening after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings——"

"Well," said the captain.

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp, and went directly to my room, it being then after one o'clock——"

"Well!"

"I placed the light upon the table, and commenced

undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock, and a quantity of petticoats lying on a chair near the bed——"

"Well!" said the captain, who began to show signs that he was getting deeply interested.

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire—but then I thought as it was *my* room, I had at least a right to know who was in my bed——"

"Exactly," nodded the captain, "well!"

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens! what a sight! A young girl—I should say an angel, of about eighteen, was in there asleep——"

"Well!" said the captain, giving his chair a hitch.

"As I gazed upon her, I thought that I had never witnessed any thing more beautiful. From underneath a little night-cap, rivalling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster——"

"Well!" said the excited captain, giving his chair another hitch.

"Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid and softly pulled it down——"

"Well!" said the captain, betraying the utmost excitement.

"To her waist——"

"Well!!" said the captain, dropping the paper, and renewing the position of his legs.

"She had on a night dress, buttoned up before, but softly I opened the two first buttons——"

"WELL!!!" said the captain, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement.

"And then, ye gods! what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—pshaw! words fail. Just then——"

"WELL!!!!" said the captain, hitching his chair right and left, and squirting his tobacco juice against the stove that it fairly fizzed again.

"I thought that I was taking a mean advantage of her, so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room!"

"*It's a lie!*" shouted the excited captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair. "IT'S A LIE!"

A DAY AT SOL. SLICE'S.

BY "NAT. SLOCUM," OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We would "give all our old clothes" and a new suit to boot, to shake hands with the writer of the sketch subjoined. Who he is, we doubt if "the oldest inhabitant" of Carolina can tell; certainly we have forgotten if we ever knew, but if we ever should be fortunate enough to meet him, if he does not "touch knees with us under mahogany" it shall not be our fault.

SHORTLY after my election, in 183—, I attended a review held at "Slice's Muster Ground." Before mounting my charger, I observed, tacked to a tree near me, a sheet of foolscap paper, on which was written, in letters of nearly an inch, the following:—

Dinner kin be had On the FoLLowin Tums at my
House to Day priv8s thirty seven cents non comeishund
ophisers 25 comeishund frEE i want you awl to ete
dancin to beGin at won erclock awl them what dont
wish to kevort will finD cards on the shelf in the
cubberd ↵ licker On the uzual Tums

SOLOMON SLICE.

I had, by hard study, deciphered this fancy piece of handicraft, when old Slice came up.

“Aha, kunnel, I see the ’lection haint spiled you ; you cares more for yer belly than you does for them muster fellows yit.”

I assured him I did.

“Well, could you make it out? Some of them unlarnt fellers, Joe Smith, Tim Daly, and Bill Lever, the ugly son of a gun, ’lowed they didn’t know what it was! Tim sed he reckined the old gobler must ’ave trod in the ink! Now, I don’t see nothin’ agin them letters. To be sure, that D is sot a *leetle* too, forred ; but the balance is as good as anybody kin do. I writ it big, so, as Scriptur’ says, them what runs kin read.”

“But why, Slice, do you make such difference in your charges?”

“Well, see here, kunnel, it don’t much matter to me ef them privates don’t come ; but it is some credit to have fellers with eppletts on a settin’ up to my vittles, and ef I do make a leetle sommat at the licker business, it’s you officers what has the muster here—so I gives you free seats.”

I determined to be one of his guests that day, as I had heard he entertained well. So after parade I made my way back to Slice’s, and found I was not a moment too early: dinner was already on a table spread in the yard. As I came up, old Sol. mounted the table, and cried out—at the same time waving a dirty dishcloth above his head—“Oh yis, gentlemen! Oh yis! dinner’s reddy! Come, awl of yer.”

Fortune gave me a seat near Bill Lever, than whom it would be impossible to imagine a worse-looking or better-natured fellow. To attempt a description of him would be to make a failure. His face can bid defiance to the brush and palette of the best artist. On my right sat Tim Daly, "his shadder." Then began the clatter of knives and forks, interspersed with loud orders for "vittles." "More bread, here!" "Sol., you skunk, bring that mutton here!" "Beef, *beef*, BEEF!" from a burly old fellow, who was leaning back in his chair, his eyes shut tight, and mouth like a young mocking-bird. "Pass them tatars down this way, Uncle Slice—*that's* you;" and squealed out a little sallow-faced sandlapper—"More *cowcumbers* at this place!"

Old Sol. Slice was *raised* now. "You infernal copper-coloured sneak! jist get rite up from that table! You set there and holler as ef you *paid* fur yer dinner, 'stead of some pusson giving it to you! Jist hist, and take yourself off to that clay bank down thar! You wont be so much outen yer element *thar*, I reckon! Will you go, — you?"

Cowcumber sloped.

"Is them your tums, Slice?" inquired Daly; "I thought the turkey writ out—I want you *awl* to ete."

"D—n you and the gobler too—I want *awl* to ete, but d—ned ef he's to ete *awl*! He's ete three plates of *cowcumbers* a'reddy."

"Uncle Sol.," now put in Lever, "don't you see yer bill is wrong? Now take my advice and have it altered by next mustering day; and I reckon you had better begin it this evenin', for you know it's a mity teedjus job."

"You ugly son of a gun!" muttered old Sol., going off—"yer mother ought to 'ave been ashamed of herself to 'ave *had* you; but, poor creetur, I reckon she couldn't help it."

"Mr. Lever," I asked, "why do these people always speak of you as 'ugly Bill Lever?' You do not think yourself bad-looking, do you?"

"Well, kunnell, I used to blieve I was only toloble good-looking, and remained in that blissful ignunce twell I was proved to be the ugliest man in all Charleston: and sence that, ef thar are anything that I humps myself on, it's my ugly."

"Proven to be the worst-looking man—how was that? Tell me."

"I never said wost-lookin—I sed *ugliest*—wost-lookin, the devil! Well, I went to Charleston, with brother Lije Lever—he's one of yer *wost-lookin* fellers—I'm ugly. As I was sayin', I went to town with him; we tuck a load of poultry—we made a right nice spec that trip, too. Well, arter we had laid in some shugar, and coffee, and some necessaries, we was——"

"Stop!" interrupted Daly. "What do you mean by necessaries?"

"Licker."

"I thought so—go on."

"Well, arter gitting them things, we started for home. As we was comin' up King Street——"

"Stop!" again interrupted Daly. "Who was drivin'?"

"Brother Lije."

"Aha, and you was in the wagin on top the bar'l, as uzual."

"I was in the waggin. Ef you don't hush, Tim, I'll quit. We had got a matter of about half-way up the street, when a dandy, dressed in the hite of fashun, and mounted on a blood bay hoss, came canterin' down ahead of us. All at wunst he drawed up by the side of Lije, and ses he, 'I've found him at last.'

"'Found *what*?' sez Lije.

"'Why,' sez the dandy, 'I'll bet you ten dollars you are the ugliest man in Charleston.'

"Sez Lije, very coolly, sez he, 'I never bets, mister; but I'm not deservin' of that honour; I'll show you what is;' and turning in his saddle to'ards me, 'Poke yer head out, Billy,' sez he. No sooner said than done: I histed the waggin-sheet, and looked out on him. I never did see a feller so sot back! There he stood a gazin' at me—I thought he was demented. At last, comin' too a little, he sez to me, 'You need not git out, my friend—your *face* is sufficient to convince me. And, though you didn't bet,' sez he, turnin' to Lije, 'I think you fully deserve the ten. Here it is. I thank you, gentlemen, for the finest site that ever my eyes feasted upon. Good mornin';' and he rode off."

Here Lever ceased speaking, and fell to eating very rapidly, as if he wished to make up for lost time.

"Why don't you go on, Bill, and tell the kunnel about the balance of that trip?" inquired Tim Daly.

"'Cause you kin do it as well as me, and I've got to the innard man now."

"Kunnel, Bill don't like to tell this, for ef thar are

anything he humps hisself on *besides ugly*, it is his manners among the fimmales, and I'll say it here before him; he does please the gals fust rate. A grate beau is Bill. The day he left Charleston he dipped inter that gin bar'l putty freekwent, in konsequence of which he was, as one might say, travellin' incogniter all that evening.

"Well, next morning he wanted warter the worst sort; so the fust house he comes to, he goes up to the gate, and hollered, 'Keeps house?' A tall man come out and wanted to know his will. Then it was he stared. Did you ever see a greenhorn at a animal show? Ef you has, then you kin have *some* idear of the look he give Bill.

" 'Could a body git some warter, ef you please?'

"The man stared afresh—so Bill began opening the gate.

" 'Stop, for heaven's sake,' sez the man; 'I'll have it brought to you.—Don't come in—my wife is in a very delicut way, and the frite might cause a flustration.' "

"That's a durned lie," shouted Lever. "Come, boys, let's go in among the gals—I hear the fiddle."

We then adjourned to the "ball-room," which we found crowded with dancers already on the floor.

"Come, kunnel," said Slice, "here is Miss Patsey Jaggers, jest from town, and the best dancer in the room: let me interduce you."

Sol. took my arm—led me across the room—and, in all due form, presented me. I made my congee, and solicited the "exquisite pleasure, the ecstatic delight,"

&c., which she readily promised. We conversed about "town" and the people with whom she had there become acquainted. I found her much more intelligent than the girls one generally meets at such places.

"Take dem pardners, gemplemen," sung out Long Ben, an old negro, who had *fiddled* for that "beat" for the last quarter of a century. I immediately led out Miss Patsey Jaggers, intending to take the "head."

"Col. Slokum," said she, "I see it is well for you I came to-day; I know these people well. They do not like strangers to take, what they call, *liberties*—it would be better, therefore, that we should be second, rather than first, in this reel; and you need not be very precise in your steps; but if you know any *negro* dances, fire away at them!"

When a boy, the negroes, at their frolics on my father's plantation, had initiated me into all the "sleights" of which their African legs were capable; and on this day they stood me a good turn. When my time came, therefore, I took "a hop, skip, and a jump" towards my partner, "racked back on my hind feet a little," then commenced "the double shuffle," "pigeon-wing on the floor," "de same in de ar," "Pete Jonson's knock," "the under cleets," and other *refined* steps, "too numerous to mention;" and finally finished off on "old trimble toes"—a rare and difficult movement.—I saw that I had succeeded, for shouts of applause for "the kunnel" came from all quarters of the room. "Go it, kunnel; you're a trump!" "Look at him, Jake! what do you think of that?" "Why, the man hain't a bone in him!" "He stands back on his hind feet like a venison." "I wish I had him in my barn; he'd

tramp out wheat nice"—and such other comments caused me to hold high my haughty head.

"Bill, now it's yer time," said our beef man. "You are allers good, but I has a faint idear that you has here met yer ekal."

"Two to one on that," squealed out Cowcumber. "I knows Bill well, and I'll go you an independent on his beating yon feller bad."

Lever now began, with a smile on his ugly countenance, and—to my mortification—went through every movement of mine with *more* ease; and in "casting off" he even introduced a *new* step, which would be as difficult to describe as to perform. He called it the *windin blades*.

"Never care, Col.," said my partner; "after this reel, we will risk a waltz together: and my word for it, you will yet win."

The truth is, I did feel miserable, and was impatient to get through.—Immediately, therefore, after the others had taken their seats, I asked Long Ben to play a waltz. By a lucky chance he once had learned *one*: and, as he drew his bow, I started off with my partner. Round and around we went, to the astonishment of all, they never having witnessed any thing of the kind. Miss Patsey was a fine mover, and really one of the most graceful waltzers I have ever seen. As for myself, I was delighted with the ease and action I displayed on that occasion.

"Do not let it become too common," whispered my fair one. I conducted her to a chair, *now* perfectly satisfied with my success.

"Dem is de best dat ever happunt in dis beat," said Long Ben.

"Kunnel, you've won," said Lever, with a hang-dog expression of countenance; "but I'm one what never yit did give up in a dance, of any kind: so, if I kin git a gal, I'll try that lick."

After some persuasion he "got a gal," and, calling on old Ben to "scrape them cat entrails," made an attempt, but found they could not get off. It was something like two unbroken colts when first put in harness; they could not start together. At last Bill bellowed out—"Here's what never baulks," and began to turn, pulling her after him. About the third evolution of this kind, the gal's feet parted company with the floor, and lifted themselves upon a level with her head. I only saw a red petticoat, and—being a modest man—turned my back upon this "pair of revolvers." I could not, however, stop my ears from the remarks of the old woman.

"Oh, *my* Lord!" shrieked old Mrs. Spraggs, "that's *too* bad, to have a feller-creatur's legs a flyin' in that stile."

"Yes," was the observation of that spiteful old maid, Miss Jemima Clipps, "particularly ef the feller-creatur's legs happun to be crooked. I would advise all you young gals to look at yer legs before you undertake anything you ain't used to. Crooked legs is mity bad in them turnin' dances."

I knew, from the noise behind me, that Bill was "keeping even along;" when suddenly the noise was increased a thousand-fold; and on old Mrs. Spraggs exclaiming "thar," I turned in time to see Lever

stretched on the floor, and his gal just "settling upon him." Old Mrs. Spraggs,—kind-hearted old soul—ran to her assistance, and while picking her up *whispered*, as all old ladies do, so as to be heard by all—"Git up, Sall, all these fellers couldn't a seed more ef you was married to 'em all." The "gall" arose to her feet, dealing blows, right and left, upon poor Bill—"Take that, and that, for histin' me up before all these people, you onmannerly, ugly piece of deformity."

"I beg pardon, Sall," pleaded Lever, "I couldn't help it—I wouldn't a done it ef I had knowed! you knows I was on this eend of you and couldn't see nuthin'."

The Amazon became doubly enraged at this, and raising a chair, she threw it at Lever with such force, that, had it done its errand, would have given him his quietus. He adroitly avoided it, however, and escaped through the door. She seemed perfectly satisfied with this *manly* effort at redress; and in a short time looked as if nothing had happened to disturb her peace of mind.

Going into an adjoining room, I found Tim Daly playing "old Sledge" with Cowcumber—five cents a game. Fortune seemed to have favoured the sand-lapper, if one might judge from the number of pieces at his elbow. I stayed to watch the game. After a few deals the luck turned. Cowcumber lost two or three games, when, suddenly pressing both his hands upon his stomach, he emitted some of the most piteous groans that ever came from the breast of man.

"Aha, old feller, you want to come that same old game on me, do you?"

"Oh, but, Tim, do let me go, now, I'll be back *directly*. I tuckt some ile this mornin', and that *must* be attended to."

"No, I tell you, sir, ile or no ile, I don't kere what you do with yourself—thar you sets twell *I* say you kin git up; and I needn't be so purticular in my observations to you as to say, *that* won't be ontwell all that pile comes back inter my hands. You've tricked me before, and as I know yer derved herrin' belly don't trouble you when you are winnin', I'm determined it shan't pester you when yer loosing."

Tim made good his word; in half an hour he had won it all, and that without an accident.

Thus the day was passed, in dancing, drinking, card-playing, and fighting. One "*engagement*" may be mentioned. It was not fought on that day, however, but spoken of by "our beef-man."

About twelve o'clock that night, he, together with two or three others, might have been seen seated on the staircase. Cowcumber was among their number. They seemed to have had a "war talk."

"Talking about fightin'," says Beef, "aminds me of a *engagement* what tuck place atween Joe Humphries and Sam Higgins once. I ain't a goying to tell you 'nother quarrel—*that* would take too long a time: they was at it two years therseffs. Findally, howsomever, they yoked at Spartinbug Court House. Now, you what hain't the *fwintest* idear of what fightin' is, won't b'lieve what I'm bout to *norate*. But, as I was a sayin', they yoked, and they fit, *and* they fit, and I do reckon, in all their backin's *and* forrerdin's they kivered nigh two acres of ground. *Hit* was floatin' in blood!

You might a githered a half a gallon of years, and thumbs, and fingers, and noses! They would bite pieces outen one another and spit 'em out agin, and take a fresh holt, and when they let *that* go the piece would be in ther mouth. They had been fitin' one solid hour, when I got sick and quit the field."

"Which whoopt," inquired Cowcumber.

"I don't know, I left 'em fightin'! the last I heard from thar they was fightin', and I do reckon ther at it yet—its a vinemous fite."

"Who is *he*," I asked of Lever.

"Why, that's Jack Woodruff—he's the derndest, biggest, *onremittentest* liar from Charleston to the mountings!"

CUPPING ON THE STERNUM.

BY H. C. L., OF MISSISSIPPI.

A new-fledged disciple of Æsculapius is the writer of the following sketch, in which is displayed, in bold relief, one of "the ills which flesh is heir to," when subjected to the tender mercies of inexperienced medical practitioners. As H. C. L., like "The Razor-Strop-Man," has "a few more left, of the same sort," we trust when he reads this paragraph he will forthwith set to work and give us some more extracts from "The Diary of a Young Physician."

I HAD been a student of medicine about three weeks, and had got as far as cupping, cathartics, and castor oil, in the noble science of physic, when, as I was sitting in the office, investigating by induction the medicinal properties of a jar of tamarinds, I received a note from my preceptor which ran thus:—

"Mr. L.—You will please take the large cups and scarificator, together with a large blister, up to Mr. J., and cup his negro girl Chaney very freely over the *sternum*; after you have cupped her, apply the blister over the same, as she has inflammation of the lungs."

In anatomy, the *sternum* is that portion of the osseous system known in common parlance as the "breast bone," but at that time I was ignorant of the fact. I had not studied anatomy, and in my ignorance and sim-

plicity of heart, imagined that the doctor wanted her to be cupped and blistered “a posteriori,” or in other words, over the “seat,” and that he had put the “um” to the “stern” in the note, merely for sport, or, it might have been the Latin termination of the word “stern.” Filled with a sense of the delicacy and momentous import of my duty, I provided myself with the necessities, and proceeded to cup Chaney on the *sternum*.

By way of parenthesis, let me create an idea of my patient, so that you may appreciate the field of my operation.

Just imagine a butcher’s block five feet long and four feet through at the butt, converted into a fat bouncing negro wench, with smaller blocks appended for limbs, and you will have a faint conception of the figure and proportions of the delectable portion of humanity upon whom my curative capabilities were to be exhibited.

“How are you to-day, Chaney?” said I, as entering the cabin of my patient, I stood before her.

“Oh, massa young doctor,” said she, “I does feel ’mazing bad—the mis’ry in my bosom almost broke my heart; I can scasely perspere,” (*re-spire*, I suppose she meant, as, judging from the big drops which, like ebony beads, chased each other down her gleaming neck, I thought that she perspired beautifully.)

“I am very sorry to hear it, Chaney; the doctor has sent me up here to cup and blister you, and I hope it will relieve you entirely.”

“Well, the Lord’s will and the doctor’s be done; this anguished sister be’s ready”—and she proceeded to divest her bosom of its concealments, thinking that she had to be cupped over the seat of the pain; but it

was a different *seat* than that, which my cups were destined to exhaust the atmosphere from.

"Stop, Chaney, I was not told to cup you on the breast, but on the *sternum*, so you'll have to turn over!"

"What!" shrieked she, rising straight up in the bed, a great deal whiter in the face than she had been for many a day; "you cup me on de *starn*! Massa young doctor, *tell* me, for de lub of prostituted 'manity, is you in airnest? Oh no, certainly, you is just joking—just making 'musement of de 'stresses of dis female!"

"No, Chaney, there is no mistake. The doctor says you must be cupped there, and it must and shall be done, so get ready."

"Oh, massa doctor, you must be mistaken—you must indeed! De pain no dere, but in my breast! How cupping dere goin' cure pain in de breast, eh? Tell me dat!"

"Well, Chaney, I don't know that I can do that, exactly, but I suppose it will be by sympathy. You know the stern and the bosom are not many feet apart. Any how, I am going to cup you there, if I have to call in help, so you had better consent."

Chaney, seeing that there was no retreat, agreed at last to the operation. Click! click! went the scarificator, and amidst the shouts of the patient and my awful solicitude for fear I might cut an artery, the "deed was did." But no blood flowed, nothing but grease, which trickled out slowly like molasses out of a worm hole. I saw that the cups were too *infatuated* to draw blood from that quarter, so I removed them and applied the blister, and I expect fly-ointment was in demand about that time.

When the doctor returned, after an absence of several hours, he found the patient *entirely relieved*, and a blister drawn with about a tubful of water in its interior. I reckon she used chairs mighty little for a few weeks, and she hated the idea of the operation so bad that she burnt up a bran new dress just because it was *bumbazine*, and reminded her, by the first syllable, of the *seat* of "Cupping on the Sternum."

A BEAR STORY.

BY THE LATE WM. P. HAWES, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

We have in a previous page alluded to the popularity of the author of the following story, as a humorous prose writer. Any article over the signature of "J. Cypress, jr.," was regarded with as much interest as that of "Boz." The following sketch gives a good idea of his peculiar style. We must premise that the scene of the story annexed was a fishing-hut on Fire Island, (a few miles from Long Island,) where a select sporting party were spending the night. The conversation which introduces Venus Raynor's story of the bear, refers to the "Shark Story," published in previous pages of this volume.

"WHAT an infernal lie!" growled Daniel.

"Have my doubts;" suggested the somnolent Peter Probasco, with all the solemnity of a man who knows his situation; at the same time shaking his head and spilling his liquor.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" roared all the rest of the boys together.

"Is he done?" asked Raynor Rock.

"How many shirks was there?" cried long John, putting in his unusual lingual oar.

"That story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heerd tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the

time he went down to the North Pole on a walen' voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Oncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and oncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captain Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned,— "that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it,—although Peter has his doubts."

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can; but I've no 'jections to tell it my way, no how. So, here goes—that's great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a gurgling sound of "something-to-take," running.

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegen bays at the north, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales,—all except the capting, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinking, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em sclumpen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the

leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old capting wanted to kill one o' them varments most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho', he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc'stal, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

“ It wa'n't long 'fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrer piece o' water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked fust strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecorned-like—likes's if he was drivin for a plain plover—so that the bear would'nt think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captain stopped and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was agoin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack again under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there

the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinte, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walkin slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captain kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, just by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs, and his head riz up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast

into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swallowed along on his hinder eend, comen at him. He kept getten weaker, tho', and comen slower and slower all the time, so that at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscot or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, just so near that when they both reached forrads, they could jist about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite naytr'l to suppose, sir, but you see the

bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by being so cloast to him, and breathen hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he just tuk his ramrod and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderat and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there a'nt much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon"—

"But, Venus, stop: tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost"—

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd liked to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the

rightest, and that's—what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, 'Captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sitten looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then, the captin said, he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinken nothin o' them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fish's flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail eend, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn't say so much for himself.

“ Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his natural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he couldn't reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till by-

and-by (jist as the captin said he expected) the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he raaly felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wan't enough for him, or else on account o' his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the beast wouldn't touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and t'other 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he raaly thought he'd a gi'n in and died, if they hadn't pick'd him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They didn't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off—expecten it was the sea-sarpent, or an old maremaid. They woudn't believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly believe it nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore they come to."

"Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No, sir, I believe not; not so bad as one migh

s'pose: for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulaten on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Can't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all, boys. How many's asleep?"

PLAYING "POKER" IN ARKANSAS,

In which is shown, that if walls have ears, they may have voices.

BY A RESIDENT OF THAT "NECK OF TIMBER."

The Arkansas "Intelligencer," published at Van Buren, is not only extremely well edited, but it numbers among its correspondents some of the cleverest men west of the Mississippi. The gentlemen alluded to are occasional contributors to the "Spirit of the Times," which boasts of "a baker's dozen" of them, including "N. of Arkansas," an Ex-Governor, Albert Pike, the famous "Col. Pete Whitstone of the Devil's Fork of the Little Red," and other celebrities in the literary and sporting world.

ANY one who may have had the good fortune to have laid eyes on the "Chart of this Neck of Timber," drawn from actual surveys, and presented, in conformity with a resolution of the Kraked Klub of Fort Gibson, to "Old Festivity, president of the Mystic Club of Van Buren,"—we say good fortune to have laid eyes on one of those charts, for there is very few in existence, and those zealously preserved by the lucky possessors thereof, must have noticed the locality of the "Prairie Store," situated on a commanding eminence about one mile east of south from the fort. To that spot we wish to direct the attention of the reader.

The "Prairie Store," owned by Mr. —, has been long occupied by the owner as a mercantile establishment. The building itself is of considerable dimensions,

built of logs neatly put together, pointed and white-washed, whilst a number of scattered out-houses, such as kitchens, barns, stables, and the like, lend to the *tout ensemble* quite a village-like appearance. Among the several out-houses connected with and situated directly in the rear of the "Store," is one used formerly and for a length of time as a bakery. This one had been rented and recently fitted up as a gambling-house, by an individual of sporting or rather gambling notoriety, generally known throughout the county under the soubriquet of *Cherokee Brown*.

The building was composed of two rooms, one in which Mr. B's. *tricks* were most imposingly spread upon a stationary table at one end, with barely a sufficiency of space between it and the wall, for that gentleman to sit whilst in the pursuit of his profession. The room was lined with clap boards, of which material the entire building was composed, with a low incapacious loft overhead, which was the locale of his sleeping apartment, the entrance to which lay through a square hole in the ceiling of the adjoining room.

For the purpose intended, this spot was most admirably chosen; for situated as it is, very nearly in the centre of the neighbourhood, and surrounded as it was, at inconsiderable distances, with quite a number of *Board Taverns* and *Groceries*, the "Prairie Store" has become the rendezvous of the denizens and sojourners of this "Nick of Timber."

We are quite partial to the antique, and have ever held in high veneration the quaint old maxims which have been handed down to us since the "good old days of Adam and Eve," and there is one among those wise

old sayings which reads, if we do not greatly mistake, "Give the devil his due," the charity of which we are in nowise inclined to contest or oppose ; and are, therefore, quite willing to admit that much credit is most certainly due the dashy projector of the scheme, for the tact he displayed both in the choice of locality and the various tricks devised to avoid the prolixity of a well-contested game, to enhance the chances in his favour, and to transfer with more ease and rapidity any moneys from the pockets of his *customers* to those of his own. Among other tricks devised by the gentleman of the sombre appellation, that of the *trumpet* deserves to be recorded.

The mechanism of the trumpet was such as at once to announce in its originator no inconsiderable knowledge of the philosophy of sounds. From the loft over the gambling-room, and leading along the floor, and downwards between the weather-boarding and ceiling, to a point about four feet from the ground, and directly in rear of the chair usually occupied by B., a tube of an inch diameter was arranged. Several small holes in the ceiling gave to a person above the opportunity of perceiving, at a glance, the contents of the hands of those whose backs were towards him, whilst the lowest whisper through the tube was conducted with the utmost distinctness to the ear of him who occupied the chair, and yet could not be heard one foot beyond. Of course B. required an accomplice for the successful prosecution of the game, and with a most efficient one was he provided, who will be introduced to the reader in his proper place. Such was the mechanism of the trumpet, the star invention of the age. Every thing had been

most artfully prepared, and a game was only wanting to prove its efficiency. Happily they had not long to await, but were soon accommodated, and in the end received more than they had bargained for.

On a certain evening towards the close of last September, a large crowd of sporting characters, as was usual, had gathered at the "store," among whom was a sturdy native of the mountain districts of the "Old North State," over six feet in perpendicular measurement, and of uncommon bone and sinew; he looked any thing but his name, which by that singular license of nomenclature that indiscriminately gives dark names to fair people, and mechanical ones to any thing but artisans, had allotted him the *buoyant* name of Cork. *Faro* had been the order of the day, but on the approach of night, *Brown* had bantered the hardy mountaineer, who was said to be a brag player, for a game of poker, which was instantly taken up.

After the usual supper hour, the two retired to the gambling room, and locking themselves in, were soon deep into the mysteries by pairs and flushes. The game terminated at a late hour, considerably in favour of Cork. The next day the game was continued, but now, contrary to all precedents, luck was a dead letter, and science yielded to art. Cork was beat from the commencement. The strongest cards which fell to his hand yielded but the bare *ante*, whilst no brag of his remained uncoiled when his opponent was superior. Suspecting some trick was being played upon him, he racked his brains to discover the secret. The cards were minutely examined, and every motion of his antagonist narrowly scrutinized, but in vain; till at length

making a large brag on no pair, he observed Brown lean back in his chair, his head resting against the wall as though he was deliberating within himself the policy of calling and the probability of winning. At that moment a vague and indescribable thought flashed across his mind.

"Fifty dollars better, you say?" observed Brown.

"There's the money, you can see for yourself."

"Well," said Brown, hesitatingly, "I call."

"No pair," said Cork.

"No pair," returned Brown.

"You beat me, I know."

"I've nothing but a single king," observed Brown.

"That beats me, but by G—d I'll find out this trick, or die in my tracks!" vociferated Cork, at the same time drawing forth his bowie-knife and rising from his chair.

Satisfied within himself that he had been tricked, his suspicions were directed over head. The first room was narrowly searched, and then the adjoining one, and then his attention was immediately directed to the square aperture in the loft, which was at the time closed with hay, as though that portion of the building was filled with the particular commodity. Unhesitatingly he mounted, easily removing the little hay that lay over the hole, which was indeed only used as a blind, and ascended to the loft. Profound darkness reigned there above, and while groping his way to the opposite end of the house, he stumbled against the body of some person, who, like a sleeping man when disturbed, turned over on his back, and went, accordingly, through all the preliminary steps of returning consciousness.

"Who in the h—l are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Why, it's me, Rothrock, I was up till day-break, and stole up here to take a nap," groaned that individual, who is too well known throughout all this neck of woods to make a description of him at all needful.

"But what's the matter with you, Cork?"

"I've been tricked, and I am right after unraveling it!"

By degrees, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, he perceived the tin tube which lay along the floor, leading to the wall, and downwards. To tear it from the floor, and trace it to its termination was the work of but a few seconds. During this time, however, Brown having an eye to his own individual merit and corporeal safety, had decamped with his money and his *faro tools*, and deposited them at the "store." Soon after, Cork sallied from the house, bearing in his arms several yards of tin pipe, which he amused himself chopping up, to the great edification of the crowd. Rothrock, too, emerged from his *den*, and arming himself with something similar to a blunderbuss, had retired to a room adjoining the store. Cork having made a finish of the pipe, and his rage still unabated, looked around him for something else whereon to vent his fury. Recollecting Rothrock, and satisfied he was B.'s accomplice, he broke off in pursuit, and discovering that individual, he seized him by the throat and dashed him to the earth, and notwithstanding the coward's reiterated prayers for mercy, kicked and cuffed him to his heart's content.

Brown reappeared in the scene armed *cap-à-pie*, and

murder *might* have ensued had not some person interposed, and proposed that each party should abide the decision of three umpires. The proposition was acceded to, and three individuals selected, who, upon consultation, decided that the affair should terminate in Brown's refunding to Cork an amount sufficient to place him as he stood at the beginning of the game.

Brown, being glad to get off without bones being broken, came to the conclusion that it would be wise to emigrate, and went off at strides of about nine and a half feet to the lay down and picked it up like rats fighting, and has not been heard of since.

THE END.

Emma

THE
DRAMA IN POKERVILLE;
THE BENCH AND BAR OF JURYTOWN,
AND
OTHER STORIES.

BY "EVERPOINT,"
(J. M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS REVEILLE.)

With Eight Illustrations,
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS, ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,
BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

Philadelphia:
T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS,
306 CHESTNUT STREET

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
A. HART,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Dedication.

TO MESSRS. CAREY & HART,

Publishers, Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN—This morning, accompanying certain proof-sheets, I received a few lines from you, informing me that I had neglected to enclose among my MSS. of "*The Drama in Pockerville*," &c., a *Dedication*! and requesting me, at once, to supply the deficiency, under peril of a delayed press and further calamities! Gentlemen, in my present distress of mind, I readily know no friends whom *I think more of* than yourselves; permit me, therefore, in no less sincerity than haste, to dedicate the volume to *you*, whose enterprise and liberality have opened out a native literary path, which, albeit not the most elevated, nevertheless hath its pleasant ways, and which I hope very many may travel with more credit to themselves, and amusement to the public, than doth your obliged servant,

THE AUTHOR.

St. Louis, Mo., June 7, 1847.

PREFACE.

THE reader will have seen, from the preceding page, that the author of the present collection of stories is either very remiss in his habits, or else very green at publishing. "The Drama in Pokerville" actually sent to the printer without a dedication! What will he say, then, when he is informed that the same letter which called for the dedication, reminded the author that he was also sending forth his book, in the most barefaced manner, without a *Preface* either!

The *Drama in Pokerville* came as near being damned for want of regular announcement, as it too often does, in other important places, from pushing the announcements, &c., too far! The truth is, the author would have been content, letting the reader do his own prefacing, and arriving at his own conclusion—in the middle of the volume, perhaps—but the demand has been made, and the *pourquoi* of the matter must be given.

In a few words, then, certain scatterlings on the face of the land have been, for some time back, scribbling queer things for the amusement of the queer people, and, volume after volume, these things have been, queerly, condensing into book shape, taking upon themselves, moreover, certain

decencies of binding, and what not, and actually getting responsible persons to stand up and answer for their adoption into the more regularly begat, and better conditioned family of literature. They are called eccentric, to be sure, but then they are tolerated as being such, and, satisfied with their reception, they are contentedly multiplying their numbers—we will not presume to say influence—day by day.

The respectable publishers of the present volume are chiefly responsible for the sin of its appearance. From their vast literary granary, they think it good and wholesome to dispense, occasionally, a measure of mirth; and they have thought it good, moreover, to select the present writer as one who might, perhaps, assist in supplying the demand. The writer has nothing further to say, (whatever he may hope,) save that the new stories in the collection were written very hastily, and that the longest of them—"The Drama," &c.—he has had no opportunity of revising, a proof of it not having been included among the sheets sent to him. As Manager Dust might say, he throws himself entirely "upon the known generosity of a Pokerville audience!"

THE AUTHOR.

St. Louis, Mo., June 7, 1847.

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THE
DRAMA IN POKERVILLE;

OR, THE

GREAT SMALL AFFAIR COMPANY.

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR ANNOUNCEMENT!

POKERVILLE THEATRE,

(LATE WILSON'S STORE-SHED.)

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON!

Thus doth immortal Shakspeare flourish still—

First night of a short season in Pokerville!

☞ MR. OSCAR DUST, Manager of the Great Small Affair Theatre, begs to inform the public, that, at the urgent solicitation of many distinguished citizens, he has arrived, with the purpose of FOUNDED THE DRAMA in Pokerville! Mr. O. D. announces his intention of making simply a *short season* of two weeks—or more at farthest—during which time he will have the honour of presenting to the citizens of Pokerville, in a style of unrivalled perfection, all the *cheif de evers* of dramatic genius!

Mr. O. D. would call attention to the following unprecedented list of talent :

MRS. OSCAR DUST, of the Great Small Affair Theatre, also of the principal eastern houses, this being the last engagement which she will perform prior to her *departure for Europe!*

MISS FANNY WILKINS,—poetically termed the *Rising Star!*

MR. KEMBLE WHITE, whose performance of Rollo has been hailed as the only true picture of the proud Peruvian.

MR. JOHN WATERS, the Classic Veteran.

MR. T. FITZCAROL, the distinguished Vocalist, from Drury Lane Theatre, London.

MR. HENRY CHARLES JOHNSON, the celebrated Musician and Composer.

MR. HENRY, Artist.

MR. CHARLES, Costumer.

MR. JOHNSON, Machinist.

Mr. O. D. feels, that, with this powerful array of talent, he may safely announce to the citizens of Pokerville a *classic treat*, on this, the

OPENING NIGHT,

Monday, June 6,

When will be presented the celebrated Anglo-German-Peruvian Tragedy of

PIZARRO,

OR,

THE DEATH BRIDGE,

(With a new PRECIPICE.)

✂ Mr. O. D. respectfully informs the public, that, availing himself of the peculiar structure of the building, the artist of the establishment has been enabled to

present the *Bridge scene* in a thrillingly effective manner.

Characters in the Play.

ROLLO, The Proud Peruvian, -	Mr. KEMBLE WHITE.
Pizarro, - - - - -	Mr. J. Waters.
Alonzo, - - - - -	Mr. T. Fitzcarol.
Ataleba, - - - - -	Mr. Oscar Dust.
Valverde, - - - - -	Mr. Henry.
Osano, - - - - -	Mr. Charles.
Sentinel, - - - - -	Mr. Johnson.
ELVIRA,—“Meet and Survive!”	Mrs. OSCAR DUST.
Cora,—Daughter of the Sun, -	Miss Fanny Wilkins.
Priests, Vestals, Peruvians, Spaniards, &c., by the rest of the Company.	

Act 1st. The Conqueror.

Act 2d. The Descent of Real Fire ‘

Act 3d. The Conflict. “Cora! rather bid me strike this sword into my heart!”

Act 4th. The Blighted Plantain!

Act 5th. THE DEATH BRIDGE.

✍ Mr. O. D. would respectfully request attention to Mr. Kemble White’s dying scene, it having been universally acknowledged as the most faithful delineation of death from *gun-shot wounds*.

After the Tragedy,

“MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD,”

(In character,) - - - by Mr. T. Fitzcarol.

Pas de Pokerville,

‘Composed and arranged expressly for the occasion,) - - - MISS FANNY WILKINS.

The whole to conclude with the new and favourite Afterpiece, called

NATURE vs. PHILOSOPHY ;

OR,

“Is it a Bird?”

COLIN, The youth who never	}	Mrs. OSCAR DUST.
saw a woman,		
Eliza, Her first ecstasy,	-	Miss Fanny Wilkins.

NOTICE.—Colonel Mugs, chief constable, will be in attendance to enforce an observance of *etiquette*. The three front benches reserved for ladies. No smoking allowed, save at the windows. ☞ Peanuts and Pecans prohibited, save while the curtain is down.

No admittance behind the scenes on any account

Palladium Office, primi.

FEELING IN POKERVILLE.

The Great Small Affair poster, printed at the office of the Pokerville Palladium—one full sheet—attracted the gaze of all, as may be supposed. There was, certainly, a great desire felt to have a theatre established in Pokerville, a very promising town, situated “out”—somewhere, on the “Big”—something, at the head of navigation, with a fine back country, and, consequently bound to become “a place,” as sure as shooting! There were, already, several brick stores; merchants were settling, steamboats arriving, *prodoose* departing,—in short, “taking a company” there was a sure speculation, and Manager Dust no sooner submitted the matter to Mrs. D., than she, unequivocally,

pronounced it to be a first-rate idea! There was a "heap" of taste in Pokerville, too, and it had its "first families;" besides, its larger neighbour, Coonsborough, which hitherto had engrossed all the business, had long had a theatre, and corner lots commanded, even already, more in Pokerville than they did in Coonsborough. It was perfectly plain, then, that Manager Dust was just nat'rally bound to make "a corde of money!"

The Pokerville Palladium hailed, with enthusiasm, the "*dawn* of Thespis," as the editor figuratively expressed it. Printing the bills; on terms of admiring intimacy with Mrs. Oscar Dust; rather smitten with Miss Fanny Wilkins, and on cocktail acquaintance with the rest of the company, from Mr. Kemble White to Messrs. Henry, Charles, and Johnson,—a mysterious *trinity*, of whom more anon,—how could the editor of the Palladium be other than favourable? That widely circulated journal, after describing the nobly conceived and expensive alterations which had converted "Wilson's store-shed" into a home of the muses, and assuring its readers, that the *coop de oil* (the editor never indulged in French—this notice must have been written by the more refined manager) would "strike every beholder," went off into even a sublimer strain with regard to the Great Small Affair Company! Mrs. Oscar Dust, to Siddonian majesty, united grace and pathos, speaking a native delicacy of mind; while Miss Fanny Wilkins, as rich in the accomplishments of the *artiste* as remarkable for the propriety of her private deportment, was formed to captivate all hearts. Mr. Kemble White was clearly marked as the future pride of the American stage; attention was called to

the chaste and beautiful reading of the "Classic Veteran," Mr. Waters; Mr. Fitzcarol was to stir the soul with melody, while Mr. Henry Charles Johnson, Mr. Henry, Mr. Charles, and *plain* Johnson, were all wonders, in their way.

The three taverns, and thirty-three bar-rooms, of Pokerville, exclusive of a billiard-room and ten-pin-alley, were alive at an early hour. No event had been so discussed since the arrival of the first steamboat. A travelling *menagerie*, to be sure, the summer previous, with its elephant and monkeys, had attracted considerable attention, but this was all forgotten, and *varmints* were "no whar," in comparison with the anticipations with regard to Wilson's store-shed, and real live actors! Several had made bold to peep inside, in spite of the "No Admittance" which frowned from a shingle, over the door, and each one declared that it just beat any thing "this side of Orleans," to death! The niggers were patting Juba on every corner, but the pleasurable excitement among the "first families" was scarcely less remarkable. The leading woman was Mrs. Major Slope, whose husband having had a trust of some kind in Florida, had "helped himself and quit," to enjoy a tolerable-sized plantation—settled on his wife. Mrs. S. had "been on to Washington" *twice*, and, altogether, taste and fashion were of the Slope cut in Pokerville. Mrs. Oscar Dust had letters to Mrs. Major Slope, and Mrs. Major Slope had, at at once, called on Mrs. Oscar Dust; both ladies were charmed with the identity of their tastes and feelings—the *ideal* being paramount with each, and friendship and patronage were things of course. Didn't Mrs. Oscar Dust *spread* herself, to the entire obscuration of

Miss Fanny Wilkins, who had not the *entrée* of society! and didn't she manage, in the blandest kind of way, to take preventive measures against said young lady's ever arriving at that high distinction!

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR OPENING.

It was a great night for Pokerville! Everybody knows what a first night is! Colonel Mug, as *chef de police*, made a desperate effort to retain front seats, but Mrs. Major Slope coming *rather* late, and Mrs. Wilson, lady of "Wilson's store-shed," feeling herself, under the circumstances, equally privileged, both ladies were obliged to stand up and be *scrouged* until chairs could be brought from the hotel, when they were gracefully placed—like sister muses, as Mr. Oscar Dust expressed it—in opposite corners of the *proscenium*; from which remote position Mrs. Major Slope immediately prepared to bring the performances *to her*, by means of a double-barreled opera-glass! Mr. H. C. Johnson, an unobtrusive young man, with straight hair, and a faint rent under the arm, now took his seat at the piano—Mrs. Major Slope's *own*, and which now constituted the Great Small Affair orchestra. Apples were munched, pecans cracked; there was a lively chewing and spitting, while at least six in each window, with one leg dangling out, smoked, in strict compliance with the published regulations. Every thing was lively, too, behind the scenes; Mr. Oscar Dust, never taking more than "three minutes to dress," was busy with the lights, having got through the tickets; Mrs. Oscar and Miss Fanny, dressing together, behind a carefully

pinned-up shawl, were "hooking" each other; Mr. Kemble White was pulling on his fleshings, behind a "throne chair;" Mr. Fitzcarol was contemplating a somewhat peculiar physiognomy—of which more anon—in a triangular bit of looking-glass, under a sconce; while the Classic Veteran, Mr. Waters, already dressed for Pizarro, under a black feather and a press of enthusiasm, was measuring the stage—exactly five strides in depth. Messrs. Henry, Charles, and *plain* Johnson, were not about, singularly enough, but the matter was partially explained when, a Strauss waltz ceasing in front, Mr. H. C. Johnson suddenly made his appearance behind, pulled off his pants, showed his legs, already incased in *tights*, jerked on a pair of buff boots, slipped into a tunic, and was dressed for Valverde! Mr. Fitzcarol, who was "dressed under" for Alonzo, now clapped on a white shirt and gray wig, to "double" Orozimbo; Mr. Oscar Dust prepared himself in a trice to do the same for Las Casas; the Spanish and Peruvian armies were supposed to be "seen off." A tinkle of the bell—Mr. O. D. himself pulled up the curtain, and now "Hats off in front!"—"Stop them pecans!"—"Silence!"—"Sit down!" &c.

Elvira! (Mrs. Oscar Dust,) had seen all the Siddons prints, and Queen Catherine, Lady Macbeth, Constance, and Mrs. Oscar Dust herself, in their combined majesties, now *loomed* upon the Pokerville audience, their heads, in fact, almost in the skies, which—perhaps in some measure owing to the "peculiar construction" of the house—seemed to bend to meet them. There was a tremendous cheer. Mrs. Major Slope waved her handkerchief, for which reason Mrs. Wilson's store-shed did *not*, and Mrs. Oscar Dust's practised eye at once per-

ceived that she would have to manœuvre between rival patronesses. Her courtesy was the grandest thing ever seen in Pokerville, while the way in which, with a corner of either grateful eye, she signified the intensity of her emotions to each corner of the stage, was little less than a thrill to the fair occupants of both. Mrs. Oscar Dust was a lady of a *very* "certain age," with a decidedly commanding figure; that is, she weighed one hundred and eighty pounds! She was florid, with a "remarkably fine head of hair;" prominent eyes, which she made peculiarly effective in her mad scenes, and a nose somewhat fat, and of an "upward tendency," as they say in the cotton market. Mrs. Dust was a great wardrobe fancier, and she now stood wrapt up in classic interest. She wore the identical train, "as Waters knew," (he knew every thing, "like a good creature,") in which Mrs. Siddons took her farewell of the stage. Her satin under-dress was that in which Miss O'Niel made her first appearance in London; her drapery had been sent to her from Paris by Mam'selle Mars; while her girdle had clasped the waist of Josephine *l'Empératrice* herself! There was an anecdote complimentary to Mrs. Dust in every inch of every article she wore, down to the darns on her silk stockings; and if in all this grandeur she still looked a little dingy, it was entirely owing to her romantic devotion to such relics; indeed, as Mrs. Dust was fond of declaring, they were essential to her inspirations!

Elvira was the "great creature" in every gesture. Mr. *Henry* was "chaste and correct," and, with the roll of a drum, skilfully executed by Mr. Oscar Dust at the wing, entered the Conqueror of Peru. This is no time to criticize: suffice it that the "doubles"

acted a full night's work in either part, regardless of the fact that they were "dressed under" for still more arduous duties. Elvira was thrillingly severe upon Pizarro; Valverde took upon himself to stab Orozimbo instead of Davilla, no warrior of the latter name being by; the murderous blow was received with a yell, as a favourite point; the conqueror declared his intentions with regard to Quito, and down fell the curtain upon a "deep sensation!"

SECOND ACT—Introducing Miss Fanny Wilkins—Cora! and there she was, a *nice* little, fair-skinned, open-eyed, loveable-looking girl, with a modest air, and *such* ancles; the whole effect rendered more *piquant* by her simple white dress, the *right* length to a line. And there was "Cora's child," too,—by the by, we have never heard that Alonzo entertained any misgivings on the subject, but the play-bills invariably pay but little attention to his claims as a father—"Cora's child!" concerning which innocent the happy mother observes, that "he will speak soon;" and that his teeth, "pearls," &c., will soon "break the crimson buds that do encase them," but which lines Miss Fanny Wilkins judiciously "cut out," inasmuch as that "her lord's image and her heart's adored," the teethingling in question, was a seven year old, with a wide mouth, and one who, moreover, wore a spangled child's frock over his own trowsers and a pair of brogans. Cora had remonstrated, to be sure, but, as the child was a "property," and not a "character," Mr. Charles, who was at the head of this department, observed, with *almost* temper, that if Mr. Johnson had to spend his time making precipices, and Mr. Henry had to paint them, and plain Johnson had to study, and Mr. Henry Charles

Johnson had to "play the people in," and then "double" three parts, he was not likely to have much time left to run round town getting children! The protean Mr. Johnson was really a very good-natured fellow, and seldom "let out" in this way, above all against Miss Fanny Wilkins; but opening nights are opening nights in all theatres, and this was his apology subsequently. There stood Mr. Fitzcarol, too, as Alonzo, the group forming a very pleasing example of the *domestic picturesque*. Mr. Fitzcârol was more like himself in this part, being rid of his Orozimbo gray whig, beard, &c.; we say that he was more *like himself*, without, be it understood, having the slightest reference to physiognomy, for a man with a broken nose is not very apt to look like other people. Mr. Fitz, or "Figurehead," as he was sometimes called, had met with that misfortune, and it prayed upon his spirits decidedly. He no longer "occupied a position," and his nasal regret was constantly, "Before I lost my nose I was a *feature!*" He had acted in "principal theatres;" had even "sung in London!" He had been remarkable for his Roman nose and fine wardrobe; was famous in all the singing captains; and at a patriotic song, especially if he could draw a sword in it between the pieces, he was unrivalled. But this glory was too much for one man. On the production of the *Bayadère*, in a provincial theatre, he was, as the god, pitched out of the car, on the first night, breaking his nose, and, worse than all, ruining the run of the piece. The star *Bayadère*, however, had cause to be grateful; it was to the self-sacrificing gallantry of her companion that she owed her safety; he broke her fall—and his own nose at the same time; he preserved the star, but ceased himself

to be a "feature!" Everybody has heard of a "shocking bad hat," without being able to fix in their minds what the peculiarity expressed, or intended to be expressed, exactly is. They know that it is a *bad* hat, but the epithet "shocking" neither expresses shape, size, nor quality. They only know that it is a strange, sad object, one carefully to be avoided in society; and so it was pretty nearly with the vocalist's nose, it was a *shocking* bad nose! Whether it was the flattening immediately under the eyes, the crush of the arch, as it were, upon the sight; or the spring, from the ruins, of the tip—like a young nose on its own account—to the left, the general effect was most peculiar, giving Mr. Fitz's face a sort of *zig-zag* expression, and whether he rolled his eyes in sentiment, or flashed them in ire, it was equally disastrous to the scene, with the audience. "Figurehead," or "the feature," had at length found his way into the great small affair theatres, where, gouged eyes and bitten noses exciting less admiration, he got along with more tranquillity; being generally allowed, moreover, to be "some" in "Draw the sword Scotland!" He had been rather nervous about his *debût*, poor fellow, but he had *shown his nose*, and all was right, and he was happy! Cora went on with her maternal rhapsodies, and, after all, her "lord's image" did bear something of a family likeness, for albeit the *child* had not a broken nose, yet his pug was of a very odd pattern, and the addition of a squint made up something of the *zig-zag* expression mentioned.

But now another roll of the drum behind the scenes. L. H. 2d ent. Three vigorous cheers from the throats of Mr. Oscar Dust and his factotum, the triune Mr. Johnson, a stentorian command to station—sentinels,

doubtless, "opposite the Spanish camp," and on came Mr. Kemble White, *the* acknowledged Rollo;—sword, shield, sandals, shirt, all complete; a magnificent entrance, and to thunders of applause! Mr. Kemble White was even above the heroic height, but not quite up to the heroic weight, as established by the success of Mr. Gonz, the great eastern actor, who made two hundred kick the beam! Mr. White had equal advantages of lungs, but could not exactly reach the two feet round the calf! What then? Why, as independent of nature as a rising tragedian had a right to be, he "made himself up!" There he stood, his magnificent breadth of chest—*padding* we mean—heaving and swelling, and his unrivalled legs walking into all the boatmen. There was somewhat of a disproportion noticeable, occasionally as a long stride was taken, between calf and thigh, but a very deep voice and a deeper frown awed any thing like impertinent inquiry.

"Jovian!" exclaimed Mrs. Major Slope, elevating her *lorgnette*.

"Jo *who*?" inquired the major, emptying his mouth for a fresh chew.

"The front of Jove, himself!" continued the lady, by way of making herself more intelligible. The major was not an enthusiastic man, and simply drawing the back of his hand over his lips, he replenished his jaw.

The "temple scene!" there was the altar, sure enough, a packing box set up on end, and all over rays of vivid yellow, from a Dutch metal sun, right in the centre! Mr. Kemble White addressed his "brave associates," whom he "saw off," with an earnestness of

argument to convince all present that they were actually ranged behind the wings; and now, to test the vocal powers of the "whole company!" Mr. Oscar Dust, another "double," entered as the high priest, all in white; Mr. Waters followed (to *oblige*) similarly attired; the virgins of the sun were "seen off"—just behind the Peruvian army, doubtless,—Mr. H. C. Johnson made his appearance very unaccountably in the orchestra, and Mr. Oscar Dust began his *Solo*! His gestures were the most appropriate in the world; his legs, visibly, were employed in modulating the sound, and yet, some how or other, there was something queer about it, it was not Manager Dust's voice,—it was an evident *nose* tone. There was great applause, however, when the "feature" whose back had been turned, *abstractedly*, from the audience, observed, with a deep sigh, to Miss Fanny Wilkins, that he did none of this kind of humbug before he lost his nose! "Doubling" a *voice* stuck in his throat decidedly! The fire came down from heaven, only sticking a *little* time, while the kink in the wire was shaken out; the whole effect was sub—pshaw, of course it was!

THIRD ACT.—"Hold, recreant, cowards," &c., a burst of indignant remonstrance on the part of the proud Peruvian which made the roof of Wilson's store-shed shiver, and which was only marred by the proud Peruvian's *cimetry* giving way—that is, he burst his suspenders and let his heroic *calves* down! He hitched himself up behind, though, with a readiness of resource characteristic of genius, and dashed off, once more, with his reassured countrymen, to rescue their beloved Inca. Mrs. Major Slope declared that it was worthy of the drama in its palmy days, and the editor of the

Palladium, Busby Case, Esq., signified his intention of going it strong in his next article.

FOURTH ACT.—And still increasing interest. Mr. Johnson multiplied himself once more by disguising in a bunch of keys and spear, for the sentinel; Alonzo was rescued, Elvira wooed the proud Peruvian to his revenge. A change of scene, and there lay “the accursed destroyer of his country’s peace”—the classic Mr. Waters, on the recent altar, now laid flat and covered by a red domino, the whole representing a martial couch! Pizarro was grasped by the throat, dragged forward in a series of shakes—a heroic *tableau* was formed at the very feet of Mrs. Major Slope, and “put it into him, hoss!” “Look out old coon!” &c., testified to the ready sensibilities of the audience. Immediately followed Mrs. Oscar Dust’s greatest triumph, as it was critically termed; where, her vengeance foiled, and feelings outraged, she “jest let out” as Mrs. Store-Shed Wilson graphically expressed it. The injured heroine drew up a statement of wrongs, piled on a recapitulation, and capped the whole with a scream that not only made the hair, but the entire front bench rise right up! in fact, it quite “*cuddled* one’s blood”—once more in Mrs. Store-Shed Wilson’s graphic and powerful language. Then were “guards” ordered to “seize that frantic woman!” and then entered that same—no, not *individual* Johnson, once more with a spear, making signs to the *six others*, whom he *saw off*, not to come on, as he himself, doubtless, would prove enough for her, and then Mrs. Oscar Dust marched to death in a grander style than her Siddons train and O’Neil petticoat had ever before assisted in; and then, amid showers of tears, and shouts of applause, a natural

tribute to the greatest *dust* breathing, didn't it seem almost futile to expect any thing further in the way of grandeur? Of course it did—and yet the Pokerville audience sat there, evidently inclined to risk it; and so, up went the curtain for the fifth Act.

“The death-bridge!” There it was indeed! The “peculiar construction of the house” had been made the most of, certainly. In one of the back corners of “Wilson’s store-shed,” a six-feet-square “office” had been partitioned off, now dignified as the wardrobe and property room. A cut in the partition, some four feet from the ground, served as a window, and the quick eye of Mr. Oscar Dust at once detected the full advantages of this point. For instance, in robber processions, think of the effect to be produced by himself, Mr. Johnson, and one or two other “doubles” *winding down the mountains* out of this window; disappearing at an upper entrance; again out at the window; again off—keeping the pot bilin’, as the boys say, and thus impressing the audience with the immense resources of the establishment. The “Forty Thieves,” upon this hint, was already underlined to be produced “upon a scale of unexampled magnificence!” The “peculiar construction” was of striking service in the present bridge-scene, inasmuch as that Mr. Oscar Dust had again stuck the “altar” upon end, opposite to it,—stretched a plank from one to the other, faced the whole with a few *precipitous* “set pieces,” nearly as high as his shoulders, and, to crown the effect of the whole, had contrived an axle and crank, by means of which to turn a flour barrel, ingeniously painted and speckled with raw cotton to resemble a waterfall! The scene was hailed with shouts; Mr. Oscar Dust did his own

turning, vigorously grinding, with one hand, and as industriously wiping his brow with the other; the scene proceeded, and Rolla daringly seized the *child*, who, being rather overgrown, as we have stated, and somewhat frightened at his unceremonious lift, incontinently put a leg over each shoulder of his preserver, and pertinaciously kept it there.

“Who stirs one step, to follow, dies upon the spot!” The proud Peruvian dashed off the stage to make his way out to the bridge, through the properties; Pizarro rushed up to give his orders; Mr. Johnson, as “the guards,” leveled his gun. Rolla’s *calves* were discovered crossing the bridge—the superior parts of the hero being hid in the “flies,” the word was given: “Fire upon him”—when a scream burst from the footlights, and Mrs. Major Slope, dropping her opera-glass in strong hysterics, and crying “Hold, monsters!” threw herself between the fugitive and destruction, just as the fatal weapon—*snapped!* The sensation was “thrilling,” and sharing the general astonishment, the waterfall stopped instantaneously! Mrs. Oscar Dust, minus her Siddons train, and even more essential portions of dress than that, flew to the aid of her friend; Mr. Oscar Dust, with great presence of mind, lowered the curtain preparatory to stepping in front of it, and asking if there was “a doctor in the house?” Mr. Major Slope, who, having been out to get a little “peach,” had returned just at the climax, and who appeared to be “used to it,” backed out again to get the carriage ready; the audience were in a stupor of amazement, when Mr. Oscar Dust once more appeared to assure them that the paroxysm was passed;—that there was no danger; that it had simply been the effect of over-

wrought feelings—the intensity of the dramatic action, aided as it was, in a scenic view, by the peculiar construction of the house! The last scene, Mr. Dust observed, was yet to come—Mr. Kemble White's great dying scene, his truthful delineation of a death from *gun-shot wounds*; *should* the play proceed, or stop there, in sympathy with a too amiable lady? He awaited their pleasure.

The astonishment had certainly been great, but the sympathy was not so apparent. "Bring on your dead man!" cried one sovereign auditor. "Start your Niagara agin!" shouted another—both desires sanctioned on the part of the whole by rounds of applause. Mr. Oscar Dust bowed, smiled, and retired; up went the curtain again; there was a shouting behind of "Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!" and on came the hero of the death-bridge, drenched in blood from his wig to his waist-band. Mr. Kemble White had evidently studied the effect of having his brains blown out; and first, raising himself on one arm, he pawed the air touchingly with the other, as much as to say, "it wasn't you, old fellow!" Then, dragging himself on to one knee, he was suddenly seized with vertigo and described several circles, with his head gradually settling into a lengthened shake. Next, after divers neuralgic twitchings, he recovered his eye-sight, exclaimed, "Cora!" and, privileged, as a dead man, he ensanguined one side of her neck in an embrace. Turning now, wanderingly, he perceived Alonzo, and shook him deprecatingly by the hand, saying, as plainly as pantomime could say, "Don't be jealous, you see my brains are out!" and now, with a triumphant laugh, he clutched up the *child*; daubed it on both cheeks; examined it all over

to see that *its* brains were not out, also ; and finally, joining the hands of its parents, and reaching up to the “flies” for a blessing, to slow music, he stiffened himself perpendicularly for a “back fall ;” balanced himself a moment, and then, dropping his chin on his breast, to save the back of his head, down he went—“K’chuck !” as an excited auditor exclaimed, in a half-suppressed tone of sympathy ! It was a thrilling delineation ; a grand performance ; the drama was founded in Pokerville !

In the mean time, Mrs. Major Slope had been placed in a carriage. The major took it quietly ; fortifying himself with a fresh *chew*, and simply muttering something about being married to a fashionable woman ! off they went. Mr. Fitzcarol now “*Marched to the Battle Field,*” and Miss Fanny Wilkins danced her *Pas de Pokerville*, amid yells of approbation ; and, now, at the moment of “ringing up” for the afterpiece, Mr. Oscar Dust once more stepped before the curtain. It was under a mingled feeling that he now appeared before them ; his heart was certainly not deaf to the triumphant voice which told him that the drama was founded in Pokerville ; an accomplished lady, though, had suffered from the too intense excitement ; and he also grieved to say, that of a kindred nature, Mrs. Oscar Dust was severely shaken by the sufferings of her friend. She feared, that in the afterpiece of NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY, or, *Is it a Bird ?* she might be not all herself ; they would appreciate her feelings ; they were Americans—yes, they were *Pokervillians* ! and Mr. Dust retired ’mid a profound sensation.

Colin was “a sweet part,” as Mrs. Oscar Dust used to say, and in her hands, it was a downright *lolly pop*,

the young couple were united, and the curtain fell, and the crowd dispersed, and Mrs. Oscar Dust was no longer "the observed of all observers," seeing that she was behind the shawl, taking her trowsers off; and Miss Fanny Wilkins was getting ready, too; and, at the back door, waited Mr. Busby Case, editor of the Pokerville Palladium, accompanied by a stranger, whose three breast-pins and splendid gold guard-chains made a great display in the moonlight.

Others were gathered round, also, and presently out came a heavy-looking wench, belonging to the hotel, whistling, with a very large basket, and, immediately after, came Mrs. Oscar Dust, and Mr. Busby Case overwhelmed her with congratulations; and then he introduced his friend, "Doctor Slunk; connection of Mrs. Major Slope's—one of the first families of Virginia!" added he, 'aside, and then Doctor Slunk went through his congratulations, though, as well as the editor, he seemed to be waiting for somebody else. *Mr.* Oscar Dust appeared, and they were glad to see him, too, but at this moment Miss Fanny Wilkins stepped forth, and the Doctor *nudged* the editor, when another figure showed his *nose* in the moonlight; Miss Fanny Wilkins took his arm, and away they went—"waiving the compliments"—as the Doctor observed, "by thunder!"

"My dear Mr. Fitzcarol," said Fanny, as soon as they were out of hearing, "I have a request to make, which will put you to trouble, I know, but I may take liberties with you, mayn't I?" and she looked up to him with her snug little face, shining in the moonlight, till Mr. Fitz felt his ruined nose growing right out again with the pleasure of looking at her!

"Why, of course, you may," said he.

"Then, Mr. Fitzcarol, I want you to see me to and from the theatre as long as we stay in this town."

Mr. Fitzcarol felt once more as if he "held a position."

"Miss Fanny," said he, "you know that I am always alone, and must feel happy in attending on you. Heigho!" and his habitual despondency seemed to be smit suddenly with a vein of facetiousness. "If I wasn't quite so old, and only had my *nose*, eh? ha, ha! By the by, Miss Fanny, did I ever show you the lithograph of me as Count Belino, taken while I was a *feature*?"

Miss Fanny promised, soothingly, to look at it in the morning, glancing behind at the same time, as if afraid of being overtaken. Mr. Fitz said he didn't wonder at her being disgusted with that deuced old Mrs. Dust, and so, arriving at the hotel, they parted.

And now Miss Fanny Wilkins to her dreams; Mr. Fitz to his musings; Mr. and Mrs. Dust to their plans for keeping up the excitement; Mr. Kemble White to the sovereignty of the bar-room, and the "rest of the company" to whoever might notice them; and thus ended the first night of the season in Pokerville.

THE GREAT POKERVILLE PRELIMINARIES.

Three whole days, and the great small affair company continued to "draw." The Palladium was a semi-weekly, and this morning Mr. Oscar Dust and the drama in Pokerville had been duly noticed in two columns.

A career unexampled in theatrical annals was "foreseen" for the manager, and highly exciting intimations were thrown out with regard to a "tribute of genius" about to be offered on the part of "one of our first citizens!"

It was a fine morning, and Major Slope, accompanied by Mrs. Major Slope, was driving into town, spitting alternately to the right and left of the horse's tail, and muttering again something about fashionable *e-klat*.

"That is my affair, Major Slope," rattled the lady. "If you won't retain the lead, I will; and, if you don't know how to entertain *artistes* of distinction, I do. Mrs. Oscar Dust has received the homage of every person of genius in the country, as you may see from her scrap-book, and, if I have a *characteristic*, it is my appreciation of genius."

Major Slope told the horse to "g'long," and then asked "Why it must be a dinner?"

"Because, Major, *artistes* are always engaged in the evening, and it would be too late to drive out of town after the-performance. I might arrange a *dejunior a la toohpuk*, in the French style; but that again would interfere with the rehearsals. If I have a *characteristic*, it is in obviating difficulties, and it *must* be a dinner."

"For the whole crowd?" demanded the major.

"That's just what I'm driving into town to consult Mrs. Dust about. Mr. Henry Charles Johnson, perhaps, may be well enough; he has a musical reputation; but the number of subordinates—besides, I have a few questions to ask respecting Miss Wilkins."

"Um," grunted the major, "you'd better ask them

of your cousin, Dr. Slunk; he is tolerably well acquainted with her, people think."

"That's it"—but let us drive on to the hotel, as the major did; go up stairs, as his wife did, and find Mrs. Oscar Dust taking a *wine* julep, as, in summer, she always did.

"My dear Mrs. Dust; so like me in every thing!" And the ladies expressed their mutual sympathy by sharing their *straw*. They were not long either in making full arrangements with regard to the contemplated "testimonial." The occasion, of course, was to be in compliment to Mrs. Oscar Dust, and, at the same time, "characteristic" of the tasteful hospitality of Mrs. Major Slope—both points to be fully attended to in the Palladium. Mr. Kemble White, from his "position," might certainly be invited, and Mrs. Oscar Dust even suggested the name of "poor old Waters." He had known her through her whole career, and was an obliging creature—all of which simply meant that, patronizing the "classic veteran," whenever Mrs. Oscar Dust told a *stretcher*, he was expected to swear to it. As to Mr. H. C. Johnson, the *leader*, he certainly was an inimitable "*solo*" player, (as he ought to be, seeing that he never played any thing else,) and Mrs. Major Slope might exercise her discretion with regard to Mr. Fitzcarol—really, a very harmless creature. Mrs. Oscar Dust saw nothing to stand in his way, if his *nose* didn't, and that didn't stand in *any* way, heaven knows!

But Mrs. Oscar Dust had said nothing about Miss Fanny Wilkins, and so Mrs. Major Slope "*hem'd*," and observed that Dr. Slunk would expect to be there, of course, on which Mrs. Oscar Dust "*haw'd*," evi-

dently in very great distress, and then she *thought* a moment, with her head down; and then she looked, with a troubled expression, at the wall; and next, with even a more intense expression, into the looking-glass, and her emotion confirmed, as it were, by this last glance, she threw her eyes, appealingly, full upon Mrs. Major Slope, and exclaimed with touching *abandon*—

“You *know* the misfortune of our profession.”

Mrs. Major Slope’s worst fears were confirmed. There was a painful embarrassment for at least several seconds—especially on the part of Mrs. Oscar Dust. Mrs. Major Slope first broke silence with a sigh.

“So modest in her appearance, too!”

“I have been much deceived!” said Mrs. Oscar Dust, drawing in her breath and shuddering, as if at a sudden change of the moral temperature.

“So really *good-looking*!” observed Mrs. Major S.

“Her *manner* is superior,” said Mrs. Oscar, hypocritically; “I had taken great pains with her.”

“And then so *talented*—and such a *favorite*!” *ding-dong’d* Mrs. Major. The manageress and “leading lady” moved uneasily on her chair, as if these regrets were not exactly of the right key, and then, by way of attracting some of the interest to herself, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, in a heart-wringing tone,

“What she *might* have been!”

Her suffering was too real—too keen—not at once to make her the object of first attention; and Mrs. Major Slope, essentially kind-hearted with all her fuss, consoled her not only “like a sister,” but like a whole family. At this moment a heavy tramp and a loud whistling was heard in the passage, and immediately entered the enormous wench mentioned as carrying the

basket. She was in the middle of the room before she finished her tune, and she bore across her arm a suit of cotton "*fleshings*," belonging to Mr. Oscar Dust, new washed.

"My ole Missy," said she, "Massa Dus' nebber git dis yer *skin* on agin, sure ; he done rubbed his *bones* clean through," and she ran her hand through divers abrasions in an unmentionable part of the said *skin*.

"Lay them aside, Cynthia," sobbed Mrs. Oscar, "Mr. Dust will wear his *silks*," and then she added, in a low voice, to Mrs. Major, "That is the letter-bearer !"

Cynthia had not much the appearance of a carrier-pigeon, however she might whistle like a mocking-bird ; but Mrs. Major Slope eyed her as if she expected to detect a *billet* tied with blue riband under each pinion ; then, recalled by Mrs. Oscar's growing distress, she resumed her attentions, and, soothingly, sent Cynthia for another julep.

"Yes, the *letter-carrier* !" repeated Mrs. Dust, as soon as the wench was gone ; "she bore one from the doctor to Miss Wilkins the day after her arrival, and several since—I *bribed* her to confess it ; and that Dr. Slunk is also in the habit of frequenting this passage—here, near *me*, Mrs. Major ! His object——"

Mrs. Dust was again overpowered by her feelings ; but came the tramp and whistle, and next the julep, and gradually she subsided from the hysteric to the tender melancholic, and entered into a deeply touching narrative of her *own* early *triumphs* over temptation. "Poor old Waters knew it all !"

"The cry was, as you say, that I was so *talented*, and such a *favorite* ! a thousand wild idolatries were

offered to me. Young Shucks, son of the governor—since in Congress—immense estate—sought to prevail with *maiden* passion; but I hold that every virtuous woman has her angel, Mrs. Major. I was impregnable! He offered *private* marriage; but I, too, had a pride. Never will Waters forget my answer! ‘Henry,’ said I, ‘if wealth were mine, how gladly would I share it with you; but never shall the Shucks reproach you with wedding one whose sole misfortune was in being friendless!’ I was then but *her* age, Mrs. Slope.”

It was indeed a surprising speech for only eighteen! and deserving of this admiration thirty years afterwards. And, now, it might as well be mentioned, in explanation of the deep grief and guardian-like anxiety which this elderly lady felt with regard to Miss Fanny Wilkins, that, in the last town of Coonsborough, a violent paper war had been carried on between two critics as to the merits of these two public favorites. Miss Fanny Wilkins had, hitherto, been a mere “nobody,” and, all of a sudden, to find her raised up as a *rival*—praised for her grace and beauty, and applauded to the echo for her spirit; nay, more, to hear demands made for her appearance in Mrs. Oscar Dust’s favorite youthful part, and, these refused, to see herself and benefit neglected by a public that had for years drawn, as it were, her triumphant car, while the performances and benefit of Miss Wilkins were crowned with the most dazzling success. All this was *too* much for the time-worn charities of Mrs. Oscar Dust. “Position”—management—nothing could stand against it. She already detected unpleasant symptoms in Pokerville, notwithstanding Mrs. D. controlled the Palladium, and here was a chance to stem the torrent. All she had to do

was to be *unwillingly* convinced of all she heard, and to look very grave whenever Dr. Slunk was mentioned. This dashing gentleman stopped at nothing, as everybody knew, and, to say the least, Miss Fanny Wilkins *was* acting very strangely!

It was hardly known, indeed not very often inquired, where Dr. Slunk had got his diploma. He might, certainly, have been one of the six hundred young gentlemen who, on some former years, had been duly authorized to direct the weeding of a too luxuriant population; but it was a mere formality, "any how." One thing was sufficiently known: that Dr. Slunk was "death on poker," and, as he would occasionally undertake to physic *niggers* by the whole plantation—that is, contract for so many pounds of calomel the season—he was probably *death* at that, too. At any rate, he belonged to "one of the first families in Virginia," was "a perfect gentleman when he was sober," and, altogether, the "big dog" at Pokerville.

"No!" said Mrs. Oscar Dust, as she gratefully accepted the *straw* from Mrs. Major. "No—a hallowed passion, my dear friend—open as the day; no *bribing* menials; no *sneaking through the passage*;" and, if Dr. Slunk had been caught in the act, and dismissed with a kettle tied to his tail, the pained, but indignant, speaker could not more forcibly have expressed her loathing at such doings.

"And have *you* seen any thing?" asked Mrs. Major.

"I, my dear! *would* I see it—could I see it, Mrs. Slope?" The probability is that she could *not* have seen it; but the appeal was a clincher the other way: they would endeavour to *rescue* the lost girl, but no contact

beyond that. The consideration of "the dinner" was resumed, and, in the midst of it, entered Mr. Busby Case and Dr. Slunk.

Mr. Busby Case was at once a large editor and a "small lawyer," with a broad head and narrow wit, seedy coat and sharp look. Dr. Slunk had a fat nose, bloodshot-eyes, and whiskers almost as heavy as his figure, which latter was relieved, however, by bright buttons, and the display of jewelry mentioned heretofore. The ladies were exceedingly "taken back," but they came forward again, and the "new piece in rehearsal" naturally led to the dinner in preparation.

"Comes off at Major's, eh?" said the doctor. "Little Wilkins 'll be there, of *course*; let's have *something* young about, you know." Now, this was accompanied by a look which sufficiently spoke that the doctor was aware of all Mrs. Dust's anxiety on his behalf.

"It really ought to be a public occasion," interrupted Mr. Case. "Fill the whole of first page and immortalize the taste of the town, Mrs. Dust."

"Be nothing like it till little Wilkins's benefit," chimed in Dr. Slunk, again giving Mrs. D. a look. At this moment, in shuffled Mr. Oscar Dust, and his ineffable delight at seeing Mrs. Major Slope was only damped by the fact that Major Slope never *had* yet looked in upon them; and he was very glad to see Dr. Slunk, too, within their own apartments (?); and he had been down to the printing-office to attend to a little matter, but he had found the boy, and it was all right; and now that they were there, mightn't he *ring* for something?—meaning *sing out* for the nigger. And, in the midst of all this, Mrs. Major Slope took her departure, first embracing Mrs. Oscar Dust affectionately,

and exchanging with her looks of caution and commiseration ; and then the gentlemen *did* "take something," and afterwards they took their hats, and, finally, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dust were left alone to a confab.

"Mr. Dust," said the lady, very haughtily, "unless you wish to ruin every thing, you will discharge Miss Wilkins."

Mr. Dust had heard of the scandal, of course ; but he was used to evil tongues, and now his thoughts naturally regarding ruin as only being connected with the *receipts*, he replied—

"Pooh, nonsense, my dear ; I tell you it helps the houses."

"Mr. Dust!—and do you suppose that *I* will lend myself to this?"

"Why, Mrs. D., I'm sure you ought. You can divide the matter between you, and there's enough for both?"

"Mr. Dust! would you have me forget that I am your wife?"

"No, ma'am ; but you would have me forget that I am your manager. I tell you once more, it helps the business."

Mrs. Dust, perhaps, would have been wholly indignant, if she wasn't naturally bound to be first astounded.

"What!" cried she, after a stare, "would you make the theatre a temple of shame, and offer up your very wife upon the altar of infamy?"

If Mrs. Dust had had the chance of that speech before a good house, she would have been allowed to have surpassed even her grandest efforts!

"Why, what on earth are you talking about?" said Mr. Dust.

"Miss Wilkins and Doctor Slunk!" cried his lady.

"My God! my dear, I thought you were at the old fuss, about dividing the parts with Fanny."

"Let her take them *all*, sir, since you thus regard it;" and Mrs. Dust walked grandly up to the very small-sized looking-glass, to be satisfied that for a woman of her simply matured attractions, she was the most slighted feminine in the world.

Mr. Dust was an assiduous pacificator when he could not be an assured despot, and he promised Mrs. D. that Miss Wilkins should not be re-engaged for another season. As to the present scandal, he believed it was all started by Doctor Slunk himself, and at any rate, he wished his scrupulous spouse to take things quietly, give up a part, occasionally, and she should have all the puffing in the paper. "It tells abroad, you know, my dear," said he, "and that's all we want it for."

And now the indefatigable Mr. Dust went to work, quill and foolscap, to make the most out of the dinner. In the first place, there *must* be a correspondence between Major Slope and himself,—it couldn't be carried on in the name of ladies—and therefore, in a vein of rapt enthusiasm he sat down to write himself a letter.

He told himself that, without flattery, looking upon his visit to Pokerville as the most auspicious event which had happened since the dawn of civilization in that favoured region; that regarding the stage, and Mrs. Oscar Dust, as highly calculated to "raise the manners and refine the heart;" and that, moreover, looking upon Pokerville as the future centre of such a commerce, trade, and business as the world had never yet

beheld, and knowing it eager, even now, to show more haughty cities (this was *into* Coons-borough) that it had a heart for hospitality and a soul for genius,—*he*, on behalf of a number of citizens of taste and respectability, took the liberty of inviting himself and Mrs. Oscar Dust, with others, to an entertainment to be given on the ensuing Saturday, at his mansion, Mount Hyacinthe, near Pokerville.

Immediately, then, addressing himself at Mount Hyacinthe, near Pokerville, he told himself, ingenuously, that this was the proudest moment of his life; that overwhelmed as he had often been by the too partial kindness of others, he *would* say, *neighbour* cities, (coals of fire on Coons-borough again,) no instance of appreciation, including as it so chivalrously did, the humble but assiduous talents of Mrs. Oscar Dust, had ever so touched his heart with gratitude, his soul with the desire to deserve. He told himself, moreover, that through his whole theatrical career, his sole aim had been to elevate the stage; to make it a fitting platform for the tread of Shakspeare! and he needed hardly remind himself, that, in this arduous but glorious effort he had been aided by one—he might pardon himself the emotion—whose toils would be remembered perhaps by others than himself. He accepted then, with lively pleasure, the invitation he had so kindly extended to himself and Mrs. Oscar Dust, and he would meet himself and his friends at Mount Hyacinthe on the ensuing Saturday.

“There, my dear,” said Mr. Oscar Dust, “we’ll have the correspondence, followed by a full report of the banquet, in Monday’s Palladium. Put up your benefit for that night, and if you don’t have a

smasher, with at least six wreaths, say I don't understand managing the Great Small Affair Theatres, that's all."

The carrier pigeon was now heard whistling in the passage, accompanying herself on the dinner bell ; Mrs. Oscar Dust threw a light shawl over her shoulders, with a "Sidonian" majesty of action, and Mr. D. hurried a step or two in advance to make the most of her dining-hall entrance.

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR MYSTERY.

MISS FANNY WILKINS *was* acting strangely ; the truth might as well be told, at once. She neglected rehearsals in a most cavalier manner ; never came to table ; used to keep her door locked eternally, and as Doctor Slunk was met, more than once, in the narrow passage on which it opened, there was but one inference to be drawn, namely, that as the door had two sides to it, the Dr. was a man to select the more sociable of them. To be sure, Mr. Fitzcarol saw her to and from the theatre in the evenings, and mornings also, whenever she went, but wasn't it the plainest thing in the world that this was all art ; a phiz-battered, soft-headed, gizzard-tickled old die-away, he knew no better ; he was even unconscious that he was the quiz of the town, and that the *tremendous* applause which he received at night for every song, and even every speech, was due entirely to the popular appreciation of his good-natured gallantry. Catch Mr. Kemble White making such a "pump" of himself.

He rather, on the contrary, affected the *mode* Slunk; mounting extra breast-pins, sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, his hat thrown back, his heels thrown forward, &c. He "never troubled himself about the women-matters in the theatre." As to Mr. Busby Case, he had entirely yielded the track to his formidable rival. In the mean time, these improper proceedings on the part of Miss Wilkins brought their own punishment, as they always do, and she was evidently neither well nor happy; her acting and dancing—particularly the latter—was applauded by the men, but there was much talk in the church-going circles. A great many of the ladies began to decline going, and those who did go used to say, "What a pity!"

"You're not invited!" said Mr. Fitz to Miss Fanny, the night before the banquet, as he was seeing her home from the theatre. "Why, I thought we were *all* invited!"

"All but me, I have been told," said Miss Fanny.

"Why, gracious Heaven, Miss Fanny, a lady of your position!" The mystery of this extraordinary slight completely enveloped the faculties of the "first singer." At length, as if a distant ray had served to render darkness visible, he exclaimed:

"I shouldn't be at *all* surprised if Mrs. Dust has been saying something about you! Do you know, that I've often thought that she's never liked you since your Coons-borough benefit?"

"We shall soon part, I hope," said Fanny.

"But, dear me! won't it seem very strange? Why, it's a cruel affront!" cried the vocalist, his voice suddenly becoming round, and his *nostrils*—would it had been his *nose*—dilating.

“You shall not be the only member of the company absent, Miss Fanny; I should blush while sitting with them; and so should all the rest of us, I’m sure!”

Could it be possible, Fanny was positively weeping! and when her companion perceived it, he was seized with a sort of choking himself, which he attempted to conceal by giving his — nose a *violent blow*, and, altogether, he acted little other than “spoony,” as the saying is. Fanny, at length, dried her eyes and threw herself back on her pride; whatever she was, she was no groveller.

“You are very kind, Mr. Fitzcarol, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live, but you must not stay away on my account, I would rather you would not.”

“Miss Wilkins,” said her companion, and his tone grew actually musical with emotion, “I could not feel like a gentleman at their table; on my *own* account I shall avoid their company.”

Fanny’s heart throbbed, and her color mantled, as if she had heard in those tones the challenge of her champion knight; but she looked in his face, and albeit she saw an earnest glance from the eyes, yet, owing to the *zig-zag* expression mentioned heretofore, it was impossible to tell the precise *direction* of it, and the effect was marred proportionately.

“But you will not mention me in connection with your declining?” said Fanny, anxiously.

“Why, how could I, Miss Fanny; contempt don’t enter into explanations!”

Again Fanny looked up, and then it crossed her mind that poor Fitzcarol—good-natured fellow—might have retained a more heroic nose, had he possessed a

less generous heart : she remembered the nature of the accident which had disfigured him.

A few moments brought them to the steps of the hotel, when Cynthia, suddenly stopping her flagiolet practice, whispered hurriedly to Fanny, who thereupon bade her escort adieu, and ran up-stairs, very mysteriously.

THE GREAT POKERVILLE RE-UNION.

Not the least of Mrs. Major Slope's triumph, connected with the present occasion, was the complete overthrow and subjugation of Mrs. Wilson of "store-shed" pretension. Feeling that, from the position which she had achieved in Pokerville society, she could afford to venture an advance without danger of compromising herself, she no sooner had secured the Great Small Affair dinner against failure, than she, like a good soul as well as an able tactician, made a call upon her less *genius-gifted* rival, explained her plans, dexterously requested advice, and secured a faithful second fiddle for ever afterwards, by insisting that her friend, Mrs. Wilson, should join with her at once in making preparations for the *fête* ! There was Pokerville generalship. Mrs. Major Slope, by a single manœuvre, not only secured the *eclat* and the fruits of victory, but bound her rival to her car, a three-fold captive, in that she fancied herself an ally.

And this was the very day, and a lovely one it was, and emulous as it were of propitious nature, Mr. Wilson's boat—he owned a steamboat as well as the store-shed—arrived, having made a "bully trip," and bringing with her as usual Mr. Tom Sky, her "dandy clerk,"

the only human who had yet ventured to walk Pokerville with yellow kids on.

A decided show of anxiety might have been detected about town, if people had looked closely, and there was a lively sensation pervading the "first families," each house having two or three penitent-looking females, wandering from room to room, all in white with powder on their faces, and their hair streaming over their shoulders, preparatory to its being "done up." People, too, would stop each other hurriedly in the street, and ask each other, "when they were going out?" while at the billiard-room and the bar-rooms of the principal hotel, the whole matter, from the uncommonly late hour of sitting down, *three o'clock*, to the probability as to who would rise sober, was under active discussion. Matters at the theatre were despatched in short order, as may be supposed, "old pieces" were "put up," so as not to embarrass Mrs. Oscar Dust through the day with her evening responsibilities; Mr. Oscar was already half through a report of the proceedings as they *were* to take place; and Mr. Kemble White, in white cotton gloves, was impressing upon Mr. Waters and Mr. Johnson the importance of "mingling in society," strengthening his arguments at the same time with an irresistible odour of cologne. As to Miss Fanny Wilkins, she was, doubtless, locked in her room, as usual; and as to Mr. Fitzcarol, he was wherever his humour happened to call him.

1 P. M., at Mount Hyacinthe. The affair was to be *unique* in all its details, and the guests had been requested to assemble early to a lunch and fine language, and sure as a gun, not one of the *regulars* was behind-

hand! "*Both* rooms" had been prepared; two extra busts of La Fayette (not a Shakspeare in all Pokerville) being added to the *sculpture*, three highly coloured "American naval victories," completing the walls, and a perfect arabesque of blue and yellow fly-paper netting finishing off the ceiling. Then, of course, on side-tables were vases of artificial flowers, infinitely to be preferred to the natural ones without; the piano, with *all* Mrs. Wilson's, as well as *all* Mrs. Major Slope's music, stood open at one end, and a groaning "centre table," proudly exhibiting the collected annuals of the town, crowned by Mrs. Oscar Dust's own scrap-book, stood in its becoming place.

Mrs. Oscar Dust, of course, had not been the first to arrive, and of course no grandeur had come off *before* that interesting moment; besides, as everybody had fixed in their minds upon something remarkably clever, which they were to do *impromptu*, everybody felt a sort of impending responsibility; there was a general air-*preoccup  *, as we say in Dunkirk. Mr. Kemble White was not an exception; Doctor Slunk had not yet arrived, to ask him to "fire up," and though he had looked for better things at the hands of his *white cottons*, it was not long before he painfully found that they added to his embarrassment. He finally devoted himself to the exclusive patronage of Mr. H. C. Johnson, on the back "stoop."

"There's the Dusts!" and, sure enough, there they came, in a cloud of it—as also in Mrs. Major Slope's own carriage. There was a rush, of course, on the part of the ladies, to the *piazza*, from which Mrs. Major Slope and Mrs. Wilson descended to the gate. Mrs. Major Slope's new Irish gardener, as footman,

lowered the steps, when out popped Mr. Manager Dust, bowing with great dexterity to the ladies, without forgetting, at the same time, to exhibit an affectionate anxiety for the connubial treasure in the vehicle. The classic veteran, Mr. Waters, came next—Mrs. Oscar insisted that he should ride with her, “like a good creature,” and had availed herself of the time to *recall to his mind*, inadvertently, such of her favourite *stretches*, as might perhaps require testimony, during the banquet. Now came the queen of the occasion, in *red velvet*, rather unseasonable, but then it had been sent over to her by “Kitty Stephens—now Countess of Essex; it was one of the Victoria coronation dresses; and Waters *knew* that Mrs. Oscar had never worn it, except on similar complimentary occasions! Mrs. Oscar Dust descended, we say, and with a dignified familiarity she kissed the two fair gate-keepers, and they kissed her, and then they together ascended the *piazza*, Mr. Dust and the veteran following, and Cynthia, who had been borrowed from the hotel, for grandeur, bringing up the rear.

The “lunch” and dining-rooms occupied the other half of the ground floor at Mount Hyacinthe, for the mansion was a “double” one, and it hadn’t taken long to move the beds; and the ladies had all taken some julep, and the gentlemen had all taken it “plain,” and now, ladies *and* gentlemen, they were all in the midst of a *morning worry*, as Mrs. Wilson had it.

There were the “Bagly Gals;” Miss Mimy Hunter, of a decided literary taste, receiving the *Vinaigrette*, published at the east, regularly every month;—all the “Davis’ crowd,” including the grandmother, who had

danced with General Washington!—the Smiths, down from the saw-mill, and the Browns, up from the landing, &c. &c. Then there was the Honourable Jackson Spence, postmaster; General Bung of the hotel, Judge Plug, Major Slug, Colonel Mug, &c. &c., and Mr. Busby Case, Esq., *of* course. In the way of art, there was Mr. Shade, who was now engaged upon a full length portrait of Mrs. Major Slope; Quills, of the book and fancy store, who played the guitar; and young Mr. Jake Bagly, who had been turned away from West Point for slitting General Jackson's mouth, (pictorial,) and sticking a cigar in it! This ingenious youth had very long legs, a stork neck, a bowie knife sticking out at his vest, and a very lively tint of tobacco embellishing each corner of his mouth. We "havn't begun" to mention them all, but there they all were, and every one of their names, already, as pat on the end of Mrs. Oscar Dust's tongue as could be, while Mr. Oscar Dust was no less zealously fortifying himself within the citadel of the gentlemen's patronage and affections.

Mrs. Wilson, we are sorry to say, hadn't a spark of the *ideal* about her; it was in this that she fell below Mrs. Major Slope. In the first place, she was vulgarly curious as to the quality of the coronation-robe velvet; and in the second place, she could not realize the possibility of a female named "Kitty" ever being elevated to the "golden round" of a coronet!

"And she used to sing on the stage, too?"

"The queen of ballad, my dear."

"Ah, well, I always preferred straight-forward singing myself, to this screwmatic music!"

"The ballad! Mrs. Wilson is the natural lyrical

expression of the emotions. I mentioned to you, my dear Mrs. Major"—and here Mrs. Oscar dropped both eyelids for a moment, and heaved a fat sigh—"I mentioned to you a tender souvenir of earlier years. Some lines, treasured in this volume, (the scrap book,) are *a pro pos*, and might interest you, knowing, as you do, the circumstances."

And now Mrs. Oscar Dust got into a perfect maze and perplexity in endeavouring to find the page; and really she feared some one must have removed it; and then she had it, but—no, *that* was the complimentary letter from the late President; and then, this was the celebrated Miss Harriet Martinet's private criticism upon her Lady Macbeth, and ah—no, the other was the French king's *own* note to the American artist, Mr. Chrome, desiring him to paint Mrs. Oscar Dust, (among other distinguished *democrats*,) for his private gallery of contemporary genius!

"*You* remember, Mr. Waters?" continued the self-entrapped lady, for she really blushed all over at being betrayed into these explanations—"you remember, after all, that poor Chrome was any thing but satisfied with himself!"

"Oh, of course," said the veteran, but he spoke rather sulkily, and stuck his hands in his side-pockets, and didn't seem to be any more satisfied than the artist had been. In fact, Mr. Waters had not been made exactly at home, and he only came out "to oblige" any how; and the king of the French *sketch* he had always rather stuck at, remembering that the portrait in question had been painted for a season ticket, was subsequently set up at a raffle, and now adorned a bar-room in one of the Great Small Affair towns. Mrs. Os-

car, though, didn't mind his ways, for he was such a good creature with all his eccentricity!

"Ah, *here* it is!" said Mrs. Oscar Dust, and she pointed it out to Mrs. Major Slope, for, trust herself to read it, she really couldn't. Mrs. Major was just about to indulge a favourite taste of hers—reading poetry aloud—and the more expressive faces were adjusting themselves to a look of rapt intensity, in order to do justice to certain stanzas, commencing,

"Child of grandeur ——"

and signed "Henry," when a whirl upon the road suddenly recalled them, and anon, one of the ladies crying out "Mr. Sky!" even Mrs. Major Slope herself put down the book.

There was Mr. Tom Sky, truly, in a buggy, bright as a lark, with his white kids, and strapped pants, and, altogether, a very knowing-looking character, and beside him sat a gentleman with a heavy and inflamed face, but withal a blue coat and brass buttons, yellow trowsers, white vest, and English drab hat. He wiped his brow, too, with a cambric handkerchief, in a *distingue* mode, and, altogether, his appearance, perfect stranger as he was, excited a deep sensation. Mr. Tom Sky lost no time in introducing to the company, Mr. Flush, a gentleman whom Mr. Sky knew he should be thanked for bringing, inasmuch as, that Mr. Flush was just one of themselves, a distinguished literary character, and at present connected with the eastern press!—that is, Mr. Flush was agent for that popular monthly, the *Vinaigrette*! Mr. Flush was a *recent* Londoner, had come up on the boat with Mr. Sky, and had evidently determined in his own mind to encourage the natives.

The conversation now became of a very *recherché* character. The duplicate Lafayettes were discussed in good set phrase, Mr. Bagly, however, taking great pains to point out also the *American Naval victories*, as well as to make some extremely *native* remarks about Bunker Hill! To change the subject, the distinguished authors of Europe were brought forward, and here Mr. Flush was no less at home, though his admiration chiefly settled around *Charles* Lamb, who, as they knew, of course, wrote the *Essays of Helia*.

"Indeed," said Mr. Flush, "I've doated on *roast pig* ever since I read that chawming paper."

"Well, I allow you're just *hunk*, this time, then," interposed Mrs. Wilson, "for we have got the sweetest roaster for dinner you ever *did* see!"

Mr. Flush chose to receive this announcement not only as a piece of pleasant news, but also as a piece of pleasant humour, declaring that humour was the only thing he missed in America, the people being all too busy to joke; and then he declared his intention of making his dinner exclusively on roast pig, out of veneration for the memory of *Helia*, who was not only a wit but a *wag*, and he loved waggery of all things. Hereupon Mr. Jake Bagly proceeded to the kitchen, and bribed the black cook to spit a remarkably fine 'possum, which hung there, instead of the pig!

Time wore away delightfully, Mrs. Oscar Dust shortening it with a few of her *stretchers*, and appealing to Mr. Waters for the details; and Mr. Flush beginning to feel sufficiently at home to take foreign airs on himself, when another whirl on the road announced Dr. Slunk, and that gentleman, tolerably "fired up" and in an evident ill humour, "paraded himself."

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR DINNER.

Bang-ang-ang-r-r-ang-bang! This humorous little startle was one of the pleasant effects of the reconciliation of *Mesdames* Slope and Wilson, for this latter lady knew that Mr. Tom Sky had a *gong* on his boat, and she not only borrowed it from him, but got him to ring it now at the parlor door—the first time that dinner had been thus sonorously announced in Pokerville. A general scream was succeeded by a wide laugh, this again subsiding into a giggling declaration that that awful noise had ruined their appetites, and anon there was a pairing off to the dining-room; everybody going with somebody apparently, but, somehow or other, leaving Mr. Kemble White and his white cottons, the classic veteran, and Mr. Johnson, in a sort of a triangular isolation.

“White, this is what you call mixing in society! is it!” said Mr. Waters, with a sort of burnt cork offended dignity in the contraction of his eye-brows.

“Suffering, my boy!—In pain,” muttered Mr. White, shaking his head, and touching his side, as if excruciating agony alone had prevented him from taking the head of the column. “*Bile!*” added he, as perfectly conversant with the symptoms, “Bile, sir, bile!”

Young Mr. Bagly now made his appearance with a sort of lazy leer on his countenance, and invited them to “come along if they wanted to see sport.”

“Bile,” repeated Mr. White, “bile! must stick it out, though!” and away he went in reckless defiance of a bilious cholic, at least.

The Great Small Affair dinner had been “extensively

laid out," depend upon it. In a few words, the Pokerville market had been exhausted—to be sure the beef and mutton were lean—it not being a grazing country; and the vegetables were scarce—nothing being raised but cotton; and the fish was salt—the nigger not having caught any fresh; and the poultry was poor—the people not caring much about it; but there was *that* "roaster" in all its steemy savor, already carved and pervading every nostril! Again, there was a magnificent ham, all green and yellow—as the egg and minced pickle mingled; bacon and greens, too, sent up their inviting fragrance, and a shoat stew was not "slow" when one went into it. Decanters, then, of every tint, and "any quantity" of transparent, long necked bottles, with labels on them, bearing anchors, stars, and other devices—"première qualité," and all guarantied to "pop," by Mr. Wilson, of the store-shed, who had "furnished the wines." Then for the company, they were artfully arranged—streak of fat and streak of lean fashion—so as to increase their own relish for themselves. Mr. Busby Case sat at the head, (Major Slope having contrived to be *accidentally* wanted at his upper plantation, ten miles off,) with Mrs. Oscar Dust on one side and Mrs. Major Slope on the other, while Mr. Tom Sky took the foot, between Mrs. Wilson and Miss Mimy Hunter. Mr. Flush sat next on the side to Mrs. Oscar Dust, and next to Mrs. Wilson, on the side, sat Mr. Manager Dust. Dr. Slunk was placed between the Bagly Gals; Mr. Wilson, who had come from lord knows where, and got to the table, lord knows how—a round bashful-looking man—sat between "the Davis's"—Mr. Shade—Mr. Bagly—pshaw, never mind,—yes, we must mention by-the-by, that Messrs,

White, Waters, and Johnson, were stuck together, fenced in at one end by the elderly lady who had seen Washington, and, at the other, by deaf Miss Smith of the wharf-boat family.

“A little of the roast, if you please.” “Oh, the pig, of course!” “Me, also, Mr. Case—some of the brown, you know.” “Stop, not till after Mrs. Dust.” “None of the stuffin’!” “Some of the slickin’!” Oh, for an active pen and an easy stomach to do justice to the feeders on the present occasion! Mrs. Dust fairly vied, in singleness of purpose, with Mr. Flush, and between them *that* pig received praises enough to have immortalized a whole litter! “Tender! sweet! delicious!” Then there was “no grossness about it.” “It really induced appetite.” “One couldn’t eat too much of it.” It was the very pig which *Chawles* Lamb had celebrated, Mr. Flush declared; and, as for Mrs. Dust, she admiringly believed that it wasn’t a pig at all, at which Cynthia screwed up her mouth to keep from grinning, and met a rebuke for whistling instead. Larry, the gardener, was also very attentive, now transferred to the dining-room, and the regular force was no less efficient, and, altogether, such a luscious time, and such a demand for “more pig” had never tried menial activity. Young Mr. Bagly obtained a great triumph over Mr. Flush in the acknowledgment of the latter, that he never *had* eaten such pig in England! Dr. Slunk asked the lady on his right if she’d take “some of *this*?” and the one on his left, if she’d take “some of *that*?” And he also kept the decanter—setting it down harder and harder on its bottom after every *punishmint*, and, for some unaccountable reason, growing in discontent each moment. But sweetest

pleasures are the shortest, and a roast pig is no exception. The stew and other fixin's had also "suffered some," and a removal of dishes was the signal for that "flow of soul," &c. Mr. Busby Case arose; and, thereupon, all wiped their mouths and cried "*hem!*" The intensity of the moment may be imagined from the fact that even young Mr. Bagly stopped whit'ling a toothpick.

Mr. Buzby Case first hesitated, and then remarked upon the fact that he hesitated, and well he might, he further observed; Mr. C. had addressed larger assemblies, numerically, but the size of the present company was independent of heads! (It would not have been so safe, perhaps, for him to have said stomachs.) "Mr. C. stood before the genius and the wit of Pokerville. More, there were guests present, whose genius and whose wit the genius and the wit of Pokerville had met to honour! A welcome, but unexpected, guest would not be offended, brilliant as were his literary claims, if Mr. C., on this occasion, more particularly referred to others than himself. (Mr. Flush bowed, deprecating further notice of his own poor merits.) Mr. C. would even at once name the founder of the drama in Pokerville, and the transcendant ornament of that drama, the founder's amiable and accomplished wife, as the "bright particular" to whom homage was paid on that occasion."

Mr. C. was here interrupted by tumultuous applause—Messrs. Slunk, Bagly, and White setting down their decanters *very* hard on the table. Mrs. Oscar Dust wiped her nose till it was very red, and Mr. C. resumed.

"What had been wanting to make Pokerville

the heart of refinement, as it already was the head of navigation? The drama. And what had been wanting to make the drama the first of arts, as it always had been the second of civilization? The *Dust*. The *Dust* in its direction; the *Dust* in its exhibition; and Mr. C. made bold to affirm that it would take a bigger sprinkle than *Coons-borough* could get up to ever *lay* that dust!"

This was a perfect obliterator of Coons-borough pretension, as it was a downright drench to Coons-borough malice, and the way it "took" was tremendous!

Mrs. Oscar Dust was sensibly affected, and looked towards Mrs. Major Slope appealingly. Mr. C. had reached his climax. To go any further would be to get upon tip-toe, and he then might *waggle*; besides, he hadn't any more to say, and so he "felt that he must conclude;" he would, therefore, give them the founders of the drama in Pokerville, and for once they might rejoice over their *Dust*!

Amid a storm of applause and a volley of, at least, three corks—for the majority of necks had to be twisted, the champagne being of the *guggle* instead of the *fly* vintage—it was conceded that this was just the neatest thing that ever had been said in Pokerville. Mrs. Major Slope pronounced it "attic," and Mr. Flush said it was worthy of the "pig," or even *Helia* himself! There was nothing but dust about the table, and in a perfect cloud of it, though a radiant one, Mr. Dust arose.

Mr. Dust remarked that he was not a facetious man, he would not attempt to throw *dust* in their eyes; he was afraid they might be choked with *dust*; yet *dust* he was, and unto *dust* he must return, and, therefore,

he would go on; and forthwith Mr. Dust stopped awhile to let them get through laughing, for this little unpremeditated sally tickled everybody amazingly; and Mr. Dust knew it would, as he had tested the effect of it on apt occasions ever since he had been a manager. The glow of hilarity was extreme, except in the cases of Messrs. Slunk and Waters—the latter of whom appeared to be abstractedly writing some treasured wrong with the point of a fork upon the table-cloth. Mr. Dust resumed, with the remark that he would “first, however, wash the dust out of his mouth”—a lavation that, with a cheer, was generally imitated.

Mr. Dust would now beg to be serious—Mrs. D. and Mrs. Major following, gave the signal for a change of feature instantly. Yes, Mr. Dust owed too much to Pokerville, and too much to his own feelings as a man, longer to indulge in the mere *sparkle of wit*, which, like the champagne they were drinking, effervesced but to exhale. Mr. Dust had prepared his figure under the reasonable expectation of a tolerably lively article; but, as it happened, the application was not so clear, seeing that young Mr. Bagly had already broken three slim glasses, driving them through his hand in the attempt to raise “a bead;” while more cautious gentlemen were actually stirring up theirs with crusts, and the ladies were precipitating into *theirs* raisin after raisin without sending a globule to the surface. Mr. Dust went on through. Yes, Mr. Dust *would* look serious; he would remember that, but a short time ago, he had arrived in Pokerville with no invitation save his confidence in man—no introduction save that of his letters; he would remember that

the drama, without the promise of a roof, had found a dome possessing even peculiar advantages, and that, with nothing but her legitimate resources, and, might he add, some small amount of talent and energy to aid her, she now sat "firm as the marble, founded as the rock." "Yes," said Mr. Dust, pardonably yielding to a generous enthusiasm, "destroy your present temple; let even convulsion level it with the earth, (on a strict estimate, a fall of ten feet,) yet will it rise again—again will genius thrill the breast of sympathy." No less generous as a boast than delicate as a compliment, all hearts responded to this. Mrs. Major Slope met the eyes of the company with a palpitation evident to all; and Mr. Kemble White, as the gaze was naturally also directed to himself, drew on his White cottons and took them off again, and looked towards Mr. Waters, who was still solving something in the tablecloth, with heavy drinks between, and thought that he was right with regard to "society," after all. Mr. Dust had even overcome himself. He looked as if he should betray a weakness, were he to proceed. He looked at Mrs. Dust, and his emotion increased; there was a spasmodic action in his throat. "Friends," said Mr. Dust, "I thought I had known myself better; but kindness like that of Pokerville! I would have thanked you for myself—for one other—for the drama—for her children—for your full and fashionable attendance—for the future promise of next week—for—for—pardon this weakness;" and Mr. Dust's thanks utterly failed him, just as he had got to the end of his list. He recovered himself amidst the general emotion, filled his glass with sudden resolution, and, in a firm voice, gave,

“The Pokerville taste—the Pokerville temple—the drama, while it hails the one, shall halo the other!”

There was a nerve and dignity in the tone of this which was very fine, very; in fact, there is but one term for it—it was *thrilling*!

Applause was long and loud; and Mr. Oscar Dust never felt himself so completely head, front, and extremity of the Great Small Affair Theatres as at that moment.

Mr. Busby Case rose. He would give one other toast.

“Mrs. Oscar Dust.—A planet in her orbit; might she become a fixed star at Pokerville.”

There was something more than natural,—“if philosophy could find it out,” as Hamlet says, in the rapid succession of clever things upon this pleasing occasion. And it was evident, from the growing exhilaration, that people had just “given way to the thing.”

The present toast was a regular melter; and enthusiasm, admiration, and sentiment swelled the stream, at the rate of a ten foot “rise” at least. There was a moment’s embarrassment. “Mrs. Dust!” hurriedly whispered Mrs. Slope. “By all means, my dear,” exclaimed that lady. Mr. Case expressed gratified surprise. And with a sweet diffidence, Mrs. Oscar Dust stood before the company. “She’s going to speak!” buzzed everybody. “D—d if she isn’t!” muttered the doctor. “Never be taken alive!” sneered Mr. Kemble White. “Something on her stomach, I reckon,” leered Mr. Bagly.

“*Friends!*” began Mrs. Oscar, and you might have ‘heard a pin drop,’ as they say in the papers, “’Tis woman’s part to *feel*,” said Mrs. Oscar; “society pre-

scribes forms even for her affections ; and fain would I be mute, but that my heart cries out ‘ You mustn’t ! ’ As a female, I feel your gallantry ; as an *artiste*, your approbation, and as a matron—older than some present,”—(Mrs. Dust made this admission with a charming ingenuousness,) “ I may claim a privilege. A matron ; yes, a *mother*. And the grace and beauty present remind me, young ladies, that I have a daughter like you—at an Eastern seminary. Mr. Waters knows”——

“ At a farm in Kentucky ; ” groaned the veteran, nearly audibly, and pouring out an enormous horn ; “ kept out of the way.”

Mrs. Dust went on :—“ Mr. Sky, too, and Mr. Bagly will excuse me, especially the last, who has received a martial education, when I say that I have a son—now serving his country—’tis now three years, as Mr. Waters knows, since his midshipman’s warrant.”——

“ Runs to Texas ; mate on a steamboat ! ” muttered Mr. W.

“ But these are *private* matters,” said Mrs. D., changing her tone, now that she had made them public ; “ let me at once speak my grateful thanks, and forgive my chiming fancy, which suggests a metrical *impromptu*.”

“ Your *key-ind* approval to uphold my cause,
To *gue-ard* the path you crown with your applause :
Ble-you are the *ske-eyes*, an Eden promise still,
Nor serpent wiles shall tempt from Pokerville.”

It had originally read,

“ *Ble-you* are the skies, an Eden shut from sorrow ;
Nor serpent wiles shall lure from thee, Coonsborough.”

But Mrs. Dust excelled, equally, in adapting herself to every thing, and every thing to herself.

"Oh, h—ll!" contemptuously blurted out Mr. Walters, with his eyes "sot;" but, fortunately, his exclamation was unnoticed in the storm of applause which rewarded the discovery that Mrs. Dust was "a poet too."

The great guns had now gone off, and the rattle among the small pieces succeeded; something *lofty* was demanded from Mr. *Sky*, who replied, that the expectation was unreasonable, as he was at the *foot* of the company, yet as it was a *Pokerville* game, he assured them that they needn't "*pass*," as they held a *flush* in their hands. A *few-de-joy* of wit, which Mrs. Major Slope declared, would *bring out* a flush anywhere; so that be-punned upon gentleman arose, and excusing himself from a speech, after the eloquent and masterly efforts which they had listened to, offered to sing a "ballad from the German," which he did, "right off," in a very deep voice, and with a protrusion of the upper lip and a rolling of the eyes; and which ballad was all about a little boy that had been stolen from behind his father, a horse-back, in the woods, by a mysterious demon, who had all the low notes; and, altogether it was a blood-creeping kind of an effort, which almost lent a mystery to the person of Mr. Flush himself. They never had heard any one "sing so deep," and as for Mr. Oscar Dust, who had heard all the first singers, he pronounced Mr. F.'s tone to be the finest he had ever heard in his life, combining with the bass the invaluable qualities of the baritone.

Mrs. Major Slope, now remembering, suddenly, that she had not been as attentive to her lesser order of his-

trionic guests as she might have been, desired Mr. Case to give—"Mr. Kemble White, and the gentlemen of the Great Small Affair Company." And it was given accordingly, and there was great applause, particularly from young Mr. Bagly. And then all eyes were fixed on the "acknowledged Rollo," who looked at the "classic veteran," who was once more looking at the table-cloth; and, anon, Mr. Johnson began *nudging* Mr. White, and Mr. White again, abstractedly, began drawing on his white cottons. He found himself up at last, however, and he, in a *brusque* tone, commenced:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—"The familiar sound of which at once drew Mr. Waters's glassy gaze full upon him. (Mr. White stuck!)

"A-hem! Ladies and gentlemen; in appearing be"—

Mr. White took up his glass, and he put down his glass; and finally, turning to the Sardonic veteran, "Bile! Waters," said he, "Bile!" and down he sat in an evident gripe; "society" having received another "lick back" in his bosom.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Waters, in a sort of "Wolf's glen" merriment, and looking as much like Zamiel as if he had "made up his face" for it.

"Ha, ha, ha! The acknowledged Rollo!" and banging his decanter down on the table, he spoiled Mrs. Major Slope's set, by knocking the bottom from under one of them.

The effect was electric! There was a general start, a general horror! Mrs. Major Slope was frightened; Mrs. Oscar Dust toweringly indignant; Mr. Dust, however, was more anxious than any thing else, for he

knew Mr. Waters of old, and plainly recognised the symptoms of a downright phrensy, which his potations sometimes induced. There was no remedy but an instant "turn him out," and this was attempted by the manager and "gentlemen of the company;" but, armed with a broken decanter, the veteran bade defiance to them all in the most classic attitudes. The attempt, too, produced an access of rage, and he became fearfully *Miltonic*.

"Gun-shot wounds, and female fits! ha, ha, ha, ha! 'Tis false as hell! I say it; I, who never—Ha! a midshipman—and the king of the French—hanging up in a bar-room—on a Kentucky farm—ye gods! Back, on your lives!" And here, Mr. White got a kick, which increased his bilious symptoms.

"What! am I fallen so low, to sell my soul to the mother of lies? I defy ye. Hissed at Coons-borough! Your coronation robe, too, turned and dyed! Ha, ha, na! humbug, I—"

Mr. Tom Sky, who had stolen upon the veteran under the table, now cut short his incoherent abuse, by knocking his legs from under him; when he was instantly secured, and borne off—a regular heavy villain's fifth act exit. And never had Mr. Waters made one leaving such a thrilling sensation behind him.

The Great Small Affair banquet was essentially knocked into a cocked-hat; but evening was approaching, at any rate, when their duties to the public must have summoned a portion of the guests, and Mr. Oscar Dust, very pale and "frustrated," yet endeavouring to look simply wounded, endeavoured to express his inexpressible concern and mortification at an incident so wild, so unparalleled, entirely unlike any thing he had ever heard of—

so, more than any thing else, resembling the fantasy of a distempered dream ; an event which had marred a *reunion* unequalled in taste and refinement.

Mr. Dust could have gone on to any *amount*, and would have done so, but for another extraordinary interruption on the part of Mrs. Oscar, who, turning deadly pale, and catching Mr. Busby Case round the neck, to save herself from falling, staggered from the room, followed by such ladies as hadn't disappeared earlier ; of course, Mr. Dust, in no small alarm, made his exit, also.

"Tom Sky, did you eat any of that pig," inquired young Mr. Bagly, in hurried accents.

"Not a bite ;" said Tom Sky. "Did you, Bag?"

"Not the first mouthful ; that *pisin* old brown sow's litter again, I'll bet a corde."

"Gentlemen, you alarm me," anxiously observed Mr. Flush. "Pray, what was the matter with the pigs?" Messrs. Sky and Bagly exchanged glances ruefully, at the same time kicking Dr. Slunk under the table ; but this gentleman, still in his sullen fit, declared he must return to town, at once, and off he went.

"The pig was wholesome, gentlemen, eh!" urged Mr. Flush. Messrs. Sky and Bagly again exchanged glances.

"Extremely sweet, wasn't it?" said the former

"Deliciously so," said Mr. Flush.

"Fatter'n common?" said Bagly.

"Unusually!"

"And tender?"

"Quite!"

"Brown and *crackly*?"

"Never saw such a pig!" exclaimed Mr. Flush.

"The thing's out; the *pin* litter!" cried Mr. Bagly.

"Good God, gentlemen, what do you mean?" gasped the agent of the *Vinaigrette*.

"Don't you feel a qualmsiness at your stomach, now?" inquired Mr. Sky.

"I do, distinctly!" and Mr. Flush grew pale.

"A sort of a risin'?" said Mr. Bagly.

"Yes, yes, sick!"

"Just the way it comes on!" observed the gentleman. "It's the fat that does it!"

"In the name of honour, gentlemen, what was the matter with the pig?" demanded the now livid Mr. Flush.

"The old sow eat a nigger baby with the small-pox, *that's all!*"

The unhappy victim of a fatal admiration for *Helia* and roast pig, plunged towards the door, but was stopped in his career by the entrance of Larry, who bore a singular something, apparently the roasted head of a "varmint," on a carving fork.

"The devil's own kitchen to the cook, sir!" cried the gardener-waiter, "do you know the baste yi've been ating?"

"One of the litter!" screamed the sufferer; "poisoned!"

"Be dad, it's very likely; for-it's few stomachs can stand them, enticin' as they are;" said Larry. "Sure, I found it out by the head of the crayture, that the black divil had put away for a private snack!" and here he held up the fork to the eyes of the dying one, whose gaze became even more horrified.

"My God, what a country!" groaned he; "Is that the head of a pig?"

"It's the head of a mighty fine *possum*, faith! barrin' that it's bad to ate much of it!" said Larry.

"A possum! an *o*-possum!"

"Yis, an *o*-possum, exceptin' that they think the *o* is too Irish! Sure, their pride is enough to turn any one's stomach, sur!"

The conspirators now hastened to relieve Mr. Flush from his apprehensions of poison, assuring him that thirty grains of calomel and a little oil would be all he need to resort to, but his symptoms became more decided notwithstanding, and he took Mr. Larry's arm to seek retirement for a short time.

Evening was at hand; Mrs. Oscar Dust, though relieved from her first strange attack, was still dreadfully "shaken," as Mr. Dust said; and, with deep distress, that gentleman found himself compelled to hurry up to town to change the performance. Mrs. Dust was to remain with Mrs. Slope till the morning, and thus the Great Small Affair festival, that promised so much for the renown of Pokerville, and the *eclat* of its visitors, was "crucified, dead, and buried, through a pig and a *very heavy* man!" as Mr. Dust exclaimed in his vexation.

THE GREAT POKERVILLE "SAW."

MANAGER DUST was a famous general; his resources were inexhaustible, and his genius adapted them to the occasion with wonderful promptitude. The performance must be changed; for a *dismiss* of such a house as there would be on that evening, attracted by the odours of the banquet, was out of the question.

Manager Dust arranged it all as he drove into town. There was a favourite one-act farce "up" in the company, which had not yet been "done;" and this, by cutting out one of the female parts, and letting down the curtain twice *extra*, would do for a "full comedy," under the circumstances. Then there was a shorter farce, which Miss Fanny Wilkins had been in the habit of playing alone in, and the change, backed by a touching speech, in which the manager should struggle with the husband, would make all right, doubtless. Manager Dust called to prepare Miss Wilkins, but his masterly arrangement changed its aspect fearfully when he found that the young lady was not only locked in her room, as usual, but in a high fever and utterly unable to perform herself! *Dismiss!* such a thing, with the prospect of a house, was unknown in Small Affair history! Manager Dust once more changed his programme. A *doubly* touching speech; scenes from six tragedies, in which he himself should shoulder the classic veteran's labours in addition to his own, (Manager Dust's facility in "doubling" was extraordinary,) three grand *overtures* by Mr. Henry Charles Johnson, extra songs by Mr. Fitzcarol, and comic songs, concluding with the "revolving statues," by Mr. Dust! There was a bill to gratify the most insatiable, and, it being already past dark, the Napoleon of Small Affairs proceeded at once to the theatre to notify "the people." Mr. Fitzcarol was punctual, as usual; and before the lights were all ready, Messrs. White and Johnson arrived, to know what was to be done. They were at once directed by the "change of performance," which was formally displayed upon the "caste-board," and, now, with a mind more at

ease, the Small Affair manager went into his box-office with a formidable supply of tickets.

“ ’Tis not in mortals to command success,” as is said somewhere—in a book, and no one could find fault with Mr. Dust’s arrangements upon the present occasion, but, unfortunately, the Great Small Affair dinner had attracted too much attention, for all Pokerville not to be already aware of “how it came off;” and the ’possum disaster, with young Mr. Bagly to make the most of it, was already affording the town play enough for that night. The curtain rose to a slim house, and even these were not as much carried away by Manager Dust’s eloquence as he flattered himself would be the case. However, they applauded, and the offer, distantly glanced at, of money being “returned” was not likely to be taken advantage of, when there was a “rush of six”—without tickets—in front, and every tongue of them informed the speaker before the curtain, that Mr. Waters had just been shot!

“Dead as a nit?”

“Right through the head!”

“Up to the hotel!”

“By Dave Bagly!”

The theatre was cleared in an instant, as was the box-office of its receipts, all running to “get the hang” of the scrape, and the Founder of the Drama in Pokerville, like other great men who had gone before him, was left to his own *lights*, alas!

There lay the veteran, sure enough, on the bar-room floor, his hair matted with blood, and Bagly, with a revolver in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth, pacing up and down beside his expiring victim. There was

a great crowd about, and the chafed and excited manager soon mingled in it. The story was a very short and very plain one, as usual; Mr. Waters had come into town, alone, "rearin' up and playin' h—ll;" had run foul of the wrong one, Mr. Bagly, and had got his brains blown out, "like a dog!" And Mr. Bagly was there, with five more barrels, to do the same for any gentleman who might say "shucks!" Mr. Dust was not the man to use any offensive monosyllable of the kind; but he *did* say that it was "really unfortunate!" and he requested Dr. Slunk to do all in his power, and, moreover, hearing his name muttered by the dying man, he took his hand kindly, and asked what he could do for him?

Dr. Slunk now ordered in a pail of water, and while manager and heavy man were thus tenderly connected, he unceremoniously dashed it in the face of the latter, who rose suddenly at the shock, looked around wildly, and asked if the *curtain was up*? Mr. Dust started in no less surprise, when a scream of laughter burst from all quarters.

"Sawed, by thunder!" "Small-affair sold!" "Good lick!" "Send for the coroner!" and a thousand other triumphant jests at his expense.

The manager was "sawed," as certainly as that Mr. Waters was not slain; for, following up the possum success, Mr. Bagly had simply clotted the veteran's hair with a charge of red paint instead of his own brains, and the drench of cold water had restored these latter to consciousness, if not to sobriety.

Mr. Dust's outward enjoyment of the joke was amazing! He laughed at himself twice as much as any one else did; declared his night's holiday to be worth more

than the most profitable night of the season ; and as he had of course to “stand the liquors,” the way he invited all to “come up,” was as off-hand as popular ! He drank, himself, too, and then he took “another” with Dave Bagly, and “another” with Dr. Slunk ; and then, what with his disappointments, and his fatigue, and his “keeping the thing up,” he became extravagant, and took two or three *others* ; and, finally, when young Bagly suggested that the Dr., Mr. Dust, and himself should take a friendly game of poker in Mr. Dust’s own room—as he was to be a single man for the night—the manager said, “go it,” and led the way up stairs in the highest possible spirits, and was soon making the highest possible bets, and never stopped getting wilder, and “going” more and more on his cards, till his last draught on his funds was unhonoured, and, in a perfect whirl, calling for more “peach,” and lamenting Mrs. Oscar, and making arrangements to bury “the veteran,” and changing the pieces, and d—m—g Coons-borough, he found himself on the bed, where, albeit, he was wrong end in ; he was right side up for all sleeping purposes, and so exeunt Messrs. Slunk and Bagly.

“And you mean to fix the thing, sure, to-night?” inquired the latter, of his companion, as they stood on the steps of the hotel.

“Or shoot some one, by G—d !” replied the M. D., savagely. “Put it through *before* daylight, or die ! Give us light. My name’s *Captain Scott*, I reckon !”

The Captain Scott in question must have been a man of some invincible quality or other, if, with his name, the doctor assumed his manner on this occasion !

Some two hours after this, Mr. Dave Bagly was

shaken out of a favourite dream of his—the exercise of a small sleight of hand in the case of certain cards—by Cynthy, who had returned to town, it seemed, and who told him, “Dat Massa Doc Slunk was lyin’ dead, for sure, under Miss Fanny’s winder!”

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR SCANDAL.

FOR the first time within the circle of Pokerville “society”—that is, the *inner* circle,—on a fine Sabbath morning, too, there existed the flutter and fluster of a loud and lively scandal—more, a *theatrical* scandal! From Parson Hyme, through every ramification of church connection, before nine o’clock, there was a foul mystery,—an eager horror,—a general “I said so!”—stirring and thrilling, and goading every sense of decency and propriety into every utterance of pious regret and holy denunciation! The “fashionable leader,” somehow, had more to do with it than anybody else, for what could be expected of levelling herself with “*such* people;” and Mrs. Wilson of the store-shed was *particeps criminis*, also, and even the store-shed itself was tried, condemned, and only waiting execution! So much for introducing a theatre!—and so much for admitting actors into society!—and so much for complimentary dinners!—and so much for newspaper puffery!—and so much for fat leading ladies!—and so much for light loose ones! Everybody knew it!—everybody said it!—everybody saw it. And now, pray, what was it all about?

What! nothing more nor less than a brutal and bloody fight, at midnight, in Miss Fanny Wilkins's chamber, between two of her gallants, one of whom succeeded in throwing the other out of the window! That was the simple subject which was to feed Parson Hyme's morning discourse, and supply his whole congregation for the remainder of the day; with Mrs. Major Slope and her entire literary and fashionable *clique* dashed over it as a seasoning.

About the bar-rooms the excitement was equally great. Slunk was next to dead, that was certain; contusions all over his body, and talking as if out of his senses. He had evidently been thrown out of the window, and the only question was, who had done it? Some hinted at Dave Bagly, and others at Tom Sky, and others that old "Figurehead" Fitzcarol might be the man, in support of which idea, it was remembered that he had left the hotel at sunrise;—his constant custom every Sunday, poor fellow;—to wander in the country all day long. As for the negroes, they had their stories, too, built upon the positive averment of Cynthy, who happened to have been up, and who saw, with her own eyes, the "debbel" himself appear with Massa Slunk, not at Miss Fanny's window, but on the roof just above it, and after wringing his neck, chicken fashion, "drap" him right down, and then fly off in the shape of a big buzzard! In the mean time, Fanny was struggling under an access of fever, but steadily refusing all attendance save that of Cynthy; the doctor was undergoing a series of fomentations at the hand of Bagly; and Manager Dust was endeavouring to recall his recollection under the interrogatories of Mrs. D., who, having recovered her stomach, and growing im-

patient at Mr. D.'s delay in coming out for her, had caused herself to be driven in at once.

"Yes, my dear," said the manager, with a suppressed hiccough which he dexterously turned into an abrupt *ah!* "An attack similar to your own. It didn't come on until—*ah!*—late, though,—after the dismiss!"

"You dismissed, Mr. Dust!"

"Had to do it; it was you or nothing, my dear. They demanded—*ah!*—their money"—

"But in bed with your boots and clothes on! Why"—

"Just as I was attacked, my dear! Hadn't power to help myself! I thought of *you* though, my love—*ah!*" Here the Napoleon of Small Affairs attempted to reach the pitcher, but brought himself up in exactly the opposite corner; and then he brought himself *down* on a band-box, containing a choice couple of Mrs. D.'s stage-hats.

"Dust!" cried the amazed lady, "are you drunk?"

"No, my dear, that d—d 'possum, that's all!"

"'Possum, sir! You have availed yourself of my absence—suffering though I was—to indulge in a debauch!" And here, as if thrilled with a sudden presentiment, the indignant manageress rushed at him, thrust her hand into one of his side pockets, drew from it a bunch of keys, and opening a private drawer in their strong box, found it empty!

"*Dust!*" screamed the lady; but with a surer aim than he had made at the pitcher, Dust hit the door handle and vanished, retreating, without a hope, the full length of the passage, and, finally, as the result of his Waterloo, exiling himself to his Helena—Cynthy's mattress in the garret—for the remainder of the day.

“*Prehaps*,” Parson Hyme didn’t put it in to Pokerville for two mortal hours; and *prehaps* Pokerville didn’t wiggle, wince, and finally “flummix” right beneath him! Mrs. Major Slope wasn’t there, and *prehaps* Parson Hyme didn’t take advantage of it to talk about the desertion of one altar for that of another—*fashion*! Mrs. Major Slope wasn’t there, but Mrs. Wilson *was*, and *prehaps* her round little husband didn’t feel himself flattened right out, only wishing that he might also be rolled up and put away for ever more, out of all possible reach; and *prehaps* he didn’t curse the day when he had consented that his store-shed should be condemned to fame and made a “temple” of! Mr. Flush was there too, with Miss Mimy Hunter, and other ladies, and he really, at first sight, looked as if he was very much overcome by his self-reproaches, but it was recollected that he had had a dreadful time with his stomach the night before, so after all it might have been that. And Mr. Tom Sky was there, in his yellow kids, with another pew full of ladies; but he, on the contrary, kept looking the Rev. Mr. Hyme right in the face all the time, except when he bent to void his tobacco juice, and, altogether, he carried it off as none but a man who was used to steamboat explosions possibly could have done.

Everybody went home piously sharpened up for their dinner, over which, conjecture, comment and surprise were as rife as ever. And now, by way of keeping up the excitement, every horse and every vehicle was chartered for the afternoon, and juleps, milk punches, and ten-pins, out of town, brought round the evening. Manager Dust was sought for in vain, while the editor of the Palladium puffed his cigar, and affected a close

knowledge of the whole affair, his conduct being an acted illustration of his article for the next morning, in which he stated that "motives of delicacy dictated a suppression of *particulars*, for the present." The theatrical world was big with further events, which cast their shadows before, too, not the least ghastly of which was the classic veteran, Mr. Waters, who, still muddled, mysterious, and full of ill-defined, but indignant grandeur, paced the bar-room of the hotel ejaculating "*pickles!*" and screwing his face about as if in the act of swallowing, compulsorily, a very sour one.

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR CHASTISEMENT.

MONDAY Morning! The *Palladium* faithfully appeared, giving a full report of the Great Small Affair dinner—all but the 'possum, that dish not being inserted in the *carte* at all. A brief editorial alluded to a certain "unpleasant" affair, as has been mentioned, and a very long and enthusiastic editorial reminded the taste and beauty of Pokerville, that the amiable and "genius-gifted" Mrs. Oscar Dust took her benefit on that evening.

A new piece was to be performed, and, there being a positive necessity for her presence, Miss Fanny Wilkins, though seemingly more dead than alive, made her appearance at rehearsal; she was evidently suffering, mentally, from some cause or other, though what it was she kept to herself; and, in fact, there was little show of sympathy to induce confidence. Mrs. Oscar Dust was wrapt in gloom and distance, at the prompt ta'

waiting for Mr. Dust, who had run down to the printing office ; Mr. Kemble White, striding up and down over a new part, was wrapt up in future greatness, Mr. Waters was wrapt up in a misty recollection of some extraordinary circumstance or other for which he had to apologize ; and Mr. Johnson was about town, borrowing *properties*. Mr. Fitzcarol was naturally the last person who would hear any thing in the way of scandal, never dealing in the article, and, besides, he had spent the day before in exploring the hills and hollows, not that he was entirely ignorant that Fanny was spoken against, but then he knew that Mrs. Dust couldn't endure her, and the other followed, as a matter of course. Besides, Fanny had never invited his interference in any way, and he had too much delicacy by broaching the subject, to make her think, perhaps, that it was necessary. He was now describing to her the incidents of his ramble, and suggesting to her a ride over the same track as likely to do her good, when Mr. Johnson rushed in with the information that Dr. Slunk, pistol in hand, was parading before the door of the theatre ! Fanny Wilkins turned pallid and nearly fainted at the news. There was a general thrill ! Something desperate was impending, and who knew who might not come in for a share of it ! Mrs. Oscar Dust started up, her face glowing with a pent-up rage.

“So, Miss Wilkins, public exposure at last ! shameful and abandoned ; regardless of propriety as destructive of the best interests of the establishment ! Disappointment, dismissal, and disgrace, Miss ; these are your appeals to public notice ! closed on Saturday ; ruined again to night ; disgraceful !”

The indignant manageress took several short turns

of the entire breadth of the *proscenium*, whilst Fanny, first flushing up to her temples, assayed to speak, but, choking with emotion, changed to a burst of passionate sobs and tears. Mr. Fitzcarol was all amazement! "Gracious me!" said he, "this is very strange—very! It is cruel—distinctly it is! You charge Miss Wilkins, madam, with misconduct! I'll see what this gentleman means myself!" He turned to go, but ere making a step Fanny stopped him with almost a wild earnestness.

"No!—no!—not for the world, Mr. Fitzcarol! It is me he wishes to see,—for Heavens sake not you! I'll go to him!" and while all stood motionless in surprise, she dropped her veil and walked rapidly without.

Mr. Dust was coming as rapidly down the street as his yet unsteady legs would permit, when what was his surprise to see Dr. Slunk—a patch on one side of his face, and a terrible swelling on the other—his eyes, too, inflamed as if with other stimulant than passion—advancing in swaggering triumph with Miss Fanny Wilkins on his arm, and followed at a short distance by Mr. Jake Bagly and a crowd as leering and chuckling as himself.

"Why, doctor—ah——"

"How *are* you, Dust," said the doctor, patronizingly, assuming a familiar air with Fanny, at the same time.

"Ah—a, Miss Wilkins," continued the manager, "the rehearsal is surely not over!"

"The fact is, Dust," said the doctor, "you must spare Miss Fanny this morning, for I *can't*; she has an engagement with me, now!"

A laugh from the crowd behind was heard, and with a shudder Fanny pressed forward.

"She'll be all right at night, Dust!" cried Slunk, using a theatrical phrase, jeeringly, and in another moment the manager was surrounded by Bagly and his "crowd." He was quizzed and slapped on the back, and "old hoss'd," when, suddenly, he felt himself, also, grasped by the collar, and the next, a stinging, whizzing, cutting, maddening shower of lashes, from a cowskin, saluted his back and shoulders! Now rose such a mingled yelling-shout, scream and laughter—as never had been heard in Pokerville.

"Hats off"—"Encore"—"Music"—"Go it, major"—"Keep up the Dust"—"A little more 'possum"—"First time this season"—"Particular request," &c. In the mean time, exercising unusual activity, and with the most eager desire in the world to "explain," if he might only be permitted, Manager Dust threw himself into more positions than ever he had studied for the revolving statues! Whack—thwack, came the blows: skip—slip—trip went the manager; *Hurraw!* went the crowd, till, finally, as coolly as could be, Major Slope emptied his mouth of an accumulation of tobacco juice, let go of Mr. Dust's collar, and then, merely remarking that the next time that gentleman wished to correspond with him (the major) he hoped that he (the major) might be permitted to write his own replies, he (the major) took a fresh *chew* and walked off.

This was an unparalleled proceeding. The astonished Small Affair Manager appealed to the crowd if it wasn't: A man who had forced attentions upon him! one whose house and household had been placed at his disposal! Their wives bosom friends! In his whole career he had never felt so amazed! He could not believe it even then! It wasn't real! In fact, it hadn't

taken place! Manager Dust, however, rubbed his shoulders, and evinced an uneasiness under his broadcloth, rather indicative of the painful truth of the matter; but the "gentlemen of the company" now appearing, he was again seized with an anxiety regarding the rehearsal; he hoped that Mr. Fitzcarol would ascertain when Miss Wilkins would *probably* be down; and he begged that Mr. White would at once return with him, and what with his wriggling his shoulders, and his business airs with "the company," and his *keeping it up* with the crowd, he had more on his hands than even the Napoleon of Small Affairs could get along with! He finally *sloped* with a lively step for the theatre, and the screaming crowd took their way to the hotel.

Miss Fanny Wilkins sat in her room, apparently rendered speechless by the tumult of her emotions; Doctor Slunk, with a malignant enjoyment, sat familiarly near her, and Cynthy, with one hand on the door, as if to keep it open, stood glow'ring and puckering out her huge lips, when a tap was heard, and Mr. Fitzcarol respectfully made his obeisance. Doctor Slunk's brows contracted, and he started up.

"Well, sir," he cried, "what do you want?"

Fanny Wilkins's simple, pretty, round little face, presented every hollow, line, and angle, of affright and desolation.

"Miss Wilkins," said Fitzcarol, "in spite of your prohibition, I have called to interpose between you and a gentleman whose strange conduct, it really appears to me, you seem to compel yourself to submit to. You know I would not take a liberty ——"

"I know you *lie*, sir!" exclaimed the doctor, swell-



"But while in the act of aiming it, Cynthia threw a pillow in his face."—Page 79.

ing with passion, "but by G—d, you will no longer take them here! Tell him so, Miss!"

"Tell me rather, Miss Fanny," said the vocalist, with quite a tinge of colour on his cheek, "that I *may* take a liberty—that of throwing this insulting fellow out of the window!"

This was said in a calm, I-mean-what-I-say sort of tone, and Slunk's face changed from purple to blue, and from blue to green, and his glance became unsettled for an instant.

"Oh, go!—go!—he will kill you!" shrieked Fanny; and, as if challenged to maintain his character by the cry, the chameleon-complexioned hero drew a pistol; but while in the act of aiming it, Cynthia threw a pillow in his face, and under that cover rushed forward and pinioned his arms in her embrace.

"You aint a gwine to do no shootin' here, massa doc!" cried Cynthia; "I carry you down stairs, and drap you for sure!"

The doctor cursed and struggled, but he was nothing in the hands of the huge wench, big as he was. On his finally abandoning his attempts, she snatched the weapon from his hand, and released him.

"You black devil!" roared the doctor.

"Wal, I *is* some, for sure, Massa Slunk!" chuckled Cynthia, and then she whistled carelessly, by way of a crow over her triumph.

"As for you, you d—d strolling death's-head," said the doctor, complimenting the singer, at the same time going towards the door, "if you think your ears essential to your beauty, you'll have to fight for them!" With a fierce look, and a fiercer slam of the door, he disappeared.

“He’ll kill you ! He’ll kill you !” cried poor Fanny, wringing her hands ; “He sent me a message, this morning, that he would do so, the next time he found you in my company ! I left the theatre with him to prevent him shooting you !”

And now that Fanny had commenced her story, she soon relieved her heart by detailing a series of insults and persecutions, to make the coolest blood boil again. Immediately on her arrival in town, Slunk had thrown himself in her way ; when disappointed in his expectations of a reception, he had addressed notes to her, the first of which Cynthia had been the bearer of, but soon learning to sympathize with the friendless girl, the kindly wench had turned round and became her body guard in the house, as Fitzcarol had been her protection, unknowingly, out of it. Even locked within her chamber, she had not been free from alarm ; a thousand ingenious cruelties had been resorted to, while, abroad, the words and manner of her persecutor compromised her as effectually as if she had been guilty, as has been seen. Without a soul to look to for defence—isolated from the company, save in the case of the good-natured vocalist, whose personal safety, she shuddered as she thought, she was endangering—the poor girl had given herself up to a despair, which had finally laid her on a bed of sickness.

“Yes, an’ dat’s all you knows, Miss Fanny,” said Cynthia, with a strange twinkling of her eyes, “but de debbil gin Massa Slunk goss, night ’fore las’, I reckon !” and here she laughed with a mirth that was unaccountable.

“You doesn’t know nuffin, Miss Fanny, kase you was fas’ asleep, an’ sick an’ moanin’, and I jes’ kept

shady ever since. Well, night 'fore las', I know'd you'd want me, kase I guessed 'wot Massa Doc was arter, wen I see him look so brac at him wittles, an' so you know I cum in to sleep in your room, Miss Fanny, same as ebery other night, kase you 'fraid to sleep alone, an' 'way long in de night, I hears a sorter pushin' at de winder. I kep' shady, Miss Fanny, bress de Lord, I did—no light dar—an' bime-by a man pushes de winder clar up, an' I sees it was de doctor, on a ladder. You needn't feel skeer'd, Miss Fanny, I was dar, 'all shady,—and jes' as he goes to puttin' in one leg he kotch it, lor' a massy, Miss Fanny, all dis big double fis' wid de bones in, right spang in de eyes, and down he drapped wid de ladder over him, an' I kep' shady still, jes' to see if he was gwine to try it agin, Miss Fanny! Wall, he lay dar so quiet, dat I goes down an' puts away de ladder, jes' to bodder 'em, an' den I goes and wakes up Massa Jake Bagly, an' de poor silly niggers all over de place jes' swar for sartin it was de debbil, an' guess Massa Slunk tink so, too, for he nebber get hit dat way afore, for sure!"

The wench wound up her story with a convulsion of laughter, and Fanny and the vocalist were equally wrapt up in amazement, at the atrocity of the attempt, and the manner of its defeat; it was indeed news to both of them.

"Is it possible," at length said Fitzcarol, "that you have been exposed to these outrages! As sure as I'm alive, Miss Fanny, I will punish that man severely."

"Oh, do not interfere; you are not used to fighting!" cried Fanny; and this was accompanied by a

look of generous pity, as it were, for the disfigured vocalist's fancy, that he could even acquire a knowledge of that accomplishment!

"But I *will* fight, Miss Fanny, and he *shall* fight! He has insulted us all, and I *will* fight!"

"And *can* you really fight, Mr. Fitzcarol?" said Fanny, with an innocent yet anxious air of inquiry.

"I never have, Miss Fanny," replied Fitz, "but that man is a ruffian, and it is impossible that he can stand before a gentleman, fairly."

Fanny's pale cheek grew red, her eyes sparkled, and, as if suddenly assured, she started from her chair and took her champion's hands:

"Then *fight* him, Mr. Fitzcarol! *Fight* him! punish him!—not because he has insulted *me*, but because he could, under any circumstances, oppress a poor lone girl! Fight him, and I will pray for you! Fight him, and I will thank you—bless you—love you all my life ——"

Fanny's torrent of emotion was checked by a knock at the door. Mr. Bagly wanted to see Mr. Fitzcarol, down stairs,—and Mr. Fitzcarol was eager at once to see Mr. Bagly, for he brought a challenge, no doubt—and, with Fanny's earnest gratitude ringing in the vocalist's ears, and her tearful yet sparkling eyes glittering in his brain, he felt more like a hero than if he had twice his nose! He was occupying "a position!" He was, in large letters; a star! yes, he was once more "a feature!"

Mr. Bagly had brought a challenge, which was accepted at once, and Fitz was just endeavouring to think of "a friend," when he saw the editor of the

Palladium, who, among his limited acquaintance, would probably do as well as any other. Mr. Case was very sorry, lamented the necessity, &c., but it was good matter for the paper, and Mr. Case would serve, certainly. He retired with Mr. Bagly, and, after a time, returned to tell his principal that every thing was arranged for half an hour after dinner—pistols, ten paces, back of the grave-yard, &c. The hour was an unusual one, but the thing would be settled the sooner; and, after all, it was much more sensible to fight on roast-beef and brandy and water, than on a biscuit and cup of coffee. Mr. Fitz was equally satisfied with the arrangement, and the philosophy of it, and so went to take a long walk, happier in Miss Fanny's heart-kindling warmth of gratitude than he had been since his first triumphant success in *Count Belino*!

THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR DUEL.

THE Pokerville dinners were proverbially *fast*, but there never had been such *time* made as at the hotel on this occasion! It was a single dash; and from the start, on bacon and greens, to the come home, on apple-pie, it was whip and spur, and no mistake about it! It was to be none of your sneaking, shivering, break o' day duels, but a sociable meeting for the benefit of all, and, apparently, all were determined to avail themselves of it. And now, in order that Pokerville should have no advantage over the reader, he had better be let, at once, into the town *secret*, namely,

that it was to be a *sham* duel, at the expense of the town-quiz, "Old Figurehead;" otherwise the "Feat-ure;" otherwise Mr. Fitzcarol! It was another of Mr. Jake Bagly's ideas, who, since the brilliant success of the 'possum and murder hoaxes, was a "big dog" as well as the doctor, and could do as he "d—d pleased," any how! He proposed it; the doctor objected, swearing he'd have a sure enough shot; but then he reflected that he'd have to stand a sure enough shot in return, and so he gradually yielded to his friend's arguments; which were, that the singer, being made to believe that he had killed his antagonist, and being threatened with a lynching, would leave town at once, and so yield the field and Fanny to his rival, without the fuss of an inquest, burial, &c. Doctor Slunk hated his antagonist heartily, for, albeit, he had commenced by despising him, yet his own lack of success with Fanny had taught him jealousy of another, and, finally, if it were not the vocalist who had knocked him off the ladder, who the d—l could it have been? However, he consented; and Mr. Case, of the Palladium, did not require much urging, either, to join in the laugh against such a "soft shell" as his phiz-battered principal was, and so the word was passed about, and all was settled.

The grave-yard was just back of Pokerville; and just back of the grave-yard, between the wall and the wood, was a retired little strip of grass, very much frequented by cattle, and which, these latter driven from their ruminations, would answer very well as a duelling-ground.

The grave-yard wall was lined with heads, and from

behind every tree, on the other side, stood a peeping spectator. In the centre, stood a group composed of Dr. Slunk, his second, and surgeon ; and now, amid a very becoming gravity, (Pokerville wags being famous for thin faces,) Mr. Busby Case *drove* up with his principal. The "feature" got out quietly, received the case of pistols ; Mr. Case hitched his horse, and "the parties" confronted each other. Dr. Slunk's air was implacable, and Mr. Bagly's was haughty ; the surgeon had already made formidable parade of his instruments, and there was bloody work in preparation, sure as shooting. Mr. Bagly had a few words with his principal, who drew himself up twice as stiffly ; and Mr. Case had a few words with *his* principal, who merely pointed to the pistol case ; and then the two seconds approached, and then the pistols were loaded, and there was a toss-up for choice of them, and another toss-up for the word ; and then the ground was measured, and then the parties were placed. The bobbing-up from behind the wall and from behind the trees was very active now, for a minute ; but each got his agreeable point of sight, and things went on once more very decorously. Somehow or other the "feature" had not shown the least uneasiness or alarm, so far, and there was nothing to laugh at. He was there prepared coolly to behave like a man ; and some few, who were not altogether satisfied that Dr. Slunk was Julius Cæsar, began to wish that it was a downright test of behaviour on both parts.

"Gentlemen," said Dave Bagly, in a severe voice, as if in full militia uniform, "attention ! You remember the terms : fire between one and three. We have the word : Are you ready ?"

The word was given—the discharges were together—when Dr. Slunk dropped his pistol and staggered! Taking his hand away from his side, there appeared a dismal blotch of blood, and now, in the act of “biting the dust,” he suddenly arrested his fall and stood up again, as if looking for a *clean place*; for, as has been remarked, the cows had been there, and the doctor had but just escaped them, curse them! He now fell as if *very* dead; but his balk had raised a scream of laughter from every throat, and his antagonist, surprised at it, also seemed to be suddenly struck with the truth, and, collaring Mr. Busby Case, he demanded to know if he had been trifled with?

“N-n-ow, don’t be angry!” Mr. Case *would* have said; but his first stammer was enough, and, before he could articulate a syllable, he received a sling and a kick that sent him headlong under his own buggy! Two springs, and the “feature” had Dr. Slunk and and *his* second by their respective collars! Cheer after cheer now broke from every side, and the crowd gathering round, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, not one among them but would have heartily seen the two captive contrivers kicked into fits first, and into the river afterwards. Mr. Dave Bagly drew his bowie-knife; but dropped it immediately, as Tom Sky popped into the “feature’s” hand a *revolver*, while the doctor, with his green look, endeavored to smile, but only to make his ugly captor thrice handsome by comparison.

“Gentlemen, all,” said the vocalist, as if afraid of indulging his passion, “I am entirely unused to these affairs. I hardly know the etiquette; but, really, I think I ought to cut the ears from these persons!”

“Go it!” cried a dozen voices; “put it to ’em,

Fitz ; you're a team, by thunder !” “ D——d shame, any how.” “ Can't bluff you, old hoss.” “ No back out,” &c. &c.

A tremendous big boatman now whipped a cord out of his pocket, bound the hands of Slunk and his second, and then made a dart at Mr. Busby Case ; but that sufficiently cautioned gentleman, already in his buggy, now set off, *express*, for the *Palladium* office. “ No other paper had the news” on that occasion distinctly.

The “ First singer”—and wasn't he a first singer in this business?—would not push his triumph to extremity ; nor is it necessary to detail all Dr. Slunk's dogged apologies and acknowledgments. Suffice, that all Pokerville “ got the hang” of the Miss Wilkins's mystery at last ; that she was a confessed angel at once, and that her champion was the only *feature* in town ! As for Cynthy, she received more dresses, and shoes, and half-hand kerchiefs, and half dollars, than she knew what to do with, while her midnight achievement was sung to banjo accompaniments on every plantation in the neighbourhood.

The Dust party was nowhere ! There wasn't enough of it left to render a broom necessary. The *benefit* was another dismiss ; and, moreover, two weeks' salary being due next morning, and Manager D. having been cleaned out on the Saturday night previous, all he had to do was to bring his season to a premature close, and leave his *foundation* in Pokerville to be built on by some more fortunate architect.

But wasn't there a house a few nights afterwards, when Miss Fanny Wilkins's complimentary *concert* came off ? Not only Mrs. Major Slope, but *Mr.* Major Slope “ patronized” it heartily ; while Mrs. Store-shed

Wilson, and even Parson Hyme's strict church members, turned out *en masse*, more particularly as it wasn't to "a play." The editor of the *Palladium* made the *amende honorable*, as far as he was concerned, and even acted as door-keeper, simply keeping out of the receipts the amount of "the bills;" and, when all the encores were over, and Mr. Fitzcarol got quite as many of them as the *other* "feature," and the wreath was thrown, and the gentleman led forward the lady to crown her, and did it very gallantly "at that," amid the applause and enthusiasm, there was more than one who whispered that they "wouldn't be a bit surprised if it were a match, after all."

WHAT WAS BUILT ON THE GREAT SMALL AFFAIR FOUNDATION.

IN these latter-day times, it is but a small skip from Pokerville to one of the large Atlantic cities; so, if you please, in one of them, tolerably up town, you will imagine a snug little house standing back, with a grass-plat in front; and, now, walking in with us, you will see in the back room a tidy, round little woman, laughing all over her face, and clapping her hands, and, ever and anon, running up to a bed and poking her finger into the fat sides of an "uncommon fine child," which lies there crowing and kicking up its rosy little feet, and exposing itself in the highest style of infantile *abandon*.

It is all nonsense to attempt the baby-talk; suffice that it was florid to a degree, and might have puzzled

the most apt interpreter of maternal rapture. One little gush, though, from its constant repetition, might be safely ventured, and that was, that the "Dod-a-bessed, had faser's eyes, and faser's mouse, and faser's *nosey*, too!"

In the midst of the exercise, a carriage was heard to drive up without, and, running to the front window, the little woman heightened her smile by a rosy flush and a radiant sparkle that rendered her, actually, little less than an illumination!

"Why, I declare," cried she, "if Fitz hasn't brought home Mam'selle Nathalie to see baby!"

And wasn't the door thrown open, and the hall-chairs set back for the richest *kind* of a dress, shawl, &c., garbing as they did a really kind and benevolent creature; albeit she did certainly put the screws to the managers awfully during her "extraordinary successful engagements," which invariably closed the theatre for the rest of the season!

"Well, you are so kind, mam'selle—yes, the passage is too narrow, and the chains *shall* come out, Fitz. This way, mam'selle; I know what you've come to see; and it's been laughing and crowing so all the morning, just as if it knew you were coming. There, now, take off your hat, and, Fitz, you get a glass of wine, and—stop, now stop—don't look yet,—*there*! Don't you *hear* it? *Coo-oo-oo-oo.*"

"Fanny, Fanny," said Mr. Fitzcarol, with a tone of indulgent censure, yet with a round smile circling the zig-zag of his usual expression, "what a fool you do make of yourself with that child. Let *me* show it to you, mam'selle;—*coo-oo-oo-oo*"—

And then Mr. Fitz poked his fingers in its sides,

and dandled, and danced it, and, finally, after a score of kisses all round, it was put back on the bed, and there was a comparative calm in the house.

And this was the celebrated Mam'selle Nathalie, now the idol of both hemispheres, the queen of the ballet, the preservation of whose legs, years before, as has been mentioned, cost poor unselfish Mr. Fitzcarol alike his "position" and his nose! The *ci-devant* "feature" had at length settled down into obscurity and a good salary, as prompter of a leading theatre, where his steadiness and conscientious observance of duty made him an "invaluable man," and where his cheerful, grateful, and affectionate little wife, with her bright face and *naïve* manners, was a perfect "pet"—and an unspoiled one—as the representative of every possible description of smart, tidy, *piquant* little body in cap, ribands, and apron. Mam'selle Nathalie had thus found her old acquaintance, and, full of lively recollection—for the indescribably sweet smile which gave witchery to her other graces had its origin in a refined nature—she had taken the first opportunity of evincing the interest she took in his unostentatious *ménage*.

"Ah, 'tis sweet ~~enfant~~ *enfant*, Monsieur *Feets*; and 'tis ver like you, too, mon cher ogly, old fren, for I see 'Otel-lo's visage en his face,' comme say you grand poète Shakspierre!"

If she had said "in his *mind*" she would have been nearer the author, but it was pretty well for a French quotation of him, and it pleased papa amazingly. The truth is, he had experienced much anxiety of mind with regard to the expected baby's probable mould of 'eature; for albeit "faser's nose" is always the first

trait to trace the desired resemblance in, he was not exactly sure, being in all things a primitive creature, but that a broken *nasus*, especially one of such long standing, might transmit itself. What was his satisfaction, then, to find the young one just as much a *roman* as if he had been born years before! It showed, too, that beneath his present mask mam'selle saw, gratefully, only the good-looking face of her early friend, the "first singer."

"Do you know, mam'selle," chimed in Mrs. Fanny, "that is what I'm always telling him, though he only says 'pshaw!' I can see every line of his face, in baby's, just as well as I can see my own in a glass; and I know by that just exactly how he looked before his accident, poor fellow;—not that that makes any difference, for I do believe I love him twice as well for it;—and when I remember that I used at one time to think him almost a fright, I love him twice as well for that—for he risked his life for me, mam'selle; and, more than that, he saved me from insult and undeserved shame; he did, and without expectation of return, or even the idea that I ever *could* love him—my poor dear Fitz!" And here the little woman "*boo-hoo'd* right out," as the orientals of *Varmount* have it, and threw herself incontinently full on to his breast, and hung round his neck, and went on in a surprising way for such a mere artificial as an actress.

The great "star" wiped her eyes, and then kissed sobbing Mrs. Fanny, fondly, and shook the overcome prompter feelingly by the hand, and finally kissed and hugged the baby, once more, as if it had been her own. By this time, all were smiling again and saying, "pshaw, how foolish!" And, now, mam'selle declared

her intention of staying to dinner, spending the afternoon, and riding down to the theatre for the performance; an arrangement which just put the last indescribable tint upon the *couleur de rose* of the most oddly-paired and happiest couple that ever "smelt the lamps."

"Curtain bell," as they have it in the prompt-books; so once more *imagine* the snug dinner, and the cheerful chat, and the broken English, and the sprinkle of music, and the cup of delicious tea, and the announcement of "carriage is come; and, last of all, as being the most fitting moment, the kind offer of mam'selle to dance "one leetle *pas*" for the benefit of her old "*Dieu*" preserver!

It was proper—just—but more, it was delicately done, and the gratitude it earned was as that due to a sister! It was a handsome instalment on a great debt, but its chief value was in the rich music of the heart which it inspired, on both sides. And now, with the application for places ringing in our ears, and the comfortable consequences revealing themselves to our ready perceptions of the agreeable, we tuck up the baby, leave thrice repeated, and every way unnecessary injunctions with the sufficiently experienced nurse, look at the fire, blow out the candle, pack ourselves with a band-box into the carriage along with the happy "star" and doubtfully happy lesser lights, and leaving them at the brilliant and already crowded theatre, we light a cigar, with the reflection, "Well, thus much good, at least, came of the foundation of THE DRAMA IN POKERVILLE!"

THE BENCH AND BAR OF JURYTOWN.

JURYTOWN is the greatest place in the west, as everybody knows; and the next tallest thing to its liberty-pole, is its court-house, which beats its big hotel all to smash, though it ain't half finished either. When said court-house shall get its pillars up, and its pavements down, according to confident calculations, it is "bound" to lay every thing in the way of architecture west of the Alleghanies "out cold," and *no* mistake!

Jurytown has its circuit court, and its county court, and its criminal court, and its common pleas, to say nothing of minor tribunals, including "any quantity" of justices of profound capacity. The Bar of Jurytown is of a like extensive scale, doubtless, much to said bar's own satisfaction, and the admiration of all beside. Decayed two-story houses, dark passages, and dingy "shingles" abound, of course, as well as the corresponding number of brilliant speakers, shining politicians, and disinterested candidates. It is a great treat to contemplate, occasionally, the Bench and Bar of Jurytown. The scene is of a very republican character, still, fortunately; bare throats, shirt sleeves, and tobacco, retaining the ascendancy over emasculate black coats, clean floors, and etiquette.

“To be A—No. 1,” amid these perfections is, of course, high honour; and Judge Frill’s court is the model court of Jurytown. Judge Frill is a refined man, was “ever so long at college,” and ain’t done “learnin’ things” yet; has a heap of money, moreover, and wears gold spectacles! Judge Frill, when he mounted the bench, went in for having things right, of course; he objected to shirt sleeves, eschewed tobacco, and decidedly set his face against swearing—except in the legal form. Judge Frill, though, hadn’t a fair shake at first; he held his court in a rather scant pattern of an apartment of the old building, which didn’t second his dignity at all, and it was therefore a proud day for him, when, translated to his grand new room in the great new court-house, he viewed his more fitting stage of judicial action. The cause was one of intense interest.

Mr. Grire, a “powerful man,” was expected to make a “great effort;” the new court-house itself was a matter of curiosity, and, over piles of brick, through a sedge of shavings, all Jurytown precipitated itself into Judge Frill’s future temple. The crowd was dense, the day warm, coat sleeves were numerous, and tobacco abundant. The front spittors in the gallery, under the press, distributed their salivary favours, indiscriminately, below; the spittees below were equally liberal towards each others’ legs, and what with the blowing of noses, and a characteristic *bronchitis*, there was the most awful clearing of throats, *hawking*, and horn-blowing that ever Judge Frill had listened to! It must here be stated, that the judge—whether it was that he always had something at the tip of his tongue, which he never let go off, or for some other reason —

it really was *not* affectation, could not trill the letter R, he invariably made a W of it; and thus it was under the most imperative orders that "Mr. Shewiff" and Mr. "Gwire," and a number of other officials, now set to work to obtain silence, and an observance of court etiquette.

The court was opened, and the cause commenced, but under the disadvantages of disturbing causes which sorely troubled Judge Frill's official equilibrium. A new judge in a new court-room; and, if he was naturally fastidious, he was now somewhat fussy. The cause, amid interruptions both from bench and audience, had struggled on, and Mr. Grire was in his argument when Judge Frill, in evident fidgets, cried:

"Stop, Mr. *Gwiah!* Mr. Shewiff, *this* court can't hear, and it insists upon *wespect!*" Mr. Sheriff bawled out, "*Si-lence,*" in a tone that deafened all but himself; and Judge Frill, in a bland manner, said, "*Pwoceed, Mr. Gwiah.*" Mr. *Gwiah* did "*pwoceed,*" and, albeit there was a considerable snorting and spitting, still the jury and audience were becoming quite interested, when Judge Frill again interrupted:

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah, Mr. Shewiff!* *This* court desires that you would signify that this court *can't* go on unless there is less *hawking* in the gallewy!"

"*Si-lence,* and stop spitting!" fulminated Mr. Sheriff, at the same time changing his own old quid for a juicy three fingers' full.

"*Pwoceed, Mr. Gwiah,*" said Judge Frill, once more, with a gracious wave of the hand; but scarcely had the restive orator given a toss of the head before he was again checked with a

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah. This* court insists upon *pwooper*

etiquette. Mr. Shewiff! Mr. Shewiff!" But this high officer was absent, having privately withdrawn for some unaccountable reason.

"*This court can't go on, Mr. Gwiah, without its pwoper officers. Mr. Shewiff*"—an active search had been instituted, of course, and "Mr. Shewiff" now appeared at a side-door, very much flurried, and adjusting his dress.

"Please your honour," said he, "I was really obliged to"—"Oh, yes, I see," interrupted the judge with a grave yet benign recognition of human necessities, "*I see! Mr. Shewiff, this court directs you to take down that leg!*"

Judge Frill here pointed with great determination at a sort of privileged worthy who was in the habit of haunting the court-rooms, and who now sat within the bar, with one leg thrown over the railing. Mr. Shewiff deliberately "took down" the leg, to its owner's amazement; and Mr. "Gwiah" once more had permission to pwoceed. Chafed, and absolutely pawing, off he dashed, made a good quarter, and was exhibiting a "straight tail," when the gates were shut before him.

"Stop, Mr. Gwiah! Mr. Shewiff; *this court can't hear! This court diwects that the windows be closed, forthwith.*"

As stated, it was a warm day, and this order was received with a general "whew!" and a terribly increased *hawking*, but "*si-lence*" resounded, and bounded, as it were, from wall to wall, and down came the sashes.

"Pwoceed, Mr. Gwiah." But it would have take more mettle than half a dozen orators could have com-

manded, to have carried him through the snorting, blowing, and "*whewing*" that now prevailed; he made a brush for it, however, when the futile effort was, this time, *considerately* arrested.

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah; this court is satisfied that the last expedient of this court is ineffectual. Mr. Shewiff, open the windows.*" "Agh!" breathed everybody, with intense satisfaction, and at the same time, as if to repay themselves for recent deprivation, every mother's son indulged in a new chew and a hearty expectoration.

"*Stop, Mr. Gwiah.*" Mr. Gwiah hadn't exactly recommenced; but Judge Frill had adopted this *form of blank*, as it were.

"*This court can't hear! Mr. Shewiff, you will please learn if there is any one acquainted with the science of sound pwesent, in order that this court may ascertain why it can't hear.*"

There was a great deal of ceremonious inquiry, and one gentleman was named; but it turned out that his only knowledge of sound consisted in the art and mystery of *tuning pianos*. Another young gentleman was an *optician*; that is, he made spectacles, and that was pretty near, but still not satisfactory. At length the old worthy, who had had his leg *taken down*, named Dr. Stofflebricht, whose name frequently had appeared in the papers in connection with hard words and unknown discoveries, was called and stood up, perfectly prepared to make himself understood in any known language, except English.

Dr. Stofflebricht, aided by his eyebrows, shoulders, hands, and an interpreter—all fully employed—was going deeply into acoustic principles. talking about

elastic media, vibratory motion, and the tympanum, when his science was cut short.

“*Stop*, Dr. Stofflebwicht; *this* court simply wants to know if there is any thing in the constuuction of this hall which forbids this court hearing.”

A terrible hammering immediately over “*this court’s*” head, induced as sudden a call for Mr. Shewiff: “Mr. Shewiff, *this* court diirects that you instantly forbid those workmen stopping *this* court by their hammewing. Pwoceed, Dr. Stofflebwicht; *this* court wishes to know if you detect any fault of constuuction in this hall?”

Dr. Stofflebricht was again running into the intricacies of deflection and reflection. “*Stop*, Dr. Stofflebwicht. Mr. Shewiff, what do those workmen say to this court?”

“Why, they say they *won’t*!” A trebled thundering above sufficiently backed the declaration of their intentions.

“Mr. Shewiff, go *instantly* to those workmen, and say that *this* court says they *must* stop their hammewing. Pwoceed, Dr. Stofflebwicht.” But, instead of opening the mouth, it was more necessary to stop the ears at this moment—a perfect battery of hammers having opened them! The storm was kept up, and, finally, the sheriff again made his appearance.

“Mr. Shewiff,” cried Judge Frill, now decidedly roused to an assertion of every inch of his dignity, “what do those workmen say to *this* court *now*?”

“Why,” replied the sheriff, “they say that this court may go to h—ll!”

“Pwoceed, Dr. Stofflebwicht—”

There was an end to the pwoceedings, though; for at that moment, a quarter section of plaster, loosened

by the rattle above, came smothering down upon Judge Frill's head, desk, and other movables! A scream that the house was falling adding to the *dust*, Judge Frill himself proceeded out of the side-door without further notice of adjournment; and "Mr. Shewiff" departed to "wash his mouth out," himself *in charge of the jury*. A correct return of killed and wounded was never published; nor did Judge Frill prosecute inquiry into the matter—not desiring, we suppose, to undergo a second Jurytown *hammering*.

A SUCKER IN A WARM BATH.

OUR friend Louis, of the "Italian Baths," St. Louis, has just about the nicest arrangements in the shape of a bath that an up-river man can desire ; but still he hasn't, after all, got the "latest touch" in the way of his cocks, and that we found out recently at the St. Charles, New Orleans. We called in to see our old acquaintance, the Irish lady, who *does the towels*, &c., and who—more stretch to her girdle—resembles nothing fleshly in petticoats, except it be Falstaff, disguised as the "fat woman of Bentford," in the Merry Wives. We were shown into a bathing-room, and there we discovered that an entire new plan of letting in and letting off the water had been introduced. We saw a shining brass plate with three polished handles, having a "crank" turn, and elegantly lettered beneath, "Hot," "Cold," "Waste."

"D'ye understand the cocks?" said Mrs. McTowell. "Oh, certainly," said we, for the credit of St. Louis and the Italian Baths. The fat mistress of the mysteries shut herself out. We went to work very confidently at the handles ; heard a desperate *guggling* up through polished gratings in the bottom of the "tub;" prepared ourselves leisurely for the luxury, and—but we have another story to tell about the matter, and, as

that other is rather the richer of the two, we shall only say that, between "hot" and "cold," we never were so *cocked* in our life. Having managed to get a bath on the improved plan without exposing our ignorance, we left the place, and were met at the corner by a rough, but estimable friend from northern Illinois—one who has made a fortune among the "diggings," and one who can afford to take a "splurge" every now and then—so he terms his occasional visits to the large cities.

"You hain't been taking a bath, hev ye?" said he.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"In them there brass handle concerns?"

"Yes," said we—"a great improvement—obviates the inconvenience of the noise and dash of the old plan." We hope that this public confession may prove some atonement, but we certainly did talk to our more ingenious friend with an unblushing face upon the occasion. He roared out laughing, and gave us his own experience of the matter.

"Old Mrs. Cornfed, there," said he, "asked me if I knew the cocks, and I told her yes, *in* course, cause I'd bathed a few, *I* reckon, though not with them kind o' fixins,—and I takes and turns them all, and there was all kinds of splutter below; but when I was ready, there wasn't a mite of water in the blasted thing! It just nat'rally run out as fast as it run in, and then I know'd what '*waste*' meant. Well, I just fusses with it, fust up, and then down, and then one side, and then t'other, till I allowed I'd shut the derned thing up, cause the tub began to fill. Well, it kept fillin', and fillin', till I reckoned it was about right, and in I went, one leg—but, holy Egypt! out I came again, howling!

The cussed, eternal 'cold' one hadn't worked, I s'pose, and I couldn't a cum out wuss from a seven biler explosion! Old seven hundred weight knocked at the door; 'Perhaps yes don't understand the cocks?' says she. 'Cock thunder!' I sung out,—but I didn't want *her* in to laugh at me; and I wa'n't exactly fit to be seen by a lady, either, if she *was* fat; so I said it was nothin', and tried again to get the hang of the consarned handles, but by this time the tub was quite full, and *bilin'*, at that, and I kept turnin' and wagglin', till I rather guess I must a started the *cold* one, without stoppin' the *hot*, and, as it was brimmin' before, it jest now nat'rally overrun, and *prehaps* there was the derndest *rise* all over that carpet in about two minutes, that you ever *did* see.

"The cussed cocks *wouldn't* stop, none of 'em; and I was hoppin' about in the water, and had to sing out for old *fatty*, any how! I'd rather a gin a farm, by thunder, but out I sung, and half opened the door 'fore I recollected about my *costoome*! Back went old *fatty* against the centre-table, and broke a pitcher, and I hopped on to a chair, and into my skin; and then I broke for one of the opposite bathing-rooms, and locked myself in, and told the old woman I'd give her ten dollars, if she would swob up, hand me my shirt, and say nothing about it! I dont know whether she did or not, but I almost die a laffin, spite of my sore leg, whenever I think of it. I tell you what," added our sucker friend, "I don't mind *your* havin' a laff, but if you go to publishin', I'll shoot you, by gosh!"

We beg to assure our friend, that we consider ourselves shot!



A SUCKER IN A WARM BATH.

"Back went old fatty against the centre-table."—Page 102.

AN "AWFUL PLACE."

WE have never visited the town of Madison, Indiana, but we have an "awful" curiosity to do so, from the "awful" fact that we have never heard the place mentioned, without the "awful" accompaniment of this adjective! Madison is an "awful place for revivals!" an "awful place for Mesmerism!" an "awful place for Mrs. Nichols' poems!" an "awful place for politics!" and the following story will prove that it was, particularly, an "awful place for Jackson!"

It was during the weak struggle, made to oppose General Jackson's re-election to the Presidency, that, during his western round, it became known that he would "stop at Madison!" There was an "awful time," of course, but it happens, providentially, that in all awful times some awful genius or other arises to assume their direction, witness Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington, Marcy, &c. &c. Now, the directing spirit called forth to ride to glory on the neck of this emergency, was a certain Col. *Dash*, of the "Madi-sonian (not Macedonian) Phalanx," and wrapt as he was, in zeal and the "Phalanx" uniform, no one thought of opposing his arrangements.

The general was to arrive by steamboat, and anxiously had the whole town, hour after hour, listened

for the gun, which, placed under the directions of Col. *Dash* himself, was to summon the citizens to the landing. It was during a "bad spell of weather," and, moreover, as the day wore on, more rain fell. The crowd dispersed, and, finally, night falling, the colonel himself retired from the mill-stone on which he had taken his stand, in order to keep out of the mud, and joined the amusements of a neighbouring ten-pin alley. Games were played, and "peach" and "old rye" had suffered "some," of course, and the colonel, his "Phalanx" coat and hat hanging against the wall, was just exulting in a "spare," when word came that the boat was in sight, and forth all rushed. It was quite dark, and still drizzling; the gun wouldn't "go off," of course, so, the town being built on three elevations, from the highest of which the landing is not visible, a messenger was despatched to spread the news, and every thing was ready for a "hurrah for Jackson," as soon as the boat should touch.

The boat *did* touch; there was a bonfire in the mud, *smoking* vigorously, by the cheering uncertainty of which, the planks were shoved ashore, and Col. *Dash*, with the rest of the Macedo—beg pardon, Madisonians, rushed on board. There was "The *Gineral*," sure enough, standing right in the middle of the cabin, his hat off, and his grizzly poll, with every inclination of the head brushing off swarms of flies—the boat a "light draught"—from the ceiling. The colonel introduced himself,—the colonel "shook hands;" the colonel introduced the Phalanx, individually,—the Phalanx, individually, shook hands; the colonel spoke,—the general replied; the enthusiasm was tremendous, when, suddenly, the bell rang, and, to the consterna-

tion of the entire "Madisonian Phalanx," it was announced that the boat, having put out some freight, was going right on, and, moreover, that the general did not intend to land!

"What! *not* see *Madison*, gineral?"

"*Not* see *Madison*!" exclaimed the Phalanx!

The "gineral" was distinctly given to understand, that if he *didn't* see Madison, Madison would, incontinently, precipitate itself from its three several platforms into the river and disappear, for ever, from the face of Indiana; to avoid which sad calamity, and the captain consenting to wait, the "gineral" *did*, forthwith, shielded by an umbrella, and conducted by the colonel, descend the steps, slide along the lower deck, venture upon the planks, and, finally, step ashore, *up to his knees*, upon the soil that adored him!

The prospect here, was certainly gratifying; on one side, the ten-pin alley was brilliantly illuminated, and the proprietor of it, moreover, stood in the door-way, out of the wet, discharging 'a pistol. On the other side was the smoke of the bonfire, and, right in front, reflecting the *flicker*, whenever it *could*, stood a heap of mill-stones, towards which safer eminence the general proceeded, and taking in at a *coup d'œil* the features of the scene, declared Madison to be, "really a very pretty little town!"

"Why, gineral," cried the colonel, "you ain't *begun* to see Madison, yet!"

"Ain't *begun* to see it!" chorussed the Phalanx.

The general was now given to understand, that he must mount two banks before the beauties of the place could at all strike him, and, furthermore, that, as in wet weather vehicles always *stuck fast*, it would be

much better to proceed on foot. This movement, the general, "with great reluctance," was compelled to resist; and so, as, by this time, a considerable crowd of stragglers had tumbled themselves down the hill, the anxious colonel arranged that the distinguished visiter should maintain his position on the mill-stone, and that the eager throng, after an individual "shake hands," should let him off!

The general nerved himself, amid a loud "hurrah," and the crowd "came on!" but, here, a sudden difficulty presented itself; the position which the old hero had taken was defended, on all sides except the front, by a *chevaux de frise* of lumber, interspersed by an occasional breastwork of barrels, and, consequently, the retiring and advancing *shakers* were walking over each other. The excitement was intense, the risk of a fight imminent, when the genius of the colonel again flashed forth.

"Stop!" cried he—there was a stop—"General! this ain't a going to do, no how! 'Tention Phalanx and citizens! Back out, the *hull* of ye, from the mill-stone; form a ring round the fire, and the general will *walk round to you!*"

This proposition was received with a general cheer; the crowd plunged, slid and staggered towards the fagots; the general was seized by the arm, dragged after them, and, in a few minutes, after not more than two or three slips, there he stood, in the middle of the smoke, "surrounded by freemen!" as the colonel eloquently exclaimed, at the same time giving him a *sixth* shake, by way of showing the rest how to do it, and then taking a place himself in the ring.

There can be no doubt of the general's entire satis-

faction with this arrangement, his experience among the Creeks and Seminoles having made him quite easy in swamp life. He approached the circle, extended his hand, a dozen others were thrust out to grasp it, but the colonel was before any of them, and, for the *seventh* time, the general was "welcomed to Madison!" Round went the visitor,—slip and shake,—"welcome to Madison,"—drizzle—slide. Suddenly, the colonel shot across the circle,—took a place,—the revered hand was extended, and for the *eighth* time, and still more warmly was it grasped with a "welcome to Madison!" Another fourth of the circle was measured, when the colonel again, like a shooting star, flashed across, and for the *ninth* time the general was met by his grasp and "welcome." The general stopped short, the rain came down heavily, and a sudden whirl of smoke encircled him in its strangling embrace; as suddenly, a flare of flame showed a darker tempest gathered round his brow; he "broke" for the boat, the colonel at his heels, and the crowd in consternation,—he reached the deck as the colonel had gained the middle of the plank,—"*Gineral, ain't Madison rather a place?*" bawled the latter.

"*Awful!* perfectly awful, by the Eternal!" muttered the former, not even turning at the cry which the colonel gave, as the end of the plank slipped, letting him souse into the river.

As we have said, we have an *awful* desire to visit Madison.

THE ELK RUNNERS.

THE following extraordinary relation is literally true. It has been communicated to us by one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, and is further substantiated by the concurring testimony of our senior, who knew both of the men spoken of, and has never heard the story doubted. Major John Dougherty, the "Kentuckian" mentioned, is still living, in Clay county, Missouri, which he has represented in the legislature, besides having filled the important post of Indian agent. He was famous in his youth, among the prairie and mountain men, as a hunter of extraordinary skill and endurance. We should like, of all things, to hear his own statement of an adventure which is, certainly, among the most marvellous ever heard of out of the pages of fiction—if, indeed, fiction has any thing to compare with it.

In the year 1818, the Missouri Fur Company had a post just below Council Bluffs, named Fort Lisa, after the gentleman who established it. There was much competition in the trade at that time, and it was a great point to select the very best men for Runners.

Mr. Lisa had with him a young Kentuckian named D., a fine daring fellow, with a frame of iron, the speed of the ostrich, and the endurance of the camel. He

was fortunate, moreover, in the retention of a half-breed called *Mal Bœuf*, who, notwithstanding his name, (bad beef,) was considered of hardly less merit than D., and between the two men, consequently, a keen rivalry existed. D. had travelled, on foot, from the Black-bird Hills to Fort Lisa, a distance of ninety miles, in thirteen hours! *Mal Bœuf* also boasted some astonishing feats of "bottom," and both were stationed at the fort, during the time we speak of, for the purpose of providing venison.

One evening, in July, the weather extremely warm, the grass high, and the post unfurnished with meat, the two men were playing at cards, when their employer came up, reproached them with their negligence, and ordered them to start, the first thing in the morning, on a hunt. Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued, each moment growing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pervading their hearts in every thing, till, finally, morning *broke*, as the half-breed declared himself to be *broken*. They fell asleep on the spot, and the sun was well up when Mr. L., informed of the case, again approached,—in no pleasant humour, it may be supposed,—cursed, *sacre'd*, and *carahoo'd*, until the delinquents, fully aroused, and a little ashamed, took their guns and started for Papillon Creek, on the edge of the prairie, about five miles off. They there discovered a gang of elk, when the Kentuckian suggested a plan of approach, which would enable them to get a good shot. The half-breed, rankling at his companion's triumph the night previous, observed, sulkily:

"I don't kill elk with my *gun*, but with my *knife*."

The pluck of the other was roused in an instant,

rightly interpreting the vaunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom, and on his saying, proudly, that what his companion could do, he could do also, both hung their guns in a tree, and, approaching the band as near as possible, they suddenly raised the Indian yell, which has a most paralyzing effect upon the animals.

Off the creatures went across a low prairie, a few miles in width, leaving their pursuers far behind; but steadily the latter continued their pace, nevertheless. They reached the bluff—ascended—crossed—descended,—one resolve uppermost in their minds, “never to say fail.” League after league the chase and *race* continued, the men panting like hounds, cooling their mouths in crossing an occasional “branch,” by throwing up the water with their palms; but still unpausing, until, approaching Elk Horn river, a distance of twenty miles, by mutual agreement they took a circuit with an increase of speed, got ahead of the elk and actually prevented them from crossing. Leagues and leagues, upon a new track, the chase continued, the animals by this time so exhausted by heat, thirst, and, above all, fright—for the hunters had incessantly sent forth their yells, in this case as much a scream of mutual defiance as an artifice of the chase—that they scarcely exceeded their pursuers in speed; the latter, foaming and maddened with excitement, redoubled their efforts, until the elk, reaching a prairie pond, or “sink,” the hunters at their heels, plunged despairingly in, lay down, and abandoned themselves, heedless of all else, to the gratification of their thirst. The frantic rivals, knife in hand, dashed in after their prey, began the work of slaughter, pausing not till they had butchered

sixteen elk, dragged them from the water, and cut up and prepared the meet for transportation to the fort, whither they had to return for horses.

Had the race ended? No! for victory or death was the inward determination; and, as yet, neither had given way. Off dashed again the indomitable half-breed, and, at his side, the unyielding Kentuckian. Ridge and hollow, stream and timber, (no yelling *now*,) in desperate silence, were left behind. The sun was sinking;—blind, staggering, on they went;—they reached the fort—haggard, wild, and voiceless, as from the fires of the savage, the “gauntlet” of fiends. A crowd gathered round the exhausted men, who had arrived together, and now lay fainting, still *side and side*, a long time, before they were enabled, by signs and whispers, to tell that they had *run down sixteen elk*, and yet couldn’t say *which was the best man*!

This feat brought upon D. an affection of the lungs, nor did he recover his strength for several years. He is still alive—a quiet and influential citizen. *Mal Bœuf* became very dissipated, and died in a short time. Our informant tells us, that he has made an examination of the country forming their *race track*, himself, and that they, without exaggeration, must have run *seventy-five miles* between the hours of 8 A. M., and 7 P. M. He is fond of reading the New York Spirit of the Times, and wishes to know what the editor thinks of the Barclay and Ellsworth breed, when compared with the prairie runners of the West? a thousand of whose exploits remain untold, as matters of common occurrence.

“OLD SOL” IN A DELICATE SITUATION.

MOBILE, Alabama, is still, one of the pleasantest, as it was, at one time, one of the most thriving theatrical towns of the whole country. Its inhabitants are renowned for gayety and hospitality at this day, but there was a time (1836-7) when these agreeable qualities of character developed themselves to a degree little less than extravagant. The cotton trade was great, the city extending, “bank facilities” abundant, and the handsome New Theatre, managed by Messrs. Ludlow and Smith, with a really talented and expensive company, was a matter of paramount interest with all.

The private boxes, on either side of the stage, had been let at immense prices, for the season; and the dashing lessees rivalled each other in furnishing them. Carpets, curtains, pier-glasses, mahogany chairs, and, above all, costly side-boards, stored with sparkling wines and all that could add to the natural *gusto* with which the drama was received.

Now, these private boxes were, of course, just about the most splendid things in “all creation;” but they had their accompanying evil. The champagne, for instance, was not always rivalled in spirit by the dialogue of the scene, and a *lag* on the stage was immediately made up for by the pop of a cork! Again.

growing fastidious in the exclusive sovereignty of the proscenium, the entrance of any actor of less than acknowledged stamp, was a signal for drawing the curtain and diverting criticism from the scene to the side-board—a proceeding equally gratifying to the *histrion*, and to the less exclusive portion of the audience, both of these parties being compelled to hear the remarks which were indulged in behind the damask. They were great times—those private box times;—crowded houses, smashing benefits, storms of applause, and “heaps” of “State Bank” paper!

Manager Sol was a great favourite, of course,—on the stage, by his humour and eccentricities, and about town, by his suavity and prompt business habits; but, as is always the case, certain dissatisfied spirits—one or two from among the private box-ers—began to whisper that “Old Sol didn’t speak the words;” that he “took liberties with the author,” &c.—the most preposterous idea in the world, for, as everybody knows, if there is a *circumspect* being in existence, it is your “great favourite,” especially if he be a *low comedian*,—this class, above all, speaking “no more than is set down for them.” Sol went on, keeping the million in a roar, and the half-dozen in a fever, when one night he appeared as Sir Mark Chase, in *A Roland for an Oliver*. Now, Sir Mark is a stentorian, rough old country gentleman, and, driven out of his wits by the apparently equivocal proceedings of the two sets of lovers, who are obliged to resort to all sorts of expedients, he cries out,

“She’s mad; they’re all mad; my whole family is mad, and damn me but I believe I shall soon be in the family way!”

A tolerably broad joke, but one which has been invariably received by the audience, given as it is, on all occasions, by a "great favourite." Sol uttered the speech with uproarious effect, when a drawing of the private box curtains, and a fierce popping of corks, gave intimation, not to be mistaken, that his "liberties" were undergoing critical discussion.

The next day, certain serious-looking squads might have been noticed about town—on the post-office corner, in the popular bar-rooms, &c. ; and, by and by, there were divers hints passed from one to another, among the more excitable citizens, that "Old Sol was going to get goss, sure." In the evening, the house was crowded, sure enough ; everybody going from a vague idea that something was to "come off," but what it was to be would have puzzled them to guess. The chief flutter was about the private box, P. S., and now, after the "first music," and just before the curtain was to rise, the thunder cloud appeared above the horizon, in the shape of a naturally, jolly, red-faced, rotund citizen, but one whose more companionable *traits* seemed now to be entirely overcast by the colder shadows of harsh duty. No sooner had he appeared than, as if it was the preconcerted signal, a score of voices called out for "Sol Smith !" "Old Sol !" "Smith !" "manager !" &c. The great body of the audience cared little about the movement, but any thing by way of a lark, and so there was shortly a general cry for "Old Sol," and Old Sol appeared, looking "just as innocent !"

"What is your will, ladies and gentlemen ?" There was a sudden pause, and every one in the house fixed their eyes on the severe little man in the box, who gave

a good loud "hem!" and glanced once or twice back at the side board, and finally commenced:

"Mr. Smith"——

"Mr. ——" promptly responded the manager.

"Mr. Smith," said Mr. ——, and he didn't look half so confidently as he had done, for it was a *debût*, "the Mobile folks are not so particular to talk about, but there are some things that they consider a little too fat, any way you *can* fix it!"

The speaker paused and looked round for approbation, and he evidently thought that he had done *that* pretty well, "any how."

"You would appear to intimate that there is some complaint!" observed the *very* much astonished manager.

"*Intimate!* no, *sir*, not exactly; we *expect* an explanation with regard to what you said on the stage, last night."

"*What* did I say?" inquired Sol.

"*Say!* why, you said you were ——"

The champion of pure taste suddenly stuck, and looked round the house, and the embarrassment seemed to spread; and, to increase it, the manager, even more innocently, repeated his "What did I say?"

"You know very well what you said, Sol Smith, and *we* think this is carrying your introductions a *leetle* too far, and we ain't a going to stand it!"

"I am not aware," said the imperturbable Sol, "that I introduced into my part, last night, any thing foreign to the author."

"Oh! well, by thunder!" There was a general expression of downright astonishment at Mr. Sol Smith's cool effrontery.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Smith, that in that part last night, you had to say that you were in ——"

Again the florid, and now somewhat angry questioner stuck dead, and pursed his lips, and opened and shut his fingers, and "hem'd" emphatically, and then blew his nose as if he were firing a pistol. By this time, the few ladies who had gathered, unaware of what was to come, had left the theatre, and there was a strong disposition to make the most of the fun.

"What did I say I was in?" again demanded Smith.

"That you were in a *delicate situation*!" roared the Rhadamanthus of the private box; and a deafening yell of mirth-run-mad almost took the roof off the house. It was sometime before Sol, with an undisturbed gravity of face, assured the now dancing gentleman that, certainly, he had not *so* expressed himself, but, believing that he knew to what Mr. —— referred, he would get the book, and satisfy him.

"Get the book! very well—exactly—just show us *that* in the book, that's all!" and a hundred other voices now chimed in, by way of keeping it up, "Get the book, get the book, Sol."

The manager went to the prompt side, got the farce of *A Roland for an Oliver*, and, at the same time, the excited Mr. —— jumped down upon the stage by way of having no "wool" pulled over his eyes; another roar of laughter and applause rewarding this spirited movement.

The interest now became "intense," as the manager turned the pages over and over, to find the passage, and, as if a little at fault, finally got down on one knee before the footlights, in order to see more distinctly. Mr. —— went down on one knee also, and



"OLD SOL" IN A DELICATE SITUATION.
"I can lick that man, by thunder!"—Page 117.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation. It is only about 150 years old, and its history is therefore a history of rapid growth and change. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation. It covers a vast area of land, and its population is one of the largest in the world. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation. It is made up of many different peoples, languages, and customs. The fourth is the fact that the United States is a powerful nation. It has a strong economy, a powerful military, and a great influence on the world. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a free nation. It has a long tradition of freedom and democracy, and it is one of the few nations in the world that has never been conquered by a foreign power. The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants. It has been built by people from many different parts of the world, and its culture is a blend of many different influences. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of pioneers. It has a long history of exploration and discovery, and it is one of the few nations in the world that has never been conquered by a foreign power. The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of inventors. It has produced many of the great inventions of the world, and it is one of the few nations in the world that has never been conquered by a foreign power. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of leaders. It has produced many of the great leaders of the world, and it is one of the few nations in the world that has never been conquered by a foreign power. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of heroes. It has produced many of the great heroes of the world, and it is one of the few nations in the world that has never been conquered by a foreign power.

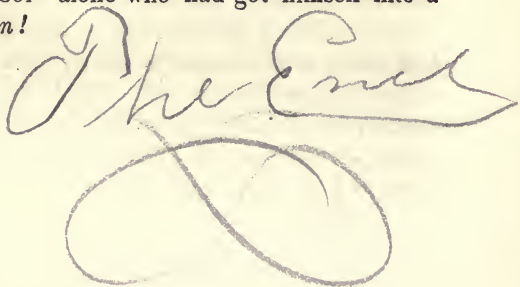
again the pages were turned over, and opinion began to prevail that Sol was cornered, when he quietly pointed out the speech to his censor. The florid little man could not believe his eyes; he read, and re-read, and, sure enough, there was no mistake about it, till, finally, terribly cut down, he was obliged to say:

"Well, gentlemen, it *is* here, by gracious!"

A solitary but emphatic *hiss* now saluted his ears—killing reward of his chaste intentions. A sky rocket never *ris* faster.

"*I can lick that man, by thunder!*" roared the chafed and disappointed Mr. —, and up and down he went before the lights, shaking his fist, and ready to spring at either pit or third tier, as provocation might offer. The laughing and screaming was incessant, and Mr. — was keeping it up, swearing that he intended to have *decency* observed in the theatre, and that no one should take "d—d liberties" on *that* stage, when a couple of cooler friends were obliged to make their *debut*, also, from the side-box, and urge him to retire. This he did finally, clambering back into the box, and the sanctimonious manager assisting to "boost him" with the most friendly solicitude. Pop went the corks immediately; Sol "rung up," the play was an interesting one, and it was not long before the quick-tempered but good-natured champion of taste acknowledged that it was not "Old Sol" alone who had got himself into a *delicate situation*!

The End



THE "GAGGING SCHEME;" OR, WEST'S GREAT PICTURE.

"WE must think of a gag!"

"Yes, there's nothing else, we must think of a gag!"

"Decidedly, gentlemen, we *must* think of a gag!"

This positive unanimity of opinion was expressed by a small party in a small town in the "Great West," upon the close of a theatrical season, which, after "continued" and "unrivalled" success, had closed, leaving the manager with but one alternative—namely, to "*slope*,"—which he availed himself of;—and the company but one hope—a "gag" to enable them to follow him.

"Now, I propose an '*appeal*,'" said a heavy-voiced individual,—the corners of his collar turned very far over his stock, and those of his mouth jerked downwards, as if endeavouring to recover them; "I propose an '*appeal* to the admirers of Shakspeare!'"

—— "Wants another shy at Hamlet," remarked, half *aside*, a gentleman of rather slim figure, with a turned-up nose and a low comedy twinkle, as he sat back in his chair, enjoying his knee and a chew of tobacco;—"For my part, let's have something that'll *draw*;—I go in for a *gag*!"

"Decidedly," chorussed all except the Shakspearian devotee, "it *must* be a *gag*!"

"Something that'll make up a bill!"

"Double posters!"

"Red letters!"

"If you can get any one to *do the printing*!" chimed in a voice, quietly, yet so audibly, that the blood of the whole assembly fairly crept. It came from a strange-looking creature, who lay at full length, yet half-smothered, apparently, in an immense heap of blue cotton check,—the "sea-cloth," that still encumbered the stage of the shanty-looking theatre, from the performance of "Paul Jones," which, with a "real ship" and a "naval combat," had formed the hope of the closing night.

"Ah, there goes *Wormwood*, as usual."

"Old Overalls!"

"Canvas splasher!"

The company amused themselves for some time, by applying epithets to the disturber of their counsels, the "artist of the theatre"—but there he lay, wallowing in the "sea,"—his eyes closed like a whale in a calm—the resemblance carried even further by an occasional *jet* of tobacco-juice.

"Just look at him—he's safe enough—he need only wash his face to walk out of town unrecognised!"

There was very little exaggeration in this, for the "artist" was about the rudest specimen of that diamond "genius in the rough" that could well be produced. His shaggy hair was bound up in a soiled handkerchief; his face was smutted abominably; *dusty* looking whiskers, run to seed, rendered unnecessary a stock, while an "executioner's shirt," from the wardrobe, and can-

vas "overalls" coated with paint until they rivalled in thickness, and hue, also, the hide of a rhinoceros, completed his garb;—stay, let there be added, (likewise from the wardrobe,) a pair of very old and discoloured supernumerary boots.

A lively carol was now heard, also quick steps advancing along the "box-lobby"—a two-foot dark passage, by-the-by, which terminated in three steps leading down to the stage—there was a jostle behind the "wings," a deprecation and an imprecation—the former addressed to a companion, the latter bestowed upon the "property man"—and a dashing figure appeared at "R. H., 1st ent.," ushering upon the boards a rather rowdy-looking youth, who had a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pocket.

"Excuse the dem'd stage attendants, if you please, my dear fellow; I've broken every shin I've got, myself, in the blawsted place! I often think of the gawden (Covent Garden) while meeting with these annoyances. I've told you what my engagement was there, I think; twelve pounds a week, dresser, room to myself, and three months' leave of absence—nearly over, thank God!"

The speaker was chiefly conspicuous for a set of very bright buttons, a moustache, and eyebrows that expressed a sort of stereotyped *surprise*.

"Ah, here comes 'Theatre Royal!'" was the sneering remark of the General Council.

"And that d—d amateur fool, Wimple," contemptuously added the tragedian, with the collar heretofore described.

"Wimple," bawled half a dozen voices, "come

here—you're just the fellow;—got a cigar?—thank you!—thank you!”

A dozen remarkably *mild* “Principes” quickly disappeared from the crown of Mr. Wimple’s hat; he dealt in the article, however, as well as in confectionery, Brandreth’s pills, penknives, lottery tickets, soda water, &c., &c. He was the “crack” amateur of the place, dramatic critic, and, above all, had played himself,”—Jaffier, to a travelling “phenomenon’s” Belvidera; he consequently was “up” in all theatrical matters, and everybody’s confidant;—a distinction as gratifying to his self-esteem as ruinous to his cigar stock.

“Wimple,” said the low comedian, with a more insinuating twinkle than ever, “you must help us out of this scrape, by thunder! here we are, a lot of poor devils——”

“Mr. Wimple will understand,” said the tragedian, interrupting his less dignified companion, at the same time drawing down the corners of his mouth and throwing his head back—“that the present dilemma in which *I* find myself, is the result of a too self-sacrificing devotion to the drama *as it should be*, and a too glaring lack of appreciation on the part of Mr. Wimple’s fellow-citizens!—*I* make no appeal, save to that self-respect which should teach a reverence for the immortal bard, and—and—a corresponding turn-out on the benefit of his representative!”

The buttoned-up companion of Mr. Wimple, during this address, had executed divers graceful *roulades*, tapped his boot, &c., and at the conclusion observed, with an air of indifference, that of course “Mr. Wimple understood *his* position!—a man who, as a vocalist,

had sustained himself against odds in London,—who had received twelve pounds a week, and had only to return to receive increased terms, &c., &c.”

There was a disposition on the part of others to assert, suddenly, a share of importance, when the voice from the “sea-cloth” was again heard :

“Wimple, these fellows owe four weeks board and their bar bills; the landlord has got their trunks; they haven’t a picayune left, nor invention enough to get up a “gag” to procure one, and they’ll be obliged to you for your ‘valuable aid,’ that’s the whole matter.” The speaker turned over, amid a volley of epithets, threw out another amber *jet*, and shut his eyes again.

Mr. Wimple couldn’t advise, really, the season was so completely “run into the ground;” besides, the *fashionables* were all running after Elder Slack, who had come out against the theatre—even the amateurs had backed out for the present. All knew what he (Mr. Wimple) had “done for the profession,” but beyond sending them up some cigars and a couple of packs of playing-cards, he could think of no scheme. It was a clear case, the “dog was dead;” not a spangle-glimmer of hope;—“lamps down,”—a “dark stage,”—“enter Egbert, musing!”

At this crisis, there entered, by the back-door, an extremely shabby, rather elderly, and very indignant individual, with a newspaper in his hand;—a flushed face and suppressed hiccup added *impressiveness* to his manner.

“Gentlemen—I—am not the *leading* actor of—this company; I have not had—pieces done for me to the exclusion of—I *will* say—equally clever men.”—The

corners of the tragedian's mouth indicated that these innuendoes were directed towards him. The last comer went on: "*I don't assume to myself all the Shakspearian dig—dignity of the comp—ny; but I do say—I say I do say, gentlemen, that the author of this attack*"—unfolding the paper—"is an irreverend libeller, and, Slack or no Slack, gentlemen,—Slack or no Slack, I repeat it, Mr. Wimple,—before I leave this town—he shall hear from me!"

The indignant speaker looked as if his purpose must necessarily be an instant one, though his probable stay, as one of the "can't get away club" was likely to afford him sufficient time for action. Without allowing himself to be influenced by even the cooling formality of taking a seat, he merely turned himself so as to throw a full light upon the paper, and read as follows:

"PAINTING *v.* PLAY-ACTING.

"To the Editor of the Skinville Disseminator:

"*Dear Sir,*—Be so kind as to announce, in your valuable and truly Christian journal, that *West's great picture* of DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE will shortly be exhibited in our town; a letter from brother Tick, recommending the worthy and pious proprietor of the painting, having informed me of that fact. Let me congratulate our citizens upon the opportunity thus offered to them, of studying this sacred illustration, rather than the abominations of the play-house;—the divine efforts of true piety rather than the artful ensnarings of ignorance, vice, and profligacy;—the features of the King of Terrors himself on his ghastly steed,

rather than the painted cheeks of sin, mounted on the devil's hobby-horse.

“Humbly yours,

“PERSIMMON SLACK.

“P. S. This great original painting is the sole work on that subject, by West, in the country. It can only remain a few days. P. S.”

“There!” cried the “heavy man,” as he finished reading, “thank God *I* wasn't born in the nineteenth century, though some of my acquaintances include themselves among its *ornaments!*” and again the “*Ghost*” cast a scornful glance towards the *Hamlet*.

There was a great deal of indignation expressed on all sides, and another round of cigars from Mr. Wimple; in the mean time, the “artist” had risen from his “sea-cloth,” looked over the newspaper, and merely remarking, that he had thought of a “gag,” himself, which would bring them through, mounted a ladder, and disappeared. The histrions, likewise, may be lost sight of for a short time; guessing, as the reader well may, at their employment—which was an indulgence in high scorn at the bigotry and intolerance of the age—an active circulation of the sympathizing Wimple's *cigar-box*, and an endless suggestion of highly ingenious and impracticable “gags.”

“West's great painting” had arrived, and the town of Skinville could hardly look at itself in the glass without giggling, so pleasantly was it titilated by expectation. A panoramic view of the city of something ad actually been exhibited in the town some years

before, and there were several subscribers to the Weekly (*Pictorial*) Herald in the place ; also, a resident portrait painter, who, besides the likenesses of the Rev. Persimmon Slack and other leading people, had painted for the dining-room at the hotel a view, in *perspective*, of the entire length of "Main street, Skinville," beginning with very large houses in the two lower corners of the picture, and terminating in inconceivably small ones at the top ; the arts, it will be seen, therefore, were not altogether unappreciated among the Skinville illuminati.

"West's great painting" had arrived, and Elder Slack had at once offered his church for its exhibition. Immense posters, printed at the office of the Disseminator, announcing "DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE, *for a few days only*," glared from the corners, while the columns of the Disseminator itself, in addition to a long article on the "Genius of West, and Modern Scriptural Illustration," contained an enthusiastic *editorial*, written by the proprietor of the painting, and concluding with divers doubly enthusiastic *extracts* from popular journals, written by the proprietor also. This gentleman could hardly fail of making an impression in Skinville. He was a young man of quiet, but confident, manners ; he assured everybody that his picture had cost three thousand guineas in London—that the horse alone was worth the money ; and he won Elder Slack's heart instantly by gravely assuring him that his very first remark had proved him to be a connoisseur. The church was darkened without delay, excepting one window, which was to admit the light upon the picture ; a railing was put up to keep off the vulgarly curious ; Elder Slack consented to deliver himself a

short lecture, and to explain the design of the great artist ; the door was opened ; the proprietor took the money ; Skinville took its seat ; Elder Slack appeared on the platform with a white wand ; the curtain was drawn, and *Death on the Pale Horse* threatened the breathless multitude.

There was a long pause of motionless admiration—broken at last by Elder Slack, who, making a *funnel* of a sheet of foolscap, and, stepping back some paces, took a *spy* at the painting. His example was quickly followed, and, provision having been made, several *quires* were in instant requisition. The picture was certainly a bold effort. Elder Slack correctly described it as a *dashing* one ! In fact, it looked as if some of the *dashes* had been applied from an inconvenient distance. The horse was very white ; his eyes very red ; his mane and tail very wild ; while the rider's teeth flashed awfully, and his train of demons were perfectly frightful—to say nothing of the downright *immodesty* of the costumes.

Elder Slack now commenced his lecture. The sacred passage which had inspired the artist, was no less potent with the Skinville divine. He *announced*, *denounced*, and *pronounced*—taking particular care to scathe the Thespians, and scorch all among his hearers who had been seduced by them ; next, he descanted upon the meaning, and, lastly, upon the merits of the painting. He called attention to the grandeur of the proportions ; the truth of the drawing ; the *dashing* style of the coloring. He ventured upon “light and shade,” “foreshortening,” “foreground,” “background,” and “perspective.” Gathering confidence, he pronounced upon “general effect,” “a grand

whole," "sublime conceptions," and even named, unhesitatingly, Raphael and Correggio—allowing them superiority in no one respect, even in their much-vaunted "*chiar oscuro*!" He criticised figure after figure, dwelling particularly upon the half-averted, yet *creeping*ly expressive, features of *Malice*, which, by-the-by, was really well painted, and, by a strange chance, was an *actual likeness of Elder Slack himself*! His yellow skin, restless eye, and ignoble mouth, peered out, another *self* as it were, for the recognition of every soul in the church but the speaker! The afternoon exhibition closed; the extraordinary resemblance was the subject of universal, but quiet, remark, and at night the church was again thronged. In the mean time, however, a very singular change had come over the "dream" of the actors; they had paid their bills at the hotel, redeemed their trunks, and, for the evening exhibition, they had actually paid their money, and now occupied a conspicuous pew, each with his sheet of foolscap!

Elder Slack was again eloquent—again *severe*—again critical. By this time he was *au fait* in the matter, and his remarks were given with double effect. As he approached the figure of *Malice*, another extraordinary effect was perceived. By some inconceivable enchantment the dark shadows had re-arranged themselves, and now represented a black coat and pantaloons; in fact, there stood the Skinville elder himself, even to his broadcloth, large as life, and absolutely "*twice as natural*!" The effect was electrical, especially among the Thespians; for while a sort of tremour crept round the spectators, *they* fairly laughed aloud. The lecturer paused—confusion began to ensue, when a

tail figure, who had entered a few moments previously, arose in the midst, and, with a strong Yankee twang, addressed the assembly :

“ My good friends, I don’t say nuthin’ ’gainst your knowledge of picters ; but I’m in this line myself, and I rayther guess you’ve got on the wrong *horse* ! If this here is West’s Great Paintin’, mine *ain’t*, that’s all ! ”

Need the story go on ?—need it be told “ how ” this stranger was Mr. —, the well-known Yankee *connoisseur*, proprietor, and exhibitor, of West’s *originals* ?—How, during the confusion, the actors had rejoined their ingenious friend, the “ artist of the Theatre,” who, leaving the church-door to take care of itself, had secured passages for the party in the very coach which had brought the “ sure enough ” *Pale Horse* man to town ? Need it be told how the “ First tragedian ” and the “ Heavy man ” forgot their jealousies, as the “ London vocalist ” did his annoyances in a hearty laugh, while “ Overalls ” explained the details of his stratagem ?—How Elder Slack received, next morning, a grateful letter from one “ William Shakspeare,” thanking him for his exertions in behalf of a few distressed disciples, and wishing him health and heart to contemplate his *own likeness* ? Need it be told how, finally, the elder, at once killed as a critic, declined equally as a divine, each heated and unchristian expression suggesting the idea of *malice*, and the common sense of Skinville having received a very wonderful enlightenment from the study of “ *West’s Great Painting* ? ”

ESTABLISHING THE SCIENCE.

THE persecutions of the Mesmerists will one day make a curious volume, for they will be written, of course. The disciples of Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, &c., have been exalted in their struggles and sufferings, and those of Mesmer even more brightly will shine in martyrology. Seriously, the trials to which travelling Mesmerists are put to, are, at times, humiliating and painful enough, albeit they afford infinite sport to the unbelievers. These travelling "Professors," or many of them, are charlatans, thus far, that they pretend to treat, *scientifically*, phenomena, the real nature of which they are entirely ignorant of; and the study of which they are, neither by education, habit, or *aim*, at all fitted for. They are charlatans, in that their superficial knowledge of mere *effects* is simply made available in the shape of *exhibition*; and the success of the *show* being their first object, they may be suspected, perhaps, in some cases, of a little *management*. At the same time, the vulgar idea of general collusion, which prevails among those who *will* not, themselves, experiment, would be ridiculous if it were not pitiable.

De Bonneville had been electrifying Detroit by his more than *galvanic* effects upon the muscles of scores of his *impressibles*, when an enormous sized Wolverine

"trying the thing" himself, found that he was quite equal to the professor, in setting folks to sleep and "makin' on 'em cut up" afterwards, and, accordingly, in the *furor* of his discovery, off he went into the country to lecture and diffuse the new light which had been dispensed to him. His success was tremendous; town and village said there was "something in it," until his reputation, as in other cases, begat him enemies. The Wolverine Mesmerizer, after astonishing a "Hall" full, one evening, at some very "promising town" or other, and which bade fair, shortly, to be quite "a place," returned to the tavern, to be arrested in the bar-room by a score of "first citizens," who had then and there congregated "jest to test the humbug," any how!

"Good evening, Perfesser," said one. "Won't you take a little of the *fluid*?" said another; and this being an evident hit in the way of a *joke*, the "anti-humbugs" proceeded to more serious business.

"Perfesser," said the principal speaker, a giant of a fellow,—before whose proportions, even the huge Magnetiser looked small. "Perfesser," said he, biting off the end of a "plug," and turning it over in his jaws very leisurely, "a few on us, here, hev jest concluded to hev you try an experiment, appintin' ourselves a reg'lar constituted committee to report!"

The Professor begged to appoint a more proper place and hour, &c., or, according to the apprehensions of "the crowd," evinced the expected desire to make "a clean back out."

"Perfesser," resumed the "big dog," "ef we ondustand right, you call your Mesmerism a 're-mee-jil agent,' which means, I s'pose, that it cures things?"

The disciple of science referred to divers cases about town in which he had been successful, to say nothing of the "pulling teeth" operation which he had just concluded his lecture with.

"Yes," said the challenger, "you're death on teeth, we know, but ken Mesmerism come the re-mee-jil over rheumatiz?"

"Inflammatory or chronic?" demanded the Professor.

"Wa'll, stranger, we ain't much given to doctor's bottle names, but we reckon it's about the wust kind."

The Mesmerist was about to define the difference between inflammatory attacks and *local* affections, when he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who *rather allowed* that as far as the *location* of the disorder went, it had a pre-emption right to the hull crittur; and that, furthermore, it was jest expected of him that he should forthwith visit the case, and bid him take up his bed and walk, or he himself would be escorted out of town, astride of a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. This was a dilemma, either horn of which promised a toss to his reputation, but the crowd were solemnly in earnest; already triumphing in his *detection*, they began to look wolfish at him and wise at each other, so that the Wolverine had nothing left for it but to demand, boldly, to "see the patient!" We had better give the rest of the story as it was related to a humorous friend of ours, by the disciple of Mesmer, himself.

"Up stars I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you; first at being thought a humbug, and next, that my individooal share of the American eagle should be *compelled* into a measure, by thunder! I'd a-gin 'em

a fight, if it hadn't ben for the *science*, which would a suffered any how, so I jest said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could a mesmerized a horse, and I *determined whatever* the case might be, I'd make it squeal, by thunder!

“ ‘Here he is,’ said they, and in we all bundled into a room, gathering round a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie-knife at the same time. ‘That's your man!’ said he. Well, there lay a miserable-looking critter, with his eyes sot, and his mouth open,—and his jaws got wider and wider, as he saw the crowd and the bowie knife, I tell you! ‘That's the idea!’ said old big Ingin.

“ ‘Rise up in that bed!’ said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadful, for up he jumped on eend, as if he'd jest got a streak of galvanic.

“ ‘Git out on this floor,’ said I, with a wuss look, and I wish I may be shot if out he didn't come, look-in' wild, I tell ye!

“ ‘*Now cut dirt, d—m you!*’ screamed I, and Jehu Ginerel Jackson!—if he didn't make a straight shirt-tail for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they cum, and *pre-*haps there wasn't the orfullest stampede down three pair of stars that ever occurred in Michigan! Down cut old rheumatiz, through the bar-room;—out I cut after him;—over went the stove in the rush after both on us. I chased him round two squars—in the snow at that—then headed him off, and chased him back to hotel agin, where he landed in a *fine sweat*, begged for his life, and said—*he'd give up the property!* Well, I

wish I may be shot if he wasn't a feller that they were offerin' a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself—cured of his rheumatiz—run it right out of him; delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and *established the science*, by thunder!"

OLE BULL IN THE "SOLITUDE."

THE enthusiastic temperament of the violinist, Ole, may be easily inferred from the passionate character of his musical compositions and performances. We have only to add that his mind is no less characterized by simplicity and singleness of devotion. He is almost boyish in his enjoyments, while his expression of them is as impulsive as the breeze, and quite as refreshing.

If "Boz," his mental city still befogged with *Londonism*, could step from the daily swept *trottoir* of the tourist, and dare the mud of the "American Bottom," opposite St. Louis, to gaze through the "Looking-Glass Prairie" windows, it is not to be wondered at that Ole should be equally eager.

The afternoon succeeding his second concert in St. Louis, the imposing bust of the Norseman, clad in a particularly light and elegant summer frock, and mounted on a spirited-looking horse, was seen to dash off from the "Planters'," rattle itself down Market street, and jerk itself up, as suddenly, opposite Philips' music store. Bull speaks English very well, but still there is something of "the Dutch" about it, as the St. Louis *Nativists* would say.

“The *prharie*, Mistehr Phillips—vat vay vas I go to the *prharie*?”

Phillips opened his quaint eyes, and remarked, that Mr. Bull certainly did not think of riding twenty miles on horseback, within a few hours of sunset, to a spot devoid of habitation, or even shelter, with a thundering storm gathering in the west, moreover!

“Yes, I moast see the *prharie*, and just now. I have play two nights in the hot room, and I want air. I have got noting but gasp—all here,” touching his broad chest; “I must see the *prharie*.”

“Well, but,” said Phillips, “you’ll have to stay out all night!”

“Vell, I shall *see* the *prharie* in the night.”

“There’s a devil of a storm coming up!”

“I shall see the *prharie* in the storm.”

“But, d—m it, you’ve got a thin coat on!”

“I can see the *prharie* vitout any coat.”

In short, it was spiritually an *obligato* movement on the part of the musician—*prestissimo* “at that.” He *could* not wait for a party that might be arranged next day; he *would* not persuade his usual *compagnon du voyage* to stay out all night; and he *should* not compel his servant; the fit was on him, and the “solitude of the prairie” he was determined to enjoy “solitary and alone.” He procured a vast amount of unintelligible information, which he said “yes” to, paragraphically, galloped down to the ferry-boat, rode twice round the engine apartment in the centre, by way of getting over soon, and was only stopped by the sudden halt of his steed, as his eye caught a sight of

the piston-rod. Day waned; night fell; the storm held its revel till near morning; the sun arose beautifully; 10 o'clock A. M. saw the streets dry; and about meridian, the anxious friends of the musician were made happy by his re-appearance,—drenched, dried, and bedraggled, but his eye filled with light, and his heart with music, as usual. He shall tell his adventure himself:

“Yes, he vas fine fellow, dat horse, he give three kick ven he leave the fehrry, and I feel just like him, I give three kick too! No, I did not know any road, but everybody tell me go right on, and I go. Vehry tick mud! to be sure, but I don’t mind mud on the prharie. I ride on, and after good while I come to ever so many roads, and I vas bother, but I tink to myself, my horse has fine instink, and let him go; and vat I find but he tink just like me—he take the tickest mud too, and I go on again; and when it got pretty near dark I come out on the prharie—all wide—beautiful—fine grass—flower—so many bird—all sing—sing—sing—I feel light—as if I could jump up and stay dere, and my horse, he feel just like me again; he jump up, too, and den he sniff the grass, and kick up vid his behind, and go ‘*ne-he-he-he-e-e!*’ Vell, I laugh at him verry mootch, and get down to let him eat dat fine grass, while I listen to all de sounds, and look at de birds. O, dere vas one beautiful little kind—all black, vid red head, yellow vings—and I vas surprise to hear so many different song. Vell, I walk away, and vat you tink?—if dat horse—fine instink—he run right after me, and rub me all over;—just as if he like me for



OLE BULL.—Page 137.

give him de grass! and he look me right in de face, and den he go ‘*he-he-he-e-e-e*,’ again! Vell, he ’muse me verry mootch, and I forget dat it get dark till I feel de rain, and den I say to my horse, ‘now ve go home,’ and I ride back—back—back—but it get quite dark, and we have to valk to keep in de mud. Vell, I keep in de mud, for I say, while I keep in de mud *ve’re all right!* but after long time I no feel no more mud, and I vas fear I vas lost. Oh, yes, I vas verry vet. It rain all de time, but de clouds vas so beautiful, vid de lightning! and the thunder roll so grand—and my horse—fine instink—he stop to look, just like me! Oh, yes, I vas come to little house, at last, verry nice people vid noting to eat, but vat I care, my horse have belly full of fine grass, and lick my face ven I put him in de shed; and I go to bed up funny ladder dat ’muse me verry mootch, too, only I vake up all stiff in de night, for my chamber have verry good vindow, but no glass in him, so I valk about till daylight, ven I have joy to see de sun rise, and my droll horse go ‘*he-he-he-e-e-e!*’ for good morning!

“Oh, yes, I know de prharie look better in fine veather, but I say to myself, if ’tis beautiful in April, it must be bright in May, and glorious all the time! If the mud vas tick the grass was the richer; if de storm not come to make me vet, I vas not see the lightning! and if I not get stiff in the hut, I vas lie awake discontent in the hotel;—It vas beautiful trip! It make me laugh ven I tink; and that rascal horse, ask him, and he say, ‘*he-he-he-e-e-e*,’ too!”

We have not been “dressing up” this story; it is

the musician's own : we only wish that we could present his mixture of simplicity and earnestness while telling it. "Boz" may find "sermons in stones," but it is very clear that they must be *London* stones ; —it takes an Ole not a *Schnny* Bull to find music in the mud of the "American Bottom !"

HOW OUR FRIEND B—'S HAIR WENT.

"Hyperion's curls! the front of Jove, himself!"

OH, those curls! not your fuzzy, crispy, questionable tortuosities, indicative of either a mixed breed, or a quarrelsome temper, but a raven crop of *flossed midnight*, (John Neal talks of *flossed sunshine*,) smothering in its own luxuriance; a sea of curling darkness, rolling and tossing in its silent play! and these curls adorned the imperial brows of our friend B——. We say *adorned*, for, alas! they are no longer adorning. They have fled like a dream, vanished like a cloud, and B—— is as bald as Cæsar!

We say it—B—— is as bald as Cæsar! but if Cæsar bared his baldness half as majestically, he was a much better looking heathen than we take him to have been. Why, B——'s polished outline is the most regal thing we know of!—an intellectual porch, over which *looms*, as it were, the mental dome! benevolence, veneration, firmness, self-esteem—full, "*chock-full*," and beautifully balanced! And then the shiny whiteness of the surface, as if the moral glory beaming within, absolutely shone through! In short, a head of Washington, *lit up* for a 4th of July night, is "no circumstance" to the benign front of our friend B——.

The next inquiry is, how did our friend B—— lose

his hair? Thus! Could a man with such a head be other than a Whig? Certainly not! And, the most thorough-going Whig of his flourishing city, he left the banks of one of the great lakes, as a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, last May. *May 1844!*—that glorious—but everybody has read the papers.

There were a great many heads in Baltimore—wise heads, and long heads, and fine heads, and swelled heads, but there was no head to compare with the *head* of the Michigan delegation! he, or *it*, were *ahead* of every thing. Joy! hope! triumph! Whig rule! And, with every increasing round of rapture, B——'s head became more resplendent, till, at length, came the grand procession. B—— must tell the rest himself.

“Procession! sixteen leagues long, by thunder! Myriads of freemen—throngs of beauty! *Whar* was Michigan on that great day? In the midst of the triumph, and I at its head, hoss! Balconies bending; muslin and cambric fluttering! Hurrah for Clay! Up comes one of my aids;—‘B——, for God’s sake, don’t give the word to cheer any more—boys all hoarse, now.’ Hoarse! here, hold my hat—go it alone, by thunder, for old Michigan. *Whoo-rah—for—Clay, and the Ladies!* Whew! *didn’t* the cambric flutter then?—couldn’t stand it! Just run my right hand, then my left, through my *har*, lock after lock, out they came, gave’em to the winds—saw’em mount towards the balconies, beauty striving for’em! then, wasn’t Michigan a star! Women screamed and men hollowed—gals snatched, and handkerchiefs fluttered, and on I went, right and left—left and right—feather bed in the air a fool to it! front locks and side curls, side curls and front locks, quicker and *thicker*, and the whole d—d universe full of nothing

but me and Michigan, until every har was gone, and all I could do was to blow kisses untill all creation seemed just gathered together to hug me! Well, by this time, my voice had followed my *har*, when up we came to a perfect conflagration of beauty! four story double house covered all over with it, and one splendid creature cried out, '*Three cheers for Michigan!*' Whew, thunder! hadn't a lock on my head, or a note in my voice! Up came same d—d Aid, and, says he, 'Why don't you give the word to cheer?'—Couldn't do it—snatched my hat from him, held it up to both sides of the street—*Take my hat!*—they understood me—nine cheers—nine more from Michigan—

"Stop! look here, by thunder, what'll you take?—so dry I can't remember the rest of that immortal day,—but that's the way. I lost my *har*! A *leetle* bitters in it, if you please—thankee.

"Well, I'd now got to hum to my wife, and what on airth was I to do for my har! Friend suggested a *wig*, but 'no,' says I, 'I'll go the naked truth, by thunder! Old woman's Clay all over, and the chief difficulty will be to make her believe it's *me*, that's all!' Well, hum I got, and my friend stuck close all the way, so as to be able to swear to the individual; and first thing I did was to appear before a magistrate, and *cursed* if he knew me! So my friend just swore to me, reg'lar, and up I went hum with the papers. Well, in I went, with my *hat off*, so as to give her the full front of it at once; and, first, she kind a come forward, and then she kind a went back; and then her eyes began opening, and then her mouth followed, and at last she bursted out!—

"'Why B——, 'taint *you*!' Wel, I came mighty

nigh a burstin' out laughing, myself, but I kept mum, hauled out the *affidavit*, and she read it; and what between surprise and affliction, hanged if the tears didn't come in her eyes, and then the joke was over. 'If you don't b'lieve that, wife, here's *my* affidavit to back it;' I just took her in my arms and *kissed the book*, I tell you!

"Fellows, there's nothing like a *touch of nature*. If she stopped a going on forgiving me till next morning, I wish I may be shot!"

A FANCY BARKEEPER.

OUR friend, Breeze, is the roundest, loudest, hardest, happiest host among the host of hosts with whom we are acquainted! He keeps the "largest kind" of a house, the loudest sort of a gong, and the longest spread of a table! Moreover, his servants are always "here," he, himself, is always *there*, and the guest who can't be happy under such circumstances had better be *nowhere*!

Breeze, of course, keeps a bar, and before he undertook the business at all, having, naturally, consulted *everybody* with regard to his prospects, and *everybody* having told him that they, a "good deal, depended upon circumstances!" and Breeze understanding that those circumstances included, particularly, a "good bar" and a "polite barkeeper," after laying in his "liquors," set about making inquiries for an efficient toddy dispenser.

A good-looking man he must be, of course; a man, moreover, with somewhat of taste in dress as well as *address*; a man of pleasant manners, but, most distinctly, of sufficient discretion; for even pleasantry may, occasionally, be "run into the ground." A trifling eccentricity would be no decided objection, nay it might, perhaps, be a recommendation—the other necessary conditions holding good, for a man may be none

the less "gentlemanly" for being "a character," and being thus popularly estimated and received, is, certainly, no detriment to a barkeeper in his vocation. The requisites, then, simply stood as follows: A good-looking man, a well-dressed man, an agreeable man, a discreet man, an eccentric man—under certain restraints, in short, a *fancy* man—a "Fancy Barkeeper!"

It is hardly necessary to say, that failures and disappointments were encountered by our friend Breeze in his search, and that only by strangely concatenated circumstances, was this highly concentrated individual at length discovered! He *was* discovered though, and Breeze was a happy and prosperous man, in his own and everybody else's estimation!—the bar was popular, the mixtures unexceptionable, and "Twirl" (we'll call him Twirl) exhibited a rare combination of the "fancy" elements! In the matter of eccentricity he was perfect to a charm; he never overdid the business, and the *manner* of it was the most *unique* thing in the world! He was remarkably quick and *dapper*; his inquiries were always abbreviated—for instance, a gin cocktail was "gin-cock?" plain brandy was "brandy p?" and then there was "brandy wat-?" "brandy sug-?" &c., &c.; but the most delightful of all was the *flourish* which accompanied each action! He was clearly of a poetic instead of a mathematic *turn*, for angles or straight lines he neither thought nor moved in; circles were his existence, from which he never departed, farther than an occasional *ellipse*; the man was a *sphere*—each act had its axis; he was a tireless illustration of the laws centrifugal, and *centripetal*. as well, for however he might fly off, there was a sure and graceful return to the centre; such a thing as a *tangent* was

impossible, and his *system*, though called eccentric was considered as sure as the solar one! He never put a tumbler *straight down*, it *alighted* from his hand, after a series of gyrations, with a graceful curve. He never handed a "gin-cock" *straight out*, it invariably "cut an 8" before it was submitted; and then the way in which half dollars were *spun* into the drawer, and the "hey, presto" flourish, with which the "change" was returned, was a matter of the most pleasing enjoyment to all! It was no uncommon thing to see half a dozen heavy-bottomed tumblers making the most lively demonstrations on the counter, all at the same moment,—waltzing, *dos-a-dos*-ing, turning partners, every thing out indulging in a direct "*chassez forward*;" this never happened under the most hurried circumstances!

Nor was this "poetry of motion" confined to the empty ones only; "brandy p's" and gin-tods frequently went through the same evolutions, without "spilling a drop," and even corpulent decanters and waistless champaign glasses, occasionally joined the "mazy round." Breeze was a happy man; he even appeared to have caught something of the circling infection, for instead of walking, he seemed to *undulate*! instead of going *straight* up-stairs, we have seen him often ascending in a sort of *wavy* line, as if fresh from the contemplation of Hogarth's "line of beauty!" As to an equilateral triangle or *zig-zag*, he was no longer capable of such a vulgarity!

While this harmonious arrangement succeeded thus admirably in the bar, things were rather *round-about*, also, in the dining-room, but, unfortunately, not with the same result—for in this case, somehow, they wouldn't "work straight," and Breeze thought it would

be all right if he could induce Mr. Twirl, on an increased salary, to take the management of the "table fixens," and *circle* them into something like system. Mr. Twirl consented, but Mr. Twirl was, after all, but mortal, and such had been the success of his twirling, that it *turned his head*, and no wonder; however, he undertook the dining-room *bodies*, and Breeze, in his ecstasy, invited a few of his particular friends to witness the triumph of his motions, confident that a *planetarium* would be a "fool to them."

The gong *b-r-r-ang-ang-wang-w-r-ranged!* the doors *flew* open with a slap-dash! the crowd rushed in, scuffle—shuffle! hats—chairs—napkins—knives—"good as you are"—Hail Columbia! Breeze stuck to his accustomed plan of presiding at the head of his own table.

Twirl was in command, every man was at his post, and now then for "something like regularity!" The signal flourish was given, and as many arms made a circling sweep upon as many covers, which instantly made a circling ascension into the air, where they were flutteringly arrested. The signal to turn was then given; but, instead of *all* wheeling to the right, every *other* man, somehow, wheeled to the left, and a delicious *crash* of tin—cymbal-like in tone, or rather *more so*—over the heads of the startled guests, was the consequence! This was awkward; but the *bodies* were awkward, and as Mr. Twirl might almost be regarded as occupying the position of a worker in *chaos*, the collision was to be excused. *Round* came the soup, about fluttered the plates, pitchers were handled with that playful motion peculiar to the use of the watering-

pot; there was a considerable spilling of gravy, and a liberal sprinkling of *pants*, while the somewhat unusually elated Mr. Twirl, over an immense sirloin of "roast," went through the broadsword exercise in the most formidable manner! The affair waxed hotter!—circle, sweep, splash, sprinkle—while, occasionally, encroaching upon each other's orbits, the *bodies* would jostle, to the inevitable destruction of "wares," if not to their own entire precipitation from the system! The dinner-table, however, in America, as we are now and then reminded by tourists, is more the scene of action than of observation; and though Mr. Breeze was much distracted in his appetite, he had still strong faith in science.

The first rush was over, and wine began to circulate, when Mr. Twirl, more strangely elated than ever, absolutely *spun* himself into the midst of his favorite accomplishment. Such a ringing and rolling of bottles and glasses over the bare mahogany had never been dreamt of! but, contrary to use, there was a smash here, and a crash there, and Mr. "So-and-so's compliments" were hardly ever delivered without a delivery of wine, at the same time, at least equal to three times the capacity of the glass; and, finally, a decanter of port, spinning directly into Mr. Breeze's own lap, at the same instant that Mr. Twirl evinced an evident desire to throw a somerset over the table, led the amazed landlord to examine more particularly the state of his *regulator*! and, must we say it! will yon central orb forgive it? will its dependent family of worlds believe it? Mr. Twirl was *wound up*, used up, done up, in short he was very drunk!

With an oppressed spirit, Mr. Breeze directed his

“patent revolving” prodigy to “go *straight* to bed” as if in *any* disarrangement of his motions such a thing were possible! He was finally “come *round*,” however, and placed there, but whether he has ever arisen therefrom, we are not prepared to say, as that was the last seen or known of the “Fancy Barkeeper.”

“MR. NOBBLE!”

BY JOS. M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS “REVEILLE.”

If the capital sketch subjoined was not written by the facetious “Straws,” *alias* “Everpoint,” of the “Picayune” and “Reveille,” then, like Billy Black, we “gives it up!” The “Reveille” is one of the best daily papers west of the Alleghanies, yet its editor has found leisure to write some most amusing stories, a prize comedy or two, and play several profitable engagements at the theatres of the southwest within the last year! We hear it is his intention to give the world a collection of his miscellaneous prize writings soon, through the medium of the publishers of this work; it should and will, doubtlessly, command an immense sale.

“MISTER NOBBLE!”

Mr. Nobble was venturing very carefully along an uncertain staging, which afforded an equally uncertain passage from a ship alongside the wharf, to a vessel bound from a port “’way Down East” to a port “’way off South;” and Mr. Nobble, at the moment when the shrill and imperative summons reached his ear, was mentally and physically contriving how he should prevent one child’s tub, one ditto clothes’ horse, one night lamp, two flat irons, a dozen of oranges, two pounds of sago, a box of Guava jelly, one bottle of “choice old port,” (*not to be shaken*,) and *himself*—the arrears of the family requisitions for the voyage—from tumbling overboard!

“*Mister Nobble!*”

The provident and peculiarly placed gentleman alluded to was at this moment in the “worst place;” and one of the planks “wagging” awfully, and his own knees, moreover, assisting the “disturbing causes,” some two hundred most deeply interested spectators, with great concern, saw Mr. Nobble’s oranges, like a flock of sheep, bound one after the other into the water, attempting to arrest which, Mr. Nobble unfortunately released the tub from his arm, which stooping to catch, Mr. Nobble unfortunately entangled his legs in the “horse,” at the same time losing his hat and dropping the flat irons on his toes;—crowning this succession of disasters by falling flat on his face, crushing the jelly and smashing the port—certain sailors, in their anxiety to pick up the owner, busily kicking his remaining scatterings overboard, to be subsequently secured to their own profit.

“*Mr. Nobble!*”

An extremely novel and striking *tableau* was presented on the poop of the outside vessel, having scratched both his knees through his pantaloons in his desperate haste to rise and rescue his “stores,” had finally precipitated himself over the rail upon the deck, where he now stood before a very pale and anxious, though stout-looking elderly lady, tightly grasping in his hand the neck of the port bottle. Going into details, it should be stated, that the lady supported on her knee a sodden-looking infant, which was painting its face with a stick of molasses candy, while a very wide-mouthed urchin, who had just “put his eye out,” as his mother insisted, against a “belaying pin,” was ingratiating himself in

the favour of the assembled passengers by yelling out all sorts of unusual murders at her side. An Irish nurse, who contented herself with standing by and saying, grumly, “O, it’s kilt ye are, af course!” completed the picture.

“Mr. Nobble, it’s all nonsense! I *can’t* go in the ship and I *won’t*—you’re welcome to save my life but *shan’t* do it on salt water! Run ashore again for a doctor—his eye’s out I know it is, and after all there’s no hive syrup neither. O, my gracious, if they aint loosening the sails!—and your friends to go and put a sea voyage in your head when he’s always a climbing and playing with water and no place to do the baby’s washing with a wasting disease too that’s robbing the child and starving it daily as you can see by its cheeks ‘Mr. Nobble!’”

Mr. Nobble was a placid man, of extremely *family* demeanor, and he listened to this perfectly clear, though rapid statement of circumstances, with the air, though by no means the *indifference*, of a man who was used to it. Mrs. N. was an invalid, nervous—opposed to the voyage, and, albeit he himself “suffered dreadfully,” he was constitutionally a “family man,” and expected annoyances. Forgetting his mishap, he was about to soothe his partner, when the younger Nobble stopped his bawling to kick the nurse on the shins, which operation he followed by pitching his head into her stomach and fixing his teeth into her leg.

“*Mr. Nobble!*”

A score of sailors running aft with a hawser scattered the Nobbles, and as the vessel swung round, her bows into the stream, the numerous passengers congratulated themselves upon a comfortable prospect with that interesting family.

"Mr. Nobble!" (*very faintly.*)

The present summons came from the after-state-room of the gentlemen's cabin, for Mr. Nobble had been too late to secure berths in the ladies' division—much to the regret of the feminine gender on board. The night lamp swung with great regularity from the centre of the battened down "sky-light," as the ship rolled heavily; there was a dismal creaking and grinding of her timbers as if she felt *rheumatic*, and was endeavouring to say so; while ever and anon came a hoarse voice above, followed by a tramping of feet and a sudden fall of coils of rope upon the thin poop deck, making one jump again!

"Mr. Nobble!" (*very sharply.*)

To admit light, a child's chair had been interposed between the door and Mrs. N.'s state-room, which chair was now undergoing a battering attack, from and on account of the said door, with each roll of the ship; a feminine undergarment, which had been ingeniously secured between handle and latch as a screen from masculine curiosity, was waving triumphantly with every "slam;" a fat figure in shirt and pantaloons, stretched on the dining-table, with his feet braced against the main-mast, snored with an abrupt snort as the heavier rolls recalled him occasionally to a sort of consciousness, and, finally, with the third "Mr. Nobble," which sounded for all the world like the clip of a pair of scissors, a very yellow face, topped by a red handkerchief, was raised above the table, and Mr. N., in a dressing gown, advanced anxiously but carefully to his partner.

"Julia?" moaned inquiringly Mr. Nobble.

"Oh, there you are, at last, Mr. Nobble, with my

dying words ringing in your ears for the last hour—all the water spilt, and no more in the wide ocean I suppose, to keep one from choking—and won't stay on one's stomach neither—without strength for a change of clothes and two children!—Don't tell me to be patient, with a wasting disease, and the door slamming,—there by yourself, in a cool public cabin, a-*snoring*!—Yes it *was* you, Mr. Nobble—I know your snore if I know any thing about you—and Johnny calling to you, too, ever so long, to keep the girl from rolling out of the upper berth over him in the next room out in the Gulf Stream as you call it, and no faith in a southern climate—with a constant croup and no squills if it was taken this minute!—Mr. *Nobble*, are you *snoring* again, while I'm talking to you?—Yes, you *are*, I say! Eh? the fat gentleman on the table! I *knew* so,—and exposed to every eye with my knees to my chin to keep steady—there goes the child!—Gracious goodness, it'll choke, and the stewardess asleep, too, without an emetic among the passengers!—convulsions!—Yes, it is!—convulsions!—don't tell me,—and it may die for warm water, for all you're good for—stewardess? Don't you hear me call 'stewardess?' Mr. Nobble! And not a female to feel for me with even a hot towel. Mr. *Nobble*? Oh yes, he's gone to light a fire and be washed overboard, I suppose—*Hus-s-s-h-h* my darling—nobody come yet! good heavens—it's dying! Mr. *fat passenger*? Mr. *gentleman asleep*? Oh, that door again!—Mr. Nobble?—And not a short gown to cover myself—I must get out—*Hus-s-s-h-h*, then my darling,—*Mister Nobble*?——”

By this time the captain and divers passengers had

"turned out"—the fat gentleman sat up rubbing the back of his neck—an elderly lady appeared with the stewardess from the after-cabin, and finally Mr. Nobble himself staggered in from the deck, bearing a tub of hot water. The baby, at the same time, was brought out into the light, to ease their minds, by relieving it's stomach of a square inch of *cold potato*, which, in spite of Mr. Nobble's protestations, Mrs. N. *knew* that he must have given it at dinner, as he was never satisfied unless he was stuffing it, and, moreover, knew no more about children than a child unborn did about first trousers!

"Mister Nobble!"

The vessel, "going out light," yet almost scraping the bottom of the "middle channel," was gliding over the fairy waters of the "great Bahama," its "three fathoms" revealing, as through a tinted haze, marine plant, shining spar, and, ever and anon, the strangely shaped and shadowy haunters of the coral reefs. Sea and sky mingled their transparent fluids, till the tinted sails—filled, not forced, by the gentle breeze—seemed like so many summer clouds wafting while shading the happy watchers of their progress. An awning partially screened the "poop," in the shadow of which various groups beguiled the time. Cards, books, anecdote;—three or four smokers in straw hats, with sun-burned faces, sat in the yawl slung on the lee quarter; the fat passenger snored on the skylight; a lean ditto hastened his consumption by playing on a flute to the after-rail; Master Johnny had his legs through the ratlins, and the Irish nurse, her first day on deck, was *endeavouring* to draw the baby up and down in a claret-box.



Mr. Nobble, you're not agoing to leave me?—Page 155.

“Mr. Nobble!”

Several heads appeared struggling up the steps from the lower deck, and presently, Mrs. Nobble securely braced in an arm-chair and supported by the captain, mate, and Mr. N., was placed comfortably against the mizen. The appearance of real, heartfelt satisfaction with which the anxious and evidently stomach-rinsed husband superintended this operation, contrasted rather strangely with the yet bilious aspect of the wife.

“Mr. Nobble! you’re not agoing to leave me? Oh, take me down again! didn’t you say there was no motion—there! don’t I see the water when you told me we were *on the bank!* not a bit of land to be seen and two horrid weeks with constant suffering and weak gruel. Mercy on me, where are we! in a *pea-green climate* as I’m a sick woman and there’s the girl a staggering while you stand here and care no more for the child than if it was your grand-uncle—there! I felt the chair go,—no danger, indeed, as if I was a spider like the sailors—gracious goodness, look at that boy—you Johnny—Mr. Nobble! if his legs aint through—and all his knees out, his new pair, too, to go ashore in and nobody to offer to save him from being drowned with a swimming in his head—I knew it! right on his head in the lady’s lap and both their brains knocked out or it’s a mercy. Much your father cares, my child—it’s all Mr. Nobble’s fault, Ma’m, with your constant climbing, and a wasting disease, Ma’m, that keeps me from looking after them and you know what a family is—*what’s that!* Mr. Nobble! only a squall indeed, don’t they say it’ll *strike* us—Captain! *can’t we go the other way!* no I won’t go down, nor the children neither to be swal-

lowed alive and there's that gentleman asleep and snoring and—*I knew it!*——”

Mrs. Nobble had made a poor use of her foreknowledge, for at this instant she was enveloped in the awning; the sails were let go—“all flying;” a moment's whirlwind was succeeded by a drenching shower, and Mr. Nobble explicitly charged with his wife's death, (that afflicted lady once more restored to her state-room,) watched her patiently till she slept, and meekly pictured to himself the probable delights of a winter in New Orleans

“HONEY RUN.”

“Mr. Douglass, you’ve a mighty small chance of legs, there, any how!”
Judge Douglass’s Story.

THE “gentleman from Illinois” is not the only gentleman whose *legs* have led him into embarrassment! A political friend of ours, equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, among the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the state one summer for Congress, in even a *more* peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois judge.

There is a spot, in the south-western part of this state, known as the *Fiery Fork of Honey Run*—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the *run* of “honey” is, of course, accompanied by a corresponding flow of “milk,” and a mixture of milk and honey, or, at any rate, honey and “Peach” is the evidence of sublunary contentment, every place where they have preaching!

“Honey Run” is further christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising *one apartment*—neither more nor less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder—its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly show-

ing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and "niggers," and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the *Firey Forkers*—the old lady having pointed out his bed—felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in," though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to *bar* them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door-step; the "niggers" stuck their feet in the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed-looking pillow, and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, "gals," and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, seating himself upon "the downy," and pulling off his coat. Well, he *pulled* off his coat, and he folded his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact, that it would *never* do to sleep in his muddy trowsers; and then he "undid" his vest, and then he whistled again, and then, suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried—

"*Gals*, jest turn your backs round 'till the *stranger* gits into bed."

The backs were turned, and the stranger *did* get into

bed in "less than no time," when the hostess again spoke :

"Reckon, stranger, as you aint used to us, you'd better *kiver up* till the *gals* undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and, though he did "kiver up," as desired, some how or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes, and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs were soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unhitch nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerately relieved him.

"You can *unkiver* now, stranger; I'm *married folks*, and you ain't afeard o' *me*, I reckon!"

The stranger happened to be "married folks" himself; he *unkivered* and turned his back with true conubial indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned; but, with regard to the "*gals*," he declares that his half-raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of *mermaids* that ever he experienced.

A "HUNG" JURY.

AMONG the dispensers of justice in a certain central ward of *old* St. Louis, during its unpretending, "even-handed" days, was 'Squire W——. His astute comprehension of, and rigid adherence *to*, legal proprieties are yet recollected. A case was submitted to him, "once on a time;" but, his decision not satisfying *one* of the parties, (very likely to occur, by-the-by, even in primitive ages,) the case was "continued;" which further step, according to the rule in justices' courts, now as then, involves the ceremony and expense of a jury.

The second trial came on, unfortunately, upon a morning which, for some good cause or other, the whole town had devoted to jubilee and rejoicing—whether it was that a great man was to be "received," or another great man dismissed, it is immaterial; suffice it that guns and drums equally did their duty in calling the citizens away from theirs.

Plaintiff and defendant were punctual in their attendance before the justice, anxious to settle their difference—just as anxious to have their share of the show—and the officer was despatched to collect a jury; but, after a no less anxious search, he was obliged to return

without a man, his summons going for nothing in the general excitement.

Impatient at the delay, the parties litigant agreed to wave the matter of a jury altogether ; to just re-argue the matter and abide by "His Honor's" decision. But His Honor had his own more reverend *parade* of the law to enjoy, and, therefore, with a *chief justice* air, he declared that, inasmuch as that the case had been continued, and that the purpose of said continuance was entirely to obtain the sense of a *jury*, it would be all *nonsense* to proceed in any less regular way. "Therefore, Mr. Constable," continued the 'Squire, "you will, by virtue of your authority, summon and compel the presence of a jury forthwith."

The constable again set forth, the "bench" relapsed into abstruse cogitation, and the plaintiff and defendant were fain to content themselves with the hope of getting clear "after a while."

Wearily went the moments ; but, at length, the indefatigable officer, bathed in perspiration, returned, having secured *one* well-known, easy-going citizen, remarkable as being the largest, lovingest, and *laziest* man about town.

"'Squire," said the panting official, "I've gotten Bob, 'cause he says it don't make much difference to him ; but there isn't *nary* nother as don't say they'll see me d——d first, and so the thing's out, as far as my footin' on it goes, I reckon !" The constable wiped his brow with determination, the justice *began* to foresee a dilemma, and nothing but the "costs" prevented "the parties," in spite of their attorneys, from flipping up "head or tail" for an issue.

At length the constable made a suggestion, which

the "parties" eagerly consenting to, the 'Squire finally sanctioned. This was, that Bob, the lazy gentleman just mentioned, should serve as jury "all alone by himself!"

All was settled at once; the lazy gentleman declared that it "made no difference," and, getting "a chew" from the constable, down he sat. The pleadings were despatched; the *jury* was charged; the approaching procession was heard in the distance, and all parties were only waiting to hear the verdict, when the *jury*, after one or two indolent hitches in his chair, and a leisurely discharge of tobacco juice from between his teeth, turned to the court and said—

"Well, I reckon, 'Squire, the jury'll have to *retire*."

This was unexpected, and had not been altogether the *mode*, either, in Justice W——'s court, inasmuch as there was no place for the jury to retire *to*, except *within themselves*; but the present body was *unanimously* of opinion that he ought to have a fair shake at the merits of the case, and so the *court* adjourned to the sidewalk, leaving the jury all to himself, with his heels on the table.

Moment after moment passed away; the litigants every now and then cast a glance in at the conscientious umpire; the procession was evidently approaching along the next street, and, suddenly, the "opposite counsel" excusing themselves, walked off towards the corner. Drums, hurrahs, &c., now began to swell upon the air, and plaintiff and defendant, after sundry inquiries as to the chances, even marched off also, leaving the 'squire and constable to receive the verdict. The constable next became impatient, and, finally, the

'squire himself got the fidgets; each moment seemed an age, until the dubious *twelfth* was just asked if he was "going to take the whole day or not?"

"Well, the fact is, 'Squire, the jury *can't agree*, no how. We're just *hung*, and no mistake; and, if you can't let us *stay out*, why you'd better *discharge us*, by thunder!"

The *jury* was discharged!

PATERNAL GUSHINGS.

SOME one went into "fits and dem'd raptures," as Mantalini would have it, last month, in the Knickerbocker, about a baby, a boy-baby, a fifteen-pound-boy-baby being born to him! Does he know that he is a green-horn? Does he know that he yet knows nothing? A "fifteen pound" is a "whopper" to be sure—a "fine child," and it may have its "father's nose" and all that; but, we repeat it, he knows nothing, he has never had *twins*! twins—ye gods! a pair of 'em! naked, little, rosy, bawling busters! *in vestis cubicularis*! If he had, he might talk. If he'd ever had, afterwards, twelve women hauling him about, and telling him he was the luckiest man in the world—passing the swaddled ones from hand to hand, with kisses ringing like pistol shots;—the *hee-e-e wei-e-e* of the cherubs—mamma "doing well," lying in lavender with a frilled cap on, smiling like a soul in bliss, and insisting on having 'em both back, for she "knows they want her"—If he'd ever had big *he* fists slapped on his shoulders, wicked fingers punched into his ribs, his health drank with "hurrah's," while merry voices have declared that he ought to be "ashamed of himself;"—going home, then his heart dancing, his head singing, feathers to his heels, making but two steps from curb-stone to curb-

stone, his latch-key ready six squares off, and, once inside, springing up stairs, boots in his hand, a story at a time;—we say, if going home so, and opening the chamber door, as fain to glide in through the key-hole he had ever been stopped by the nurse's "~~hush~~," and, directed by her finger to the bed, had contemplated—what? ye gods! Heaven, peace, contentment, love, ecstasy—too big for speech, too full not to run over; tears! yes, grateful, heart-swelling, hope-crowning, joyous tears! Fast asleep, *all!* think of saying "*all!*" calm, lovely sleep; a rose and two buds; bosoms heaving, a harmony of sighs, Æolian whispers stirring with melody every heaven-strung chord in the bosom of the happiest dog alive! Had he ever, too excited to go to his lone bed in the next room, laid down in his trowsers, gazed towards the shading curtains, listened to the little nestlings, the fussy kickings—the—the—? We again and again say it, he's a green-horn, a young 'un—he knows nothing.—Furthermore, there is an ecstasy to come he has'nt dreamt of; a fifteen-pound-boy-baby is well enough, it's "wheels and its pulleys, its pumps and its valves, its engines and reservoirs, its beautiful machinery," &c., all well enough, but wait 'till it speaks! wait 'till it says "cow!" that's the phrensy! Wait, until convinced by its blessed mother's incessant instructions, at the window, that a cow, a "*moo-ly* cow," is the most interesting object in nature, it dances in its daddy's arms, points with its little finger to a pig in the gutter, and says "cow-w!" a whole room full of admiring friends and neighbours ready to devour it—not the pig, but the little dear, "so forward!"

Hark! a band of music—louder—a company of

soldiers in the next street; ma and company rise, up go the windows, in rush the children—drum and trumpet—every head out—coming round corner—“shadows before”—a swarm of little boys with paper caps and clam shells—*Hooray!* there’s the captain—epaulets and feather—walking backward—sword extended—word of command—“Left wheel!” at same instant—heel in hole—down goes captain—scream of delight—line breaks, and “cow—cow,” cries the blessed child, half crazy!

But it has “stood alone” before this, and had “a tooth” before that, and been “very large for its age” before either; and we, having lived through the whole, and being proud of our experience, we tell the Knickerbocker man again and again, that he knows nothing, that he makes himself ridiculous, that he’s a bigger boy than his “fifteen pounder” to go on so, and every parent who has reared “a fine child” to *cut teeth* and say “cow,” will agree with us. At the same time, as some excuse, it’s a “first;” as a further excuse, he showed *some* sense in getting married; and as, perhaps, a total excuse, he really *has* managed to become a father; and, we advise our young friends, in each respect, to emulate his example.

By-the-by, here is something—a *pro pos* to the subject.

A WERRY GRAVE EXHORTATION.

You hasn’t yet got married, Knick,
You doesn’t know the sweets,
The little soothin’ solaces
As we wot’s married meets;

The bosom's warm emotions, and
The drops within the eyes,
The nice clean shirts and stockings, and
All them 'ere tender ties!

You don't know what it is, Knick,
A-lyin' in your bed,
To gaze on careful woman's form—
While the breakfast things is spread ;
When you don't want to get up, cos
The kiver feels so nice ;
And she says, " Won't you have another cup,
And this 'ere other slice ?"

The fire a-burnin' bright, Knick,
And all upon a chair,
Your linen, and your draw'rs, Knick,
A-hangin' up to air ;
I axes ev'ry heart, Knick,
As isn't made of steel,
If one can look upon that fire
And not a warmin' feel !

Oh, werry few, indeed, Knick,
Knows when they're truly happy,—
When the baby is fetched in, Knick,
To kiss it's " lazy pappy ;"
" You iltle diny piny ting,
It's mammy tum and eat her ;
You blessed babe it was so tweet
It tood'nt be no tweeter !

" You dod-a-bessed angel you—
Don't pull it's pappy's hair ;
Take fingers out of pappy's cup—
Don't cry—it shall den—there ;

Oh, fie, to spill all pappy's tea—
You naughty ducky diny;
You oney, doney, roguey, poguey,
Sweetest, sugar shiney!"

Oh, Knick, there is some minits when
The stoutest hearts 'll quiver;
Just let a baby spill your tea,
While you're beneath the kiver;
One little hand within your hair,
The other in your cup—
Don't wonder we so often feels
As we could "*eat 'em up!*"

“YOUR TURN NEXT, SIR.”

THE principle of “*rotation*” should never be lost sight of in a democracy—never, above all, in a barber’s shop! “Order is Heaven’s first law,” and “*Louis’s*” also, as the many *shavers*, who patronize that attentive functionary at his establishment, the *Italian Baths*, St. Louis, are well aware of.

Let the reader be kind enough to consider himself an anxious gentleman with a “two-day’s beard” on, seated at 9½ A. M., on one of Louis’s sofas; his coat off, his neck exposed, and evincing *other* symptoms of impatient readiness to place himself in the first chair vacant. There they are, some six or eight of them, reclining almost horizontally, as their lazy heels are elevated, on luxuriously stuffed mahogany stools, nearly to the level of their drowsy heads. See how the rascals enjoy it! There is one fellow now, with his plaguy bright boots, grunting with satisfaction under the *champooing* operation; his eyes closed, and his head wagging, as the brisk fingers of the *professor* make themselves acquainted with the topography of his cranium—it’ll be sixty minutes at least before *he’s* done! There’s another! his chaps *lathered* until they look like a prize specimen of frosted confectionary, and yet the *operator*, as if pleased with the snowy

beauty of his art, is adding fresh *dabs*—so they fondly pet a pat of butter ! Will none of them budge ? Look at that character getting his hair cut ; he has evidently no faith in his tonsor ; he knows he is in a “ *latest cut* ” establishment, but hair is his weakness ! See how anxiously he consults his hand-glass ; a miss-clip on that side-lock would ruin him ! That man has distinct visions of the *mode* in Broadway and Chestnut street, and a downright suspicion, if not a positive contempt, is vexing his mind during this fateful *amputation* !—curse that fellow, he’ll take a week !

Look at that plethoric monster, and wonder why, as the razor glides over his *florid* folds, you can think of nothing but a *green* turtle ! He’s jocose, too ; and, as he makes his ebony attendant grin, see how he lifts the corner of his eye to watch the effect on his neighbor. Thank the stars—no you don’t ! “ *Your turn next, sir !* ” and a cool, consummate, quiet customer, who has been reading the paper unnoticed at your elbow, rises deliberately, unties his cravat, takes off his coat, and you are led to inquire, mentally, if it is *his turn next*, how many *more* may be before you ? Horrible suggestion ! There are, actually, a dozen loiterers with beards on ! How many of them have entered *after* you, a mere matter of guess-work to all save the omniscient oracle of “ *Your turn next, sir !* ” Another rises. “ *Your turn next, sir !* ” not *your* turn, reader ; take it patiently.

Did any Christian ever see such an abomination as is practised upon the human countenance in this same city of St. Louis ? Look at that apparently *magnetized* bust, the brows, cheeks, and neck, appertaining to which are at this moment being *smeared* over from



"Your turn next, sir."

"Ah, isn't such a chair a comfort?"—Page 170.

the lather-cup—back and front, preparatory to a *scrub*—as if the possibility of a gentleman extending his own ablutions round the base of his skull were a stretch of cleanliness not to be thought of! *Dab—dab—dab—d-d-d-dab!* Isn't he a pretty looking object? Ah, there goes the sponge!—over his brow—back of his neck—washing *himself* will never trouble his thoughts after this, certainly!

“*Your turn next, sir!*” May all—one of the punishments in the Swedenborgian next world, indubitably, will be waiting in a barber's shop for “your turn next!” Dr. Bush must speak to this point forthwith. There's a pug-nosed villain been under the soap for seventy-five minutes by the church-bells, and now, confound him, he “feels so good” that he's getting his hair cut! “*Your turn next, sir!*” Go to the—eh! what! not *my* turn? “*YOUR turn next, sir!*” I am (meaning *you* are, reader,) mollified! Under the hands of *Louis* himself, too! Civil Louis! Good-looking Louis! Louis that'll be a prince one of these days, and go to Paris! Ah, isn't such a chair a comfort? Run your eye along your leg, and see what that is—agitating your toes so!—a fluttering juvenile, dusting the tips of your boots! Ah, the first tap of the brush—agreeable temperature! Now it glides over your jaws, and you wouldn't change for a warm bath! The steel—not a *scrape*, reader, but a touch, as if your cheek were swept by a butterfly's wing! Exquisite Louis! If you would subdue your enemy, put him into a soft chair and shave him! How the strings about your heart relax! No more straining and tightening; thoughts of ease—ideas of charity—they come and go, and now you are on the confines of

dream-land !—softer—softer—murmuring—music——
Hallo ! actually took a nap ! What the deuce are you
about, back of one's neck ? Lather ? Well, “go
it !” Wouldn't get up for the world ! So—squeeze
your sponge a little, though, there's a drop down one's
back. Ah, a Cologne wipe, delightful ! and now for a
champoo—never mind those fellows *waiting* !

“And, as his flying fingers touch the keys”—

There he is now, playing away on your benevolence ;
now, ideality, a scratch—exquisite !—Hope, music
—murmurs—dream-land again—— ! Hallo—towel
jerked away ! “*Your turn next, sir !*” Remorseless
Louis ! actually dismissed—despatched—turned out !
nothing but a *job* after all ! Patience, however, and
take a peep in the glass. There are jaws of velvet and
locks of silk ! Sir, you've been under the hands of an
artiste ! Any one may see *Italian Baths* written in
your face ; scent *Iredell & Clamorgan* in your perfumed
path ! On with your coat ; your well-smoothed hat ;
take your stick ; a parting glance ; greet the sunlight
—damme, you're a *nosegay* !

Your turn next, sir !

STOPPING TO "WOOD."

IN spite of the magic changes which have been wrought in the "way of doing things" upon the western waters, the primitive mode of "wooding" from the bank remains unaltered—as a sort of vagabond Indian in the midst of a settlement—as the gallows does in the light of civilization. The same rude plank is "shoved" ashore, the same string of black and white straggle through the mud to the "pile," the same weary waste of time exists as was the case twenty years ago. Steamers have grown from pigmies to giants, speed has increased from a struggle to a "rush," yet the conception of a ready loaded truck, or a burden-swinging crane—despatching a "cord" for every shoulder load, appears not to have entered the head of either wood dealer or captain.

At the same time, though the present mode is to be condemned as "behind the time;" as tedious, slovenly, and unnecessary, there are occasions when "stopping to wood" is an event of positive interest and excitement. Passed over be the fine sun-shiney morning when, jogging along—nothing behind—nothing before, the passengers lounging about—heels up, or heads down—the unnoticed bell gives the signal for "wood," and the boat draws listlessly alongside of the "pile." Equally unregarded be the rainy day, when, mud to the knees and drenched to the skin, the steaming throng,

slipping and plashing, drop their backloads, with a "whew!" and fail to find, even in the whisky barrel, a laugh or a "break down." But *not* so the star-lit evening in June, when, the water at a "good stage," and out for a "brag trip," with a rival boat behind, and the furnaces roaring for "more" the more they are fed, the signal is given and a faint flicker on the distant bank beacons the hungry monster towards its further supply of fuel. From New Orleans thus far on the trip up, the two boats, of nearly equal speed, have alternately passed each other during the stop to "wood," showing no gain of consequence on the part of either, and the grand struggle has been as it at present is, to "rush" the operation so as to get a start before being overtaken. The bank is reached—the boat made fast—gangways are formed—"Lively! men, lively!" cries the mate, and while the upper cabins pour out their crowds upon the boiler deck, the "hands," and the swarms of wild-looking passengers below (obliged by contract) dash ashore among the brush. Now ensues a scene that tasks description! The fire, augmented by piles of the driest wood, crimsones the tangled forest! Black and white, many of them stripped to their waist, though others, more careful, protect their skins by ripping and forming *cows* of empty salt sacks, attack the lengthened pile, and amid laugh, shout, curse, and the scarcely intermitting scream of the iron chimneys, (tortured by the still making steam,) remove it to the boat.

"Lively, men, lively!" rings the cry, and lively, lively is the impulse inspired by it! See that swart, gigantic negro, his huge shoulder hidden beneath a pyramid of wood, hurl to the deck his load, cut a caper along the plank, and, leaping back, seize a flam-

ing brand to whirl it round his head in downright enjoyment! "Lively! lively!" Laugh, shout, whoop, and the pile is rapidly disappearing, when a cry is heard from the "hurricane deck"—

"Here she comes, round the point!"

'Tis the rival steamer, sure enough; and once more she will pass during this detention. Now dash both mate and captain ashore to "rush" the matter. The bell is struck for starting, as if to compel impossibility; the accumulated steam is let off in brief, impatient screams, and the passengers, sharing the wild excitement, add their cries.

"Passed again, by thunder!" "We've got enough wood!" "Leave the rest!" &c. In the mean time, round the point below, sweeps the up-comer—all lights and sparks—moving over the water like a rushing fire-palace! Now her "blow" is heard, like a suppressed curse of struggle and defiance, and now, nearing the bank where lies her rival, a sort of frenzy seizes on the latter—

"Tumble it in!" "Rush her!" "D—n the rest!" "You've got enough!" *Ra-a-a-s-h!* goes the steam; the engine, "working off," thunders below;—again, the bell rings, and the hurly burly on shore is almost savage. At length, as the coming boat is hard on astern, the signal tap is given, "all hands aboard!" The lines are let go, the planks are shoved in by the negroes who are themselves drawn from the water with them, and amid a chaos of timber, a whirl of steam, and a crash of machinery, once more she is under weigh. The struggle is to leave the bank before she can be passed, and fuel, flame, and phrensy, seemingly unite to secure the object; barrels of combusti-

bles are thrust into the furnaces, while, before the doors, the "firemen," naked and screaming, urge their wild efforts!

"Here she is, along-side!" and now the struggle indeed is startling; the one endeavouring to shoot out from the bank across the bows of the other, and *she*, authorized by river custom, holding her way, the consequences of collision resting alone on her imprudent competitor. Roar for roar—scream for scream—huzza for huzza—but now, the inner boat apparently gaining, a turn of her antagonist's wheel leaves her no option but to be *run into* or turn again towards the bank! A hundred oaths and screams reply to this manœuvre, but *on she comes*—on, on,—a moment more and she strikes! With a shout of rage the defeated pilot turns her head—at the same moment snatching down his rifle and discharging it into the pilot-house of his opponent! Fury has now seized the thoughts of all, and the iron throats of the steamers are less hideous than the human ones beneath them. The wheel for a moment neglected, the thwarted monster has now "taken a sheer in the wild current," and, beyond the possibility of prevention, is driving on to the bank! A cry of terror rises aloft—the throng rush aft—the steam, every valve set free—makes the whole forest shiver, and, amid the fright, the tall chimneys, caught by the giant trees, are wrenched and torn out like tusks from a recoiling mastadon.

"That's a stretcher," will cry out some readers, and such a scene is not likely to be witnessed *now*, but the writer will not soon forget that such he bore a part in, some ten years ago, and that the captain, when asked what he thought of it, replied, "Well, I think we've got h—ll, any how!"

DEATH OF MIKE FINK.

“THE Last of the Boatmen” has not become altogether a *mythic* personage. There be around us those who still remember him as one of flesh and blood, as well of proportions simply human, albeit he lacked not somewhat of the *heroic* in stature, as well as in being a “perfect terror” to people!

As regards Mike, it has not yet become that favourite question of doubt—“Did such a being really live?” Nor have we heard the skeptic inquiry—“Did such a being really die?” But his death in half a dozen different ways and places has been asserted, and this, we take it, is the first gathering of the *mythic* haze—that shadowy and indistinct enlargement of outline, which, deepening through long ages, invests distinguished mortality with the sublimer attributes of the hero and the demi-god. Had Mike lived in “early Greece,” his flat-boat feats would, doubtless, in poetry, have rivalled those of Jason, in his ship; while in Scandinavian legends, he would have been a river-god, to a certainty! The Sea-kings would have sacrificed to him every time they “crossed the bar,” on their return; and as for Odin, himself, he would be duly advised, as far as any interference went, to “lay low and keep dark, or, *pre-haps*,” &c.

The story of Mike Fink, including *a* death, has been beautifully told by the late Morgan Neville, of Cincinnati, a gentleman of the highest literary taste, is well as of the most amiable and polished manners. "The Last of the Boatmen," as his sketch is entitled, is unexceptionable in style, and, we believe, in *fact*, with one exception, and that is, the statement as to the manner and place of Fink's death. He did *not die* on the Arkansas, but at Fort Henry, near the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Our informant is Mr. Chas. Keemle of this paper,* who held a command in the neighbourhood, at the time, and to whom every circumstance connected with the affair is most familiar. We give the story as it is told by himself.

In the year 1822, steamboats having left the "keels" and "broad-horns" entirely "out of sight," and Mike having, in consequence, fallen from his high estate—that of being "a little bit the almightiest man on the river, *any* how"—after a term of idleness, frolic and desperate rowdyism, along the different towns, he, at St. Louis, entered the service of the Mountain Fur Company; raised by our late fellow-citizen Gen. W. H. Ashley, as a trapper and hunter; and in that capacity was he employed by Major Henry, in command of the Fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone river, when the occurrence took place of which we write.

Mike, with many generous qualities, was always a reckless dare-devil; but, at this time, advancing in years and decayed in influence; above all become a victim of whisky, he was morose and desperate in the extreme. There was a government regulation which

* St. Louis Reveille.

forbade the free use of alcohol at the trading posts on the Missouri river, and this was a continual source of quarrel between the men and the commandant, Major Henry,—on the part of Fink, particularly. One of his freaks was to march with his rifle into the fort, and demand a supply of spirits. Argument was fruitless, force not to be thought of, and when, on being positively denied, Mike drew up his rifle and sent a ball through the cask, deliberately walked up and filled his can, while his particular “boys” followed his example, all that could be done was to look upon the matter as one of his “queer ways,” and that was the end of it.

This state of things continued for some time; Mike’s temper and exactions growing more unbearable every day, until, finally, a “split” took place, not only between himself and the commandant, but many others in the fort, and the unruly boatman swore he would not live among them. Followed only by a youth named Carpenter, whom he had brought up, and for whom he felt a rude but strong attachment, he prepared a sort of cave in the river’s bank, furnished it with a supply of whisky, and, with his companion, *turned in* to pass the winter, which was then closing upon them. In this place he buried himself, sometimes unseen for weeks, his *protege* providing what else was *necessary* beyond the whisky. At length attempts were used, on the part of those in the fort, to withdraw Carpenter from Fink; foul insinuations were made as to the nature of their connection; the youth was twitted with being a mere slave, &c., all which (Fink heard of it in spite of his retirement) served to breed distrust between the two, and though they did not separate, much of their cordiality ceased.

The winter wore away in this sullen state of torpor ; spring came with its reviving influences, and to celebrate the season, a supply of alcohol was procured, and a number of his acquaintances from the fort coming to "rouse out" Mike, a desperate "frolic," of course, ensued.

There were river yarns, and boatmen songs, and "nigger break-downs," interspersed with wrestling-matches, jumping, laugh, and yell, the can circulating freely, until Mike became somewhat mollified.

"I tell you what it is, boys," he cried, "the fort's a skunk-hole, and I rather live with the *bars* than stay in it. Some on ye's bin trying to part me and my boy, that I love like my own cub—but no matter. Maybe he's *pi*soned against me ; but, Carpenter, (striking the youth heavily on the shoulder,) I took you by the hand when it had forgotten the touch of a father's or a mother's—you know me to be a man, and you ain't a going to turn out a dog !"

Whether it was that the youth fancied something insulting in the manner of the appeal, or not, we can't say ; but it was not responded to very warmly, and a reproach followed from Mike. However, they drank together, and the frolic went on, until Mike, filling his can, walked off some forty yards, placed it upon his head, and called to Carpenter to take his rifle.

This wild feat of shooting cans off each other's head was a favourite one with Mike—himself and "boy" generally winding up a hard frolic with this savage, but deeply-meaning proof of continued confidence ;—as for risk, their eagle eyes and iron nerves defied the might of whisky. After their recent alienation, a doubly

generous impulse, without doubt, had induced Fink to propose and subject himself to the test.

Carpenter had been drinking wildly, and with a boisterous laugh snatched up his rifle. All present had seen the parties "shoot," and this desperate aim, instead of alarming, was merely made a matter of wild jest.

"Your grog is spilt, for ever, Mike!"

"Kill the old varmint, young 'un!"

"What'll his skin bring in St. Louis?" &c. &c.

Amid a loud laugh, Carpenter raised his piece—even the jesters remarked that he was unsteady,—crack!"—the can fell,—a loud shout,—but, instead of a smile of pleasure, a dark frown settled upon the face of Fink! He made no motion except to clutch his rifle as though he would have crushed it, and there he stood, gazing at the youth strangely! Various shades of passion crossed his features—surprise, rage, suspicion—but at length they composed themselves into a sad expression; the ball had grazed the top of his head, cutting the scalp, and the thought of treachery had set his heart on fire.

There was a loud call upon Mike to know what he was waiting for, in which Carpenter joined, pointing to the can upon his head and bidding him fire, if he knew how!

"Carpenter, my son," said the boatman, "I taught you to shoot differently from that *last* shot! You've *missed* once, but you won't again!"

He fired, and his ball, crashing through the forehead of the youth, laid him a corpse amid his, as suddenly hushed, companions!

Time wore on—many at the fort spoke darkly of the deed. Mike Fink had never been known to miss

his aim—he had grown afraid of Carpenter—he had murdered him! While this feeling was gathering against him, the unhappy boatman lay in his cave, shunning both sympathy and sustenance. He spoke to none—when he did come forth, 'twas as a spectre, and only to haunt the grave of his “boy,” or, if he did break silence, 'twas to burst into a paroxysm of rage against the enemies who had “turned his boy’s heart from him!”

At the fort was a man by the name of Talbott, the gunsmith of the station: he was very loud and bitter in his denunciations of the “murderer,” as he called Fink, which, finally, reaching the ears of the latter, filled him with the most violent passion, and he swore that he would take the life of his defamer. This threat was almost forgotten, when one day, Talbott, who was at work in his shop, saw Fink enter the fort, his first visit since the death of Carpenter. Fink approached; he was careworn, sick, and wasted; there was no anger in his bearing, but he carried his rifle, (had he ever gone without it?) and the gunsmith was not a coolly brave man; moreover, his life had been threatened.

“Fink,” cried he, snatching up a pair of pistols from his bench, “don’t approach me—if you do, you’re a dead man!”

“Talbott,” said the boatman, in a sad voice, “you needn’t be afraid; you’ve done me wrong—I’m come to talk to you about—Carpenter—my boy!”

He continued to advance, and the gunsmith again called to him:

“Fink! I know you; if you come three steps nearer, I’ll fire, by ——!”

Mike carried his rifle across his arm, and made no



DEATH OF MIKE FINK.—Page 183.

hostile demonstration, except in gradually getting nearer—*if* hostile his aim was.

“Talbot, you’ve accused me of murdering—my boy—Carpenter—that I raised from a child—that I loved like a son—that I can’t live without! I’m not mad with you *now*, but you must let me show you that I *couldn’t* do it—that I’d rather died than done it—that you’ve wronged me ——”

By this time he was within a few steps of the door, and Talbot’s agitation became extreme. Both pistols were pointed at Fink’s breast, in expectation of a spring from the latter.

“By the Almighty above us, Fink, I’ll fire—I don’t want to speak to you now—don’t put your foot on that step—don’t.”

Fink did put his foot on the step, and the same moment fell heavily within it, receiving the contents of both barrels in his breast! His last and only words were,

“I didn’t mean to kill my boy!”

Poor Mike! we are satisfied with our senior’s conviction that you did *not* mean to kill him. Suspicion of treachery, doubtless, entered his mind, but cowardice and murder never dwelt there.

A few weeks after this event, Talbot himself perished in an attempt to cross the Missouri river in a skiff.

ESTABLISHING A CONNECTION,

WHEREIN ANIMAL MAGNETISM IS REDUCED TO VULGAR COM-
PREHENSION

You're travelling on a steamboat, say ;
A walking, here and there ;
You'll, maybe, meet a pretty face—
A certain witching air ;
You'll see it once or twice, and then
You'll say " she's very pretty !"
And then, perhaps, you'll walk away,
And, maybe, hum a ditty.

Well, then, perhaps, at dinner time,
A glance or two may wander
Towards the table's upper end,
Where she's a sitting, yonder ;
You'll find a something 'bout her mouth,
And the way she lifts her fork,
And cuts her meat, and moves her jaw,
And her other table work !

You meet her, then, upon the " guard,"
Where, with her friend, she's walking,
Her arm round her companion's waist,
As girl's do when they're talking ;

You note the sweetest kind of foot—
That nameless girlish grace—
And that bright smile which makes you glow
To see on a girl's face.

Well, this goes on, perhaps, two days,
You keep a walking round,
And find yourself, when near her,
Very silent and profound ;
At last—Lord ! what a thing it is !
It runs you through and through—
You raise your eyes, and catch her *glance*—
A *side-glance*, and at *you* !

Of course she drops her eyes at once,
And looks upon the floor—
And you may watch her by the hour,
But won't catch her any more ;
Yet somehow, she don't move away,
In which a comfort lies ;
And though you cannot *see* 'em, yet,
You kind a *feel* her eyes !

Well, then, perhaps, one of the doors
Is lined with looking-glass,
In which, perhaps, you see her face,
As, loungingly, you pass ;
You take a peep—you walk away—
And then walk back again—
Then sit and look, as though her face
You'd draw right out the pane !

You're trying all the time to look
As unconcerned as *ever*—

You run your fingers through your hair—
Perhaps to hum, endeavour ;
But still you're peeping at her face,
And time don't pass so dull ;
When, suddenly—in peeping, *whew* !
You meet her eyes *right full* !

Oh gracious! where's your breath! you're gone!
You feel yourself a blushing,
And wonder why so old a hand
Should feel his blood a rushing—
But still you sit,—and so does she—
And, at once,—without instructor—
You find a pane of lookin'-glass
A *very* good conductor!

Well, so it goes—next morning, p'r'aps
You *bow* to her at breakfast—
And then you fiddle with your fork,
'Stead of swallowing your steak fast ;
Well, *she* has no great appetite,
And what she eats she minces—
And sits *uneasy* in her chair,
As if worried with the *chitches* !

Perhaps you venture, on the “guard,”
To say something 'bout “the morning,”
And she says, “Yes, sir,” with a smile
And blush her cheek adorning!
And then—you can't say any more—
And she can't look up either—
And you *almost* want to get away—
And you *don't* want to neither!

Well, *now* you're in a state for more
Decisive operation ;
Doubt not the process, but, at once,
Assay—"manipulation !"
Just touch her fingers ! if she starts
And don't lift up her head,
The thing is out, as Crockett says,
"You're right—and go ahead !"

A NIGHT IN A SWAMP.

IN the December of 1834, "putting out" from the *Capital of Georgia*, Milledgeville, (a "*promising* town," but which very few people think it worth while to remind of its promises,) might have been seen, at an early hour in the morning, a long, lumbering wagon, canvas-topped, &c., a "basket horse" snuffing the breeze out of the after end, and one or two eccentric-looking individuals, (exclusive of the driver—an "up-country cracker,") lounging in the forepart, almost as inertly as the rag pile of "Miller's Men" on which they were reclining. This was the "baggage-wagon," containing the movable portion of the "scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations" of Mr. Sol Smith's theatrical company, then in the act of invading the state of Alabama on a winter campaign, and with the purpose of attacking the town of Montgomery, in particular. Immediately after breakfast, on the same morning, two or three "travelling carriages," not over ostentatious in their appearance, set out, on the same road, containing Manager Sol and the rest of the company. It was about the commencement of bad weather; the streams were rising; I remember distinctly that it was a pretty *general* drench across the two states, but it is my intention only to mention one or two *watery* passages connected with the journey.

Not a great way from the Alabama line, in Georgia, on the high road to Columbus—that is, if it continues to be a high road in these times of topographical mutation—is a watercourse called *Bull Creek*; the whole route had been rendered difficult by the heavy rains, and now, Bull Creek lay in the way, swelling and roaring and endeavouring to deserve its name, by behaving in as bull-headed a manner as possible. Old Sol's private carriage was, literally, a *family* coach, his whole family (a small one at that time, though) being contained in it, to say nothing of the writer, who sat on the front seat, wondering what was to "be done with him next." Of course there was a dead stop at the formidable-looking ford; the negro-driver "didn't like dat water, no how;" till manager "Sol," who had often crossed before, *cast* the black boy for another part, that of the footman, assumed the responsible character of coachman himself, and boldly determined that he would *go through* with it. In he went—in—deeper—now, glancing from the coach window, we caught a full view of the stream, with its impetuous rush in the middle.

"Solomon!" said a mild voice, "won't it be dangerous?"

"Sol!" cried a more reckless one, "can you go it, old fellow?"

"Hallo! daddy," screamed one of the boys, "here's the water coming through!"

"It's only deep for a few yards," said Sol, pushing onward, when, in an instant, the body of the coach was inundated, and, from its *loose* motion, it was evident that we were afloat! Sol whipped up like mad, as the vehicle swung round; the horses snorted and

struggled, the boys screamed and gathered themselves on to the seats, the mother grew mute and pale, their fellow-traveller contemplated a spring through the window—one intense moment, when the horses felt ground—hurrah! whip, shout, struggle—and the drenched coach, staggering and *shivering*, seemingly, was dragged up the opposite slope!

“There,” says Sol, “you stupid nigger, couldn’t you do that?”

The driver resumed his seat with an expressive “Whew!”

“Well,” muttered he, “I never did tink Ole Sol done fotch himself clar, dat time!”

Three or four days, over *corduroy roads*, in the “Creek Nation,” Alabama, had not served to shake *Bull Creek* from remembrance, when a homeless throng of about two thousand persons, camped in every shape and direction,—travellers, movers, negroes, &c., warned us that we had reached *Kalebah Hatchee*,—the drain of an immense swamp, now flooded,—and that the rude bridge, &c., had been swept away. It was evening when we arrived. The *one* house of entertainment swarmed like a bee-hive, while the borders of the swamp were hardly less populous.

“Not a bit of room, *inside*,” cried the landlord, as we drove up.

“Thank you,” said Sol, “Knew you would. Jump out ladies.”

“Not a bit of room, I say,” repeated the landlord.

“Of course a *bit* will do; there’s only *three*, and they can all go together, when there’s a crowd!”

“But I say, there’s no use of *coming in*!”

“They’re *coming* in, thank you,” blandly persevered

the manager, with his hand to his ear, as if partially deaf;—and actually pushing by the man, with the ladies under his wing, he made his way into a back room of the log tenement—one which served alike for kitchen and eating-hall—placed the shivering females at the fire, and forthwith began doing the agreeable to the cook and hostess.

Following the example of their manager, in being a little deaf, and a little blind, and a good deal civil, some half a dozen of the party managed not only to get in “for a warm,” as poor Smike says, but to seat themselves at the “first table,” also; nay, more, finally obtaining the sanction of the landlord, to “take their chance” for the night. The woods, without, were red with camp-fires; the ground was marshy and wet, but the scene was of the wildest and most exciting nature. Not a soul had passed for several days; the gathering crowds, however, with the Indians of the neighbourhood, had toiled unceasingly, and a few hours’ work, in the morning, it was thought would complete a temporary means of crossing. The movers sat listlessly, within or around their wagons; the negroes, prepared their suppers, laughing and singing, as usual; the Indians stood by in groups, or wandered singly, begging for whisky; while Sol and his friends, raising the surprise of all, went “from tent to tent” rehearsing the chorusses of Cinderella and Massaniello, then “in active preparation,” for the opening of the season, at Montgomery.

Bed time came,—all but the *beds*! The Thespians had “their chance,” however, and had fixed their hopes upon a small rude apartment, which, with divers barrels, old trunks, saddles, &c., actually did contain

a cot,—carefully watched by a lanky, stupid-looking fellow. On the cot, by some extraordinary distribution, were *two* pillows, and one of them being denied to the intruders, as they arranged their bag or two of straw, a direful longing for mischief was aroused. At length Sol entered, looking more like a deacon than ever he did in his most clerical moments. “Sir,” said he, to the proprietor of the pillows, “you have no objection to prayer?” “No,” said the man, rather confused. “Seek the landlord, if you please, and procure *two* candles!” The commissioned one looked at his cot, then at his company—how hushed into a respectful solemnity of aspect—and finally went to procure *two* candles.

“What the devil do you want with two candles?” cried the landlord as he stood at the door, with a pine torch in his hand.

“That preacher says he wants to have prayers by ’em.”

It is uncertain whether the host liked least the demand, or the object of it; but after an equally fruitless application to the lady of the mansion, the messenger returned—to find the room in total darkness, and his fellow-lodgers fast asleep. He groped to his cot, and his first exclamation was, “The pillers gone, by gracious!” Another feel—“Look here, deacon!” A very comfortable snore came from one corner. “I say, strangers, I’ll be *go derved* if you hain’t gone to sleep a leetle quicker than you’d a-done if you hadn’t gone and stole my hull beddin’! not a dern thing but the *tick*!” muttered he, as he continued his examination. “Strangers!” A simultaneous snore from every point appeared to warn the bereaved one that the odds were entirely



"Sir," said he, to the proprietor of the pillows, "you have no objection to prayers?"—Page 192.

against him, and muttering that he was “a dern fool, any how,” and “a pretty dern kind of a prayer meetin’ *that* was,” &c., he seemed to bestow himself on the outside of the tick. Things became quiet, when the intense darkness was strangely dissipated by a broad stream of blue fire, which, starting from one side, made its way along the planks, directly towards the cot, the occupant of which jumped up in alarm.

“Two candles, h—ll!” said he: “I should like to catch myself prayin’ with such a dern set,—or sleepin’, either! and he bolted out, while the Thespians *bolted* themselves in; restoring the cot contingents,—investing the *deacon* with its occupancy, and, finally, emptying the brandy flask, a portion of the contents of which had procured the evacuation of the fortress.

The writer remembers being awakened in the morning by a strange sort of pushing and punching at his head.

“Be quiet, will you!” cried he. Another punch, and an attempt to pull the pillow away.

“Oh, thunder,” said he, peevishly, “I’ve got the pillow, and I mean to keep it!” Push—punch—and a *deuce* of a pull!

“D—n it, what are you about!” The sleeper started up to behold the snout of a *swine* in the act of being withdrawn through a hole in the floor, and the pillow following it into the upper apartment—the pig-sty!

How the *deacon* contrived, notwithstanding the impatient crush of two thousand persons, to get his teams first over the bridges, in the morning, ought to be the subject of a separate story.

STEAMBOAT MISERIES.

AFTER THE MANNER OF BYRON.

I had a dream—which was not *all* a dream ;
The “last bell” bade me hasten, and ’twas said
That we should be “right off,” and, lo, it was so !
And crowded “guard,” and peopled “hurricane,”
And hat and ’kerchief waved from deck and shore,
And steamy echoes mid receding hills,
Till men from nature turned to Paul de Kock.

Anon the twilight shadows, a young moon,
And a bright planet as its handmaiden,
And gazing on the west, where a dull red
Skulk’d ’neath the silv’ry glory, to myself
I said, “It must be, surely, supper time ;”
Turning below, e’en as another bell,
Of shriller clamour summoned to the board,
Where *all were seated*, and—I missed it that time .
Many were like me, and one rev’rend man
Spake of a “second table,” calm in faith
That we should find it “much more comfortable.”
And dishes went, and came, and went again,
(Wide margins unto strangely larded *dabs*)
And places were vacated one by one,
And scraps were gathered, and odd-sized boys—

(None of 'em *matched*,) seemed hired to "take their time ;"

And faithfully, if so, they earned their money.
At length the summons—I was seated, and
Two odd boys held huge pitchers at my head,
On either side, demanding "tea or coffee?"
And tea I said, but sought in vain for milk ;
As vainly for a stomach—frigid *dabs* !—
And turn'd I from pork-chop to munch a cracker,
And view that ancient man as I could kick him !

And morn awoke upon a fairer stream ;
When, lo ! nor basin, napkin, till I sought
A closet on the "guard" to come in *ninth*
For the tin bowl, to wipe with a wet towel,
And think more charitably, far, of Boz !

Hunger **was** on me, nor on me alone ;
Unshaven men, in two impatient rows,
With grasp on chair-back, eyed the lengthened board ;
While women peeped from distant "ladies' cabin,"
And to myself I said, "in *this* time, *sure*."
Anon the captain—eager, all sat down,
And I was nearest to the ladies' end,
When, as I paused in my choice of pig,
Came a low voice, "You are a chair too high, sir ;"
I turned—I saw—I bowed—and I *arose* !

Again the "second table" and—no milk ;
Cold sausage, bacon—priceless were an egg !
But eggs and milk being no part of pig,
(No more than basins, towels, and white soap,)
I simply had to "wish that I might get it !"

And hours, and meals, and days, wore dully on ;
And table—first or second—still, still pig !
Until the horrible conception came
That all things animal beside were dead :
Herbivoræ, the graminivoræ,
Mammiferæ, and things oviparous,
The finny tribes with those of subtler air—
Command having been spoken, “ root or die ! ”
The clcth was foul, the forks were i’ the rust,
The plates unwiped, and the castors void ;
There was a streaked mass—ne’er got of churn,
Moist yellow cubes, as falsely called cheese ;
Thrice was a shirt-sleeve in my platter dipped
And shoat, and bacon, sausage, ham, and souse -
Souse, ham, and sausage, bacon still, and shoat,
’Till men to other spake but in a grunt.
And if there be canoe, or “ keel,” or flat-boat—
D——e if e’er I am caught again on *that* boat !

A RESURRECTIONIST AND HIS FREIGHT.

“ONCE upon a time”—not a long time ago—a popular comedian, of whom nothing further need be said, than that he is fast losing his early pretensions to shape and beauty, and that his name is *Tom Placide*; once upon a time—and, if there be any curiosity as to season, we might as well say “during the fall”—this wag of a fellow was descending the Mississippi, in fine spirits, and a sporting coat. There were divers queer characters on board of the steamer, with whom Tom, while amusing himself with their peculiarities, was withal a great favourite, but none of them “cotton’d” to him more kindly than an elderly “hoosier,” from the innermost depths of Indiana, and who was now visiting New Orleans for the first time. This russet-looking antique, whether it was from the comedian’s sporting buttons, or his habit of concluding controversy with “I’ll bet you,” &c., fully made up his mind that Tom was a “gentleman sportsman,” and wherever he saw a “small game” going on, he was careful in noting the skill and quality of the players, the “size of their pile,” &c., and bringing Tom the *items*. The “gentleman sportsman” was very much obliged, of course, though he didn’t exactly know what to make of it, when, one day, the confidential hoosier took him aside,

told him that there was a "smart chance of a pile" on one of the tables, and that if he liked, he (the hoosier) would "go in with him—in *cahoot*!" Tom was very much amused at this, but told his proposing *partner* that he was mistaken; that the fancy coat covered not a "sportsman," but a *player*.

"Swan to gracious!" exclaimed the old contriver, "one of them fellers that *tumbles*!—seen 'em, once, more'n half naked, cuttin' up, down to Madison!"

Tom didn't trouble himself much in explaining the difference between a theatrical *show* and a circus *show*, but told the story of the cards, &c. about the boat, rendering the old fellow quite an object of interest to the passengers. Next to the card-playing, the object of anxiety to the hoosier was a very large and singularly-shaped pine box, which lay in the "Social Hall," containing nothing more nor less than a *big fiddle*, and which was owned by a very reserved and gloomy-looking German, on his way south, professionally.

"*Plas*," said the hoosier—he was thrice familiar with Tom, after learning that he belonged to a *show*—"what on airth hev they got in that box; it's the on-humanist shape I ever see in all creation!"

"Hush," said Tom, mysteriously; "don't you know?"

"No! I'm nighly dead a guessin'!"

"Bodies!" whispered the comedian, with a strong expression of loathing.

"*Bodies*!" echoed the startled inquirer; "not ra'al human bodies?"

"Bodies!" repeated Tom, at the same time applying his handkerchief to his nose; "taking them down for dissection; belong to a doctor on board."

The hoosier turned away, opening his eyes and shutting his nose. At length, he inquired if they were "*Niggers*."

"White woman and two children," was the reply; "one on each side of her—accounts for the shape of the box."

At this moment the haggard, unshaven violinist approached, and the thoroughly "sawed" victim made way for him as if he had been the cholera incarnate!

"Goes about diggin' on 'em up, does he?" said he, between his teeth, and in a suppressed voice; "why, it'll breed pison!" and out he went on the "guard" to take a long breath.

Tom told this joke, also, among the passengers, who carried it on, highly amused; making wide circuits whenever they had to approach the box, using their handkerchiefs, and expressing much indignation at the captain for permitting that description of *freight* to be brought under the noses of his passengers. Some talked of leaving the boat, and others of lynching the doctor, till at length the captain, who had also been put up to the fun, approached the crowd, then gathered about the bar.

"Phew!" sniffled the captain, "it's very warm in here, gentlemen; phew!" and he pulled out his handkerchief. "Gentlemen, isn't there something unpleasant about here?"

"Pretends not to know what it is!" muttered the hoosier, aside.

"Barkeeper," continued the captain, "what the deuce is it—phew—so *queer* here?"

"Reckon you don't know!" exclaimed the hoosier, stepping forward, and almost quivering with indignation.

"Know! certainly not," said the captain.

"Wall, you've got that box TOO NEAR THE STOVE, *that's all!*"

A perfect scream of laughter rather stumped the old fellow; but a removal of "the lid of the coffin" was necessary before he could be convinced that the body, indeed, was only that of "Old Rosin the Bow." He paid "the liquors" willingly, "*cassin'* his old cat for not remembering that "Plas" was one of the "show-folk varmint!"

THE END.

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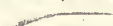
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